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NEW YORK.

VOLUME III

The Beginnings of the Modern World

(A. D. 1500–1550)

MARTIN LUTHER

INCLUDING THE BIOGRAPHIES OF

LUTHER, founder of Modern Protestantism; HENRY THE EIGHTH, the most married of kings; THOMAS PLATTER, a simple Swiss peasant; CHARLES THE FIFTH, the chief sovereign of the age; BENVENUTO CELLINI, the world-famed artist and adventurer; and JEROME CARDAN, the first scientific student of self.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY

BAY L. WILGUS

President of Lebanon Municipal University

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RAY L. WILBUR

President of Leland Stanford University

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME III

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MODERN WORLD

1500—1550

It was in the year 1517 that Martin Luther nailed upon the church-door of Wittenberg his defiance of the religious authorities of his day. Thereby he started the tremendous overturning of old customs, old institutions, and even of the very basic principles of human thought, which we now call the Protestant Reformation. This vast movement is commonly reckoned as beginning the modern world. The closing autobiography of our preceding volume, the memoirs of the watchful, able, half-cynical Sieur de Comines, showed plainly that chivalry, the established feudal organization of society throughout the Middle Ages, was falling into pieces. The romantic dreaming and theoretical self-surrender of an earlier age was everywhere giving way to practical investigation and resolute self-assertion. When the simple, peasant monk Luther was able successfully to defy the mighty Pope, then clearly the Church-ruled medieval world was at an end.

From this cause, the life and thought of Martin Luther have acquired for students of mankind a value far transcending their mere personal interest; and we are fortunate to have them so fully and frankly laid before us as they are in the noted *Life of Luther* here presented. We look to these memoirs not only to learn, what manner of man was this world-defying Luther; but even more to see what manner of world this was against which he hurled his huge defiance.

No one to-day denies that the medieval world needed considerable reforming. The ancient Catholic Church has ever since been as ready as any other authority to agree that there were serious abuses both within the Church and without it. The Catholic standpoint toward Luther is that the Church was far more competent to make its own reforms than was the

ignorant peasant monk, and that in fact the Church did make its own reforms, and far better ones, at the great Church Council of Trent, which sat at intervals for over eighteen years from 1545 to 1563.

Here then was an old world sunk into debauchery and disgrace, repudiated in all men's minds; and here was a new world to be molded from it, whether by Luther or another. Who was to do the great re-building, and how? Luther performed the fullest share; and he himself will tell you how, and what things to him seemed particularly to need reforming. Yet Luther was not the only builder of the day. It is a rather striking, and to us very valuable, fact that we have some remains of autobiographical writings not only from Luther but from the two other most prominent personages of the age; from the Emperor Charles V who ruled Luther's land and most of the rest of Europe as the chief sovereign of the world; and from King Henry VIII of England, who while he reigned over a smaller realm was far stronger as a man, was indeed the typical vigorous yet kindly despot such as medieval chivalry had set up as its ideal.

Let us look well at this remarkable trio, the three most noted figures of their age. Two of them were strong men who would have been leaders in whatever circle of life fate had placed them; the third was an "emperor," well-meaning but weak, elevated by the chance of birth to the headship of the whole ancient machine. Did these three see the portentous meaning of their world-changing moment, and of their parts in it? Luther did so. No reader of his life will doubt that; for Luther's whole life shows him as far-seeing as he was strong. King Henry VIII, however, was not far-seeing. He lived as strong men are apt to do, chiefly in his passions. In his autobiographic fragments we can show him only as a lover, the lover of Anne Boleyn, fiercely ready to sacrifice everything in order to possess her.

Never perhaps have the personal passions of one man influenced more deeply the course of all mankind. Henry quarreled with the Roman Church quite as vehemently as did Luther; but Henry's purpose, very frankly avowed, was to compel the Pope to grant him a divorce from his first wife, so that he might marry Anne Boleyn. Unhappily, this first

wife was the sister of the Emperor Charles; and the Emperor opposed the divorce quite as persistently as Henry demanded it. Like many a lesser moderator, the Pope in this furious quarrel among his chief parishioners tried to satisfy them all—and ended by satisfying none. Henry withdrew his entire kingdom from the Roman Church, and granted himself his own divorce. Even the greatest among his subjects, if they ventured to oppose him, were disgraced or executed. Yet while Henry thus broke with Rome, he was careful to repudiate all the "hateful heresies" of Luther. He published a lengthy announcement explaining just how wicked and mistaken was Luther's revolt, and how well-intentioned and wholly proper was his own. So England under compulsion of its king, and all northern Germany and Scandinavia under yet stronger impulses, "protested" against the Roman Church's rule.

How did the Emperor Charles, the nominal head of Europe, meet this greatest of all changes which the world had known since the overthrow of the world-wide political supremacy of the more ancient Rome? Charles supported the medieval order; but his support was not such as was likely to be of much avail. Weakness against strength! Poor Charles was a pertinaciously religious man, always thinking most anxiously about his own soul and his own dignity. He was forever haunted by that grim medieval idea of God which pictured even Him as a theologian, a subtle trickster engaged in setting puzzling problems of conduct before men, and then, if they guessed the answer wrongly, sending them to hell to be physically tortured for the blunder, through all eternity.

Remember that this belief really and solemnly existed in those days, for the huge mass of men. Remember that it really existed for Charles; and think what it meant to the unhappily overweighted Emperor, called on to decide the vastest religious problems that had rent the world for ages! His autobiography is little known because it is only a fragment, brief and unfinished, broken off, as were most of Charles' affairs, under the impulse of a change of judgment. Perhaps, concluded Charles, God did not want him to write an account of his life after all; perhaps he would be damned for writing it. There are few more pathetically illumining pas-

sages in literature than the brief and unfinished introduction which the "mighty Emperor" prefixed to his unfinished narrative. Only by reading this autobiography can we get any clear glimpse of the whimpering, sore-puzzled human figure disguised within the splendid trapping of imperial sovereignty. Strangely sure of himself was Charles, and of his own superhuman dignity; pitifully unsure of all other men and other Powers and conclusions, both in this world and in the one beyond.

When Luther was first summoned as a heretic before Charles, the youthful Emperor, unawake as yet to the stupendous consequences of what seemed a common event, granted the rebellious monk a "safe-conduct," assured him he should be allowed to leave the interview in safety. Many rulers would have broken such a promise; heretics had been thus entrapped before. But Charles, though urged to this course by many advisers, persisted in holding to his promise —and then lamented all the rest of his life that he had not broken the promise and executed Luther at once.

Ill indeed fared the ancient Church among such half-hearted defenders, as against such resolute assailants. The chief historical fact of this age, outside of the deeds of Luther and King Henry VIII, is that in the year 1527 Rome itself was attacked by a German army, nominally Catholic and temporarily approved of by the Emperor Charles. Not only was the ancient city stormed, but it was sacked. Plunder, massacre and torture ran riot through its helpless streets; and the Pope himself was besieged in his strong castle of Saint Angelo by the barbaric soldiery, eager to drag him forth and hang him.

While such was the utter disharmony of thought and heart and conscience among the chief leaders of the age, what was the state of mind of lesser folk? How did mere ordinary man view the ever-increasing tumult? We can answer that question also from autobiography. In addition to the autobiographical fragments from the leaders already mentioned, three complete and remarkable personal narratives have come down to us from this age, portraying the lives of common men —if indeed we should not rather say of most uncommon men when we speak of Cellini, Platter and Cardan.

Cellini was an Italian artist and adventurer, born in the self-same year as the Emperor Charles. Platter was a Swiss peasant schoolmaster, born the year before; and Cardan a noted Italian physician, born the year after Charles. Some strange common impulse must have prompted these four men, so widely different in position yet born so closely together, to do what no man had done for generations before, write a careful and detailed account of his own personal doings, wholly unlike the public chronicles of Froissart and Comines.

As to Cellini's book, it is one of the great classics of autobiography. Few men have ever been so naïvely boastful, so extravagantly self-confident, as this prince of adventurers. And few have ever lived so rich, full, and frankly pagan a life. Cellini was *artiste* to his finger-tips, a man of "temperament," tremendous, thunderous temperament. He did wonderful goldsmith's work for the Pope, and sculptured splendid statues for his native city of Florence. He also fought for the Pope at that hideous siege of Rome, but thought little enough about the affair, except as he could make money from it, and display his bravery. He was ever ready to sell his services, military or artistic, to the highest bidder. He wandered from country to country scarce noticing the deeply vital religious disputation, but having a new love affair and a new personal quarrel in every town. Cellini is the apotheosis of Bohemianism.

Despite all the high reputation and rich splendor of Cellini's book, there is more real knowledge of life to be gained from the simple autobiography of the peasant Platter. It is a work scarcely known, never reprinted even in our age of many books, and so is given here in full. Platter takes you right down to earth, shows you the common life among the lowly of his time in Switzerland and Germany. Yet Platter was himself no stupid peasant. In his soul was the passionate longing for knowledge which has made a flame of the life of so many men. Against almost inconceivable difficulties the boy Platter struggled to gain education and he won it and passed it on to others. Rarely do we find such an utter contrast as differentiates his life and that of Cellini. Yet the age needed them both. Our world will never lack for beauty —even in decadence—while it has artists like Cellini to rave

through its gorgeous spaces; nor will it lack in patient progress toward the goal of truth while it has spirits like Thomas Platter.

Jerome Cardan's book is here the last but by no means least in this remarkable group. Perhaps a future day will select it as the most important of them all; for Cardan was a scientist, and with him begins scientific autobiography. Never before has his book been so fully translated into English, partly perhaps because of the difficulty of reading its quaint, crabbed old Latin—for as a scientist he wrote in such Latin as he knew—partly because its freedom of speech scarce meets approval in our tongue. Cardan's own age accounted him mad, and there have not been lacking critics and reviewers to continue repeating the charge ever since. Perhaps only a madman could venture to be frankly scientific in those days. Cardan sets out to analyze himself mathematically. In separate carefully headed sections he details his personal appearance, his qualities, his parentage, his education, his impulses, his opinions, his superstitions. It is in this latter section that he shows his madness if you like. He believed a particular Providence guided him, a dæmon of his own. But if this is madness, he was mad with Socrates and many a thinker since.

Cardan was hypersensitive; he was as suspicious of other people as the Emperor Charles—and perhaps with less cruel justification. Yet whatever be the blunders in Cardan's judgment of himself and of the world around him, we must remember that he was the most noted physician of his day, and also that he had set himself to perform a work in which he could find no predecessors though he should look back to the beginning of creation. He tells of himself not as Augustine had done, that men might be guided into religious truth! not as Abelard had done, that they might bow in self-abasement; not like Cellini in vanity, nor like Charles in querulous complaint—but in the same scientific spirit that Mill and Spencer have shown in our own day. He sought to enable man to study man. Hence if the modern world of religion begins with Luther, of history with Comines, of statecraft with Louis XI or the Emperor Charles, the modern world of autobiography, of thoughtful self-analysis, opens with Cardan.

MEMOIRS OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

By Ray Lyman Wilbur, A.M., M.D.

THE life of another laid bare without hypocrisy is always of the deepest interest to those who are in the midst of life. Only a few men have had the power of frank self-revelation. Each man has his own shell of reserve, and but few have had the boldness to shatter it. Benvenuto bares his strength and his weakness, his hopes, his stratagems, his crimes, his triumphs; and in doing so he gives us a compressed personal picture of the amazing period of the Renaissance. As we follow him through his career, so human in its many aspects, we see out from ourselves into our own surroundings with new lights and new reactions.

Florence, through Benvenuto's eyes, helps us to see afresh our own cities, our own governments. The manifold struggles of church and state, of class and class, of autocrat and democrat, are shown in a clear cross-section full of lines that we find still surround and enmesh us. We are left with a feeling of confusion that reflects the disordered state of society in the sixteenth century. Yet we see come out of that confusion beauty and charm. From the discordant travail art is born as an achievement of the brain and hands of a hard-working, restless, aspiring, conceited artist, alike murderer and debauché. In himself he typifies his age, its habits, customs, morals, education, government, diplomacy, and art. We follow his fights, his intrigues, his changes in allegiance, his many dare-devil adventures, his illnesses, with interest and concern, and we see him produce through rare industry and perseverance some of the world's most beautiful objects of art.

The main thread is never lost, even if sadly entangled at times. To me, the most appealing story of all is his description of the casting of the bronze Perseus and the head of Medusa. The uncertainties, the skill, the knowledge of metals

required, the high degree of empiricism shown, the struggle and the final success are of absorbing interest.

The picture of Paris and of its law courts, drawn from Benvenuto's own trying experiences, maps out clearly the stages of justice through which we have passed, and gives us a clearer perception of our own courts and laws.

The adult who has lived far enough into life to relish it, who has had his own trials, minor though they may be, to make him feel fellowship with others, will read of Benvenuto with rare satisfaction. All autobiography is interesting if sincere. Each of us is passing through the great adventure in one stage or another. Others who have lived and died and who open their hearts to us become acquaintances and friends.

In spite of his wickedness and deceit, I have a real affection for Benvenuto that grows each time I follow through a few of his well written chapters. One time I study the method of warfare and personal combat, another the loose national or city ties, another the contest between the Pope and the civil or military organizations or the princes that head them, or trace the effect of a plague upon the life of a city. Benvenuto cuts his way through to worldly success in spite of all.

The early attempt of his father to hold him to a musical career is overcome by the sheer inward driving force to use his hands and his eyes for the reproduction of artistic images that rise from within him, demanding material expression. Some men seem from birth to be filled with a dynamic energy that drives them forward either to ruin or greatness. Benvenuto was one of these. The wonder is that his career was not cut short in some of his wild brawls, as no doubt many another superman has gone into the ground in his period of youthful turbulence, victim of knife or bullet.

All human records are interesting—though some are drab and cold—Benvenuto's is throbbing with life and strain—too robust, perhaps, for weaklings to follow, but stimulating and absorbing for most of us. Autobiographies in general are not for youth. They can best be relished by the adult, who can see in them some of his own striving for ideals, for goals, some of his own disappointments and disillusionments. He can see how others have made their advancement, in spite of diversion and temptation.

As Benvenuto says: "But I was resolved, in spite of everything, to finish my medal. Now already the end of the month was nearly on us; yet so in love was I with my medal that I never gave a thought to Angelica or anything of the sort—My work was everything to me," or "By my own efforts I regained tranquillity of mind and chased away those thoughts which every now and then would rise before me bringing bitter tears of regret that ever I had left France. Yet all the same, I looked forward to the time when my Perseus finished, all my troubles should be turned to high delight and to glorious good."

To live again in touch with a past age we must see it as another saw it, feeling its daily change, and while interpreting its broader sweeps in the light of history, personalizing it until it lives again. To feel the coat of mail on one's own back as he reads of by-gone contests is to know that times change but men are still men and life is still the same old human struggle, both from within and without. Benvenuto Cellini makes us live it through with him and makes us feel that we are his debtors, as every good autobiographer should.

MARTIN LUTHER

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN PROTESTANTISM

1483-1546

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Some explanation is necessary before presenting the work commonly known as Luther's autobiography. Luther never wrote any complete and consecutive account of his career. He did, however, speak very fully about himself in his letters and other writings; and the task of piecing these scattered utterances together so as to make them tell the continuous story of the great reformer's life was undertaken by the celebrated French author Michelet. This work Michelet published under the title of "The Life of Luther, Told by Himself"; and it is this painstaking and accurate book which has since been known, and is here presented, as Luther's autobiography. To prevent any possible confusion, the following pages enclose in quotation marks each passage of Luther's own writing, and so separate his words clearly from the connecting paragraphs by which Michelet unites them into a single narrative.

These memoirs help us much to understand the character and intent of Martin Luther. He has been sometimes pictured as a compound of violence and rugged obstinacy, a coarse and brutal peasant defying popes and princes of the earth, fanatically faithful to the dictates of his conscience, and caring for naught else in his self-appointed path of righteousness. But after reading these memorabilia of the Saxon reformer, we not only see him in his fearless duel with Rome, roaring and fuming at what he held to be ecclesiastical machinations and wrongs; we also see him as a poor, humble, afflicted man, not a particle puffed up with arrogant pride at the tremendous movement he had brought about, but rather abased by the knowledge of his faults and the sense of his own unworthiness. Ideal man has often been described symbolically as the lion coming out of the lamb, and the lamb coming out of the lion. Luther was in his character a singular combination of ferocity and gentleness. At times, no one could have been more terrible in wrath and denunciation, his the rousing voice to awaken Europe from the lethargy of ages; and, again, if we examine his written opinions and views, he proves to be the most moderate of all the reformers. Honest comparison compels this concession. Even in his struggle with

the Roman hierarchy you will discover Luther frequently willing to meet his adversaries more than half way. As an instance, we may cite that this very Luther, the Lion of the North, who made so energetic, so immense a use of liberty, was he who revived the Augustinian theory as to the annihilation of liberty, the sacrificing of free-will to grace, man to God, morality to a kind of providential fatality. It is one of the queer twists in history that the theoretically fatalistic Luther should have in practice established freedom of will.

In this autobiography, then, are exhibited his spiritual fights, his assailing doubts, his temptations, his consolations; his love of music, painting, singing and harmless conviviality; his profound piety, so simple and earnest that it needed no cloak of sanctified air. In him we realize not the equal balance of grace and nature, but their fierce and painful struggle. Luther has concealed nothing, kept nothing to himself; he fought the battle out openly, and he has enabled us to see and sound in him this deep and awful wound of our common nature. He, indeed, is one of the few men in whom we can fully study our terrible anatomy.

THE LIFE OF LUTHER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

I

"I HAVE often conversed with Melancthon, and related to him my whole life, from point to point. I am the son of a peasant; my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather were all mere peasants. My father went to Mansfeldt, and became a miner there. It was there I was born. That I was afterwards to become bachelor of arts, doctor of divinity, and what not, was assuredly not written in the stars, at least, not to ordinary readers. How I astonished everybody when I turned monk! and again, when I exchanged the brown cap for another. These things greatly vexed my father—nay, made him quite ill for a time. After that, I got pulling the pope about by the hair of his head; I married a runaway nun; I had children by her. Who saw these things in the stars? Who would have told any one beforehand they were to happen?"

Hans (John) Luther, or Lutter, father of the Luther who became so celebrated, was of Mœrha or Moer, a village in Upper Saxony, near Eisenach. His mother (Gretha, or Margaret Lindemann) was the daughter of a tradesman of the same place, or rather, according to a preferable tradition,

of Nieustadt, in Franconia. The father, who was only a poor miner, found it a very difficult matter to maintain his family; and it will be seen further on, that his children were fain at times to beg alms for their sustenance. Yet, despite his extreme poverty, instead of making them labor with him at his own occupation, he sent them to school. He appears to have been a man of fine unsophisticated honesty and firm faith.

"'Tis with me a pious duty," he says, in a letter to Melancthon, announcing John Luther's death, "to weep for him whom the Father of Mercy destined to give me birth—for him, by whose labor and sweat God nourished me, and made me what I am, such as that is. Oh, how I rejoice that he lived long enough to see the light of truth! Blessed be God forever, in all his counsels and decrees! Amen."

Martin Luther, or Ludher, or Lutter, or Lother—for he signed his name all these ways—was born at Eisleben, on the 10th November, 1483, at eleven o'clock in the evening. Sent at an early age to the free school of Eisenach (1849), he used to sing before people's houses to gain his daily bread, as was the wont, at that time and later, with many poor students in Germany. It is from himself that we learn this circumstance: "Let no one in my presence speak contemptuously of the poor fellows who go from door to door, singing and begging bread *propter Deum!* You know the psalm says—*Princes and kings have sung.* I myself was once a poor mendicant, seeking my bread at people's houses, particularly at Eisenach, my own dear Eisenach!"

After a while he obtained a more regular subsistence, and an asylum in the house of dame Ursula Cotta, widow of Hans Schweikard, who took compassion on the poor wandering boy. By the assistance of this charitable woman, he was enabled to study four years at Eisenach. In 1501, he was entered at the university of Erfurt, in Thuringia, where his father, now in better circumstances, managed to support him. Luther, in one of his works, records the goodness of his benefactress, in words glowing with emotion; and he was throughout life grateful, in a more especial manner, to the whole sex for her sake.

After having tried theology, he was induced, by the advice

of his friends, to embrace the study of the law, which, at that period, was a stepping-stone to the most lucrative positions not only in state, but in church. He seems, however, never to have had any liking for this pursuit. He infinitely preferred the *belles lettres* and music. Music, indeed, was his favorite art. He cultivated it assiduously all his life, and taught it to his children. He does not hesitate to say that music appeared to him the first of the arts after theology: "Music is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which like theology, can calm the agitations of the soul, and put the devil to flight." He played both the guitar and the flute.

This inclination to music and literature, the assiduous cultivation of the poets, which he alternated with the study of logic and of law, presented no indication that he was at an early period to play so important a part in the history of religion.

In 1505, an accident gave to the career of the youthful Martin an entirely new direction. He saw one of his friends killed at his side by a stroke of lightning. He sent forth a cry at the terrible spectacle: that cry was a vow to St. Anne that he would become a monk, if he were himself spared. The danger passed over, but he did not seek to elude an engagement wrung from him by terror. He solicited no dispensation from his vow. He regarded the blow with which he had seen himself so nearly threatened, as a menace, as an injunction from Heaven. He only delayed the accomplishment of his vow for a fortnight.

On the 17th July, 1505, after having passed a pleasant convivial evening with some musical friends, he entered the Augustine monastery at Erfurt, taking with him nothing but his Plautus and his Virgil.

Next day, he wrote a brief farewell to various persons, sent word to his father of the resolution he had carried into effect, and returned the ring and gown he had received from the university on being admitted to his mastership of arts; and for a month would not allow any one to see him. He felt the hold which the world still had upon him; he feared the possible effect upon him of his father's venerated features, filled with tears. Nor was it until two years had expired,

that John Luther gave way, and consented to be present at his son's ordination. A day was selected for the ceremony on which the miner could quit his avocation, and he then came to Erfurt with several friends, and ere he returned, gave to the son he was thus losing, the savings he had managed to put by: twenty florins.

We are not to suppose that in undertaking these formidable engagements, the new priest was impelled by any peculiar degree of religious fervor. We have seen with how mundane an equipment he had furnished himself on entering the cloister; let us now hear his own statement as to what were the feelings he carried with him thither. "When I said my first mass at Erfurt, I was well nigh dead; for I had no faith. My only notion about myself was that I was a very worthy person indeed. I did not regard myself as a sinner at all. The first mass was a striking thing, and produced a good deal of money. They brought in the *horas canonicas,* surrounded by large flambeaux. The *dear young lord,* as the peasants used to call their new pastor, had then to dance with his mother, if she were still alive, the spectators all weeping tears of joy; if she were dead, he put her, as the phrase ran, under the chalice, and saved her from purgatory."

Luther having obtained what he had sought, having become priest, monk, all being accomplished and the door of the world closed upon him, became a prey, we will not say to regret, but to sadness, to perplexities, to temptations of the flesh, to the mischievous shafts and subtleties of the mind.

"When I was a monk," says Luther, "I frequently corresponded with Dr. Staupitz. Once, I wrote to him: *Oh, my sins! my sins! my sins!* Whereto he replied, *You would fain be without sin; you have no right sin, such as murdering of parents, blaspheming, adultery, and the like. Thou hadst better keep a register of right and true sins, that so thou mayst not afflict thyself about small matters. Remember that Christ came hither for the pardon of our sins.*

"I often confessed to Dr. Staupitz, and put to him, not trivial matters, but questions going to the very knot of the question. He answered me as all the other confessors have answered me: *I do not understand.* At last, he came to me one day, when I was at dinner, and said: 'How is it you

are so sad, brother Martin?' 'Ah,' I replied, 'I am sad, indeed.' 'You know not,' said he, 'that such trials are good and necessary for you, but would not be so for any one else.' All he meant to imply was, that as I had some learning, I might, but for these trials, have become haughty and supercilious; but I have felt since that what he said was, as it were, a voice and an inspiration of the Holy Spirit."

Luther elsewhere relates, that these temptations had reduced him to such a state, that once for a whole fortnight, he neither ate, drank, nor slept.

"Ah, if St. Paul were alive now, how glad I should be to learn from himself what sort of temptation it was he underwent. It was not the thorn in the flesh; it was not the worthy Tecla, as the papists dream. Oh, no, it was not a sin that tore his conscience. It was something higher than despair resulting from the sense of sin; it was rather the temptation of which the Psalmist speaks: *My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me;* as though the Psalmist would have said: *Thou art my enemy without cause;* and, with Job: *Yet I am innocent, nor is iniquity in me.* I am sure that the book of Job is a true history, of which a poem was afterwards made. Jerome and other fathers never experienced such trials. They underwent none but trivial temptations, those of the flesh, which indeed, have quite enough pains of their own accompanying them.

"Augustin and Ambrose, too, had their trials, and trembled before the sword: but this is as nothing compared with the Angel of Satan, *who strikes with the fists.* If I live, I will write a book on temptations, for without a knowledge of that subject, no man can thoroughly understand the Holy Scriptures, or feel the due love and fear of the Lord.

" . . . I was lying sick at the infirmary. The most cruel temptations tortured and wore out my frame, so that I could scarcely breathe. No man comforted me: all those to whom I represented my piteous condition, replied, *I know not.* Then, I said to myself: Am I then the only one amongst you who is to be thus sad in spirit? Oh, what specters, what terrible figures did I see constantly before me! But, ten years ago, God sent me a consolation by his dear angels, enabling me to fight and write for Him."

A long time after this, only the year which preceded that of his death, he himself explains to us the nature of these so terrible temptations. "Even when I was at school, in studying the Epistles of St. Paul, I was seized with the most ardent desire to understand what the apostle meant in his epistle to the Romans. One single phrase stopped me: *Justitia Dei revelatur in illo.* I hated this expression, *Justitia Dei,* because, according to the custom of doctors, I had learned to understand by it that active justice, whereby God is just, and punishes the unjust and sinners. Now, I, who led the life of a harmless monk, and who yet felt painfully within me the uneasy conscience of a sinner, without being able to attain an idea as to the satisfaction I might offer up to God, I did not love, nay, to say the truth, I hated this just God, punisher of sin. I was indignant against Him, and gave silent utterance to murmuring, if not altogether to blasphemy. I said to myself: 'Is it not, then, enough that wretched sinners, already eternally damned for original sin, should be overwhelmed with so many calamities by the decrees of the decalogue, but God must further add misery to misery by his gospel, menacing us even there with his justice and his fierce anger?'

"Thus the trouble of my conscience carried me away, and I always came back to the same passage. At last I perceived that the *justice* of God is that whereby, with the blessing of God, the just man lives, that is to say, *Faith;* and I then saw that the meaning of the passage was thus: *The gospel reveals the justice of God, a passive justice, whereby the merciful God justifies us by faith.* Thereupon, I felt as if born again, and it seemed to me as though heaven's gates stood full open before me, and that I was joyfully entering therein. At a later period, I read St. Augustin's book, *On the Spirit and the Letter,* and I found, contrary to my expectation, that he also understands by the justice of God, that wherewith God clothes us in justifying us. I was greatly rejoiced to find this, though the thing is put somewhat incompletely in the book, and though the father explains himself vaguely and imperfectly, on the doctrine of imputation."

To confirm Luther in the doctrine of grace it only needed for him to visit the people from among whom grace had

departed. We refer to Italy. We shall be dispensed from painting in detail that Italy of the Borgias. It certainly presented at this period something which has seldom, nay, which has at no other time, been exhibited in history: a systematic and scientific perversity; a magnificent ostentation of wickedness; in a word, the atheist priest proclaiming himself monarch of the universe.

In one of his conversations, he gives us naïvely an idea of how terrible Italy was to the imaginations of the simple-hearted Germans: "The Italians only require you to look in a mirror to be able to kill you. They can deprive you of all your senses by secret poisons. In Italy, the air itself is pestilential; at night, they close hermetically every window, and stop up every chink and cranny." Luther assures us that both himself and the Brother who accompanied him, were taken ill, solely in consequence of having slept with the casement open, but they ate two pomegranates, by which means it pleased God to save their lives.

He went on his journey, merely passing through Florence without stopping, and at length entered Rome. He proceeded to the convent of his order, near the *Porto del Popolo.* "On arriving, I fell on my knees, raised my hands to Heaven, and exclaimed: 'Hail, holy Rome! made holy by the holy martyrs, and by the blood which has been spilt here.' " In his fervor, he adds, he hastened to view the sacred places, saw all, believed all. He soon perceived, however, that he was the only person who did believe; Christianity seemed totally forgotten in this capital of the Christian world. The pope was no longer the scandalous Alexander VI., but the warlike and choleric Julius II. This father of the faithful breathed nothing but blood and ruin.

If our poor German took refuge in the churches, he had not even the consolation of a good mass. The Roman priest dispatched the divine sacrifice with such celerity, that before Luther had got through the gospel, the minister said to him, *Ite, missa est.* "These Italian priests often say mass in such a manner that I detest them. I have heard them make a boast of their fearful temerity in free-thinking. Repeatedly, in consecrating the host, they would say, 'Bread thou art, and bread thou wilt remain! wine thou art, and wine thou wilt

remain!' '' The only thing to be done was to flee, veiling the head, and shaking off the dust from the feet: Luther quitted Rome at the end of a fortnight.

He carried back with him into Germany the condemnation of Italy, and of the Roman church. In the rapid and mournful journey he had made, the Saxon had seen sufficient to condemn, but not sufficient to comprehend. And, in truth, for a mind intent upon the moral point of view of Christianity, there needed a rare effort of philosophy, an historical enthusiasm, hardly to be expected in those days, to discover religion in that world of art, of jurisprudence, of politics, which constituted Italy.

"I would not," he says somewhere, "I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome, (and he repeats these words thrice). I should have always felt an uneasy doubt whether I was not, after all, doing injustice to the pope. As it is, I am quite satisfied on the point."

II

1517-1521

The papacy was far from suspecting its danger. Ever since the thirteenth century, men had been disputing with it, had been railing against it, but apparently with no effect.

Julius II. conquered for the church; Leo X. for his family. This youthful pope, a thorough man of the world, a man of pleasure, a man of letters, a man of business, in common with all the other Medici, had the passions of his age, as well as those of the former popes, and those of his own particular period. His aim was to make the Medici family monarchs. He himself played the part of the first king of Christendom. Independently of the costly diplomatic relations which he maintained with all the states of Europe, he kept up a scientific correspondence with the most distant regions. He opened communications even with the extreme north, and employed persons to collect the monuments of Scandinavian history. At Rome he was proceeding with St. Peter's, the construction of which had been bequeathed to him by Julius II.; the latter pontiff, in resolving on the work, had not calculated his resources; and indeed, when Michel-Angelo brought such

or such a plan, who would have thought for an instant of haggling about the cost?

Leo X. had commenced his pontificate with selling to Francis I. what did not belong to him, the rights of the church of France. At a later period, as a means of raising money, he created thirty-one cardinals at once; but these were small matters. His mines were the old faith of the nations, their easy credulity. He had entrusted the working of this mine in Germany to the Dominicans, who had accordingly succeeded the Augustines in the sale of indulgences. The Dominican, Tetzel, a shameless mountebank, went about from town to town, with great display, pomp, and expense, hawking the commodity in the churches, the public streets, in taverns and ale-houses. He paid over to his employers as little as possible, pocketing the balance, as the pope's legate subsequently proved against him. The faith of the buyers diminishing, it became necessary to exaggerate to the fullest extent the merit of the specific; the article had been so long in the market, and in such great supply, that the demand was falling off. The intrepid Tetzel stretched his rhetoric to the very uttermost bounds of amplification. Daringly piling one lie upon another, he set forth, in reckless display, the long list of evils which this panacea could cure. He did not content himself with enumerating known sins; he set his foul imagination to work, and invented crimes, infamous atrocities, strange, unheard of, unthought of; and when he saw his auditors standing aghast at each horrible suggestion, he would calmly repeat the burden of his song: "Well, all this is expiated the moment your money chinks in the pope's chest."

Luther assures us that up to this time he had no very definite notion what indulgences were. But when he saw the prospectus of them proudly set forth with the name, arms, and authorization of the archbishop of Mayence, whom the pope had charged with the superintendence of their sale in Germany, he was seized with indignation. A problem of mere speculation would never have placed him in antagonism with his ecclesiastical superiors. But this was a question of good sense, of common morality. A doctor of divinity, an influential professor in the university of Wittemberg, which the elector had just founded, provincial vicar of the Augus-

tins, and entrusted by the vicar-general with the pastoral visitation of Misnia and Thuringia, he doubtless deemed himself responsible more than any other person for the Saxon faith so extensively confided to him. His conscience was struck: if he spoke, he ran great risks; if he remained silent, he believed he should incur damnation.

"It was in the year 1517, when the profligate monk Tetzel, a worthy servant of the pope and the devil—for I am certain that the pope is the agent of the devil on earth—came among us selling indulgences, maintaining their efficacy, and impudently practicing on the credulity of the people. When I beheld this unholy and detestable traffic taking place in open day, and thereby sanctioning the most villainous crimes, I could not, though I was then but a young doctor of divinity, refrain from protesting against it in the strongest manner, not only as directly contrary to the Scriptures, but as opposed to the canons of the church itself. Accordingly, in my place at Wittemberg—in which university, by the favor of God and the kindness of the illustrious elector of Saxony, I was honored with the office of professor of divinity—I resolved to oppose the career of this odious monk, and to put the people on their guard against the revival of this infamous imposition on their credulity. When I put this resolution into practice, instead of being abused and condemned, as I have been, by these worthless tyrants and impostors, the pope and his mercenaries, I expected to be warmly encouraged and commended, for I did little more than make use of the pope's own language, as set forth in the decretals, against the rapacity and extortion of the collectors. I cautioned my hearers against the snares which were laid for them, showing them that this was a scheme altogether opposed to religion, and only intended as a source of emolument by these unprincipled men. It was on the festival of All-Hallows Eve that I first drew their attention to the gross errors touching indulgences; and about the same time I wrote two letters, one to the most reverend prelate Jerome, bishop of Brandenburg, within whose jurisdiction Tetzel and his associates were carrying on their scandalous traffic; the other to the most reverend prelate and prince, Albert, archbishop of Magdeburg, pointing out to them the consequences of this imposition, and praying them

to silence Tetzel. My letter to the archbishop was in these terms:

"'To the most reverend father in Christ, my most illustrious lord, prince Albert, archbishop of Magdeburg and Mayence, marquis of Brandenburg, &c. Luther to his lord and pastor in Christ, in all submission and reverence.

JESUS

"'The grace and mercy of God, and whatever can be and is. Pardon me, most reverend father in Christ, illustrious prince, that I have the temerity, I who am the lees of mankind, to raise my eyes to your sublimity, and address a letter to you. Jesus, my Lord and Savior, is witness for me, that, long restrained by the consciousness of my own turpitude and weakness, I have long delayed commencing the work which I now undertake with open and upraised brow, impelled by the fidelity I owe to Jesus Christ; deign then, your grace, to cast a look upon the grain of sand who now approaches you, and to receive my prayer with paternal clemency.

"'Persons are now hawking about papal indulgences, under the name and august title of your lordship, for the construction of St. Peter's at Rome. I say nothing about the vaporings of the preachers, which I have not myself heard; but I complain bitterly of the fatal errors in which they are involving the common people, men of weak understanding, whom, foolish as they are, these men persuade that they will be sure of salvation if they only buy their letters of plenary indulgence. They believe that souls will fly out of purgatory, the moment that the money paid for their redemption is thrown into the preacher's bag, and that such virtue belongs to these indulgences, that there is no sin, howsoever great, even the violation, which is impossible, of the Mother of God, which the indulgences will not absolutely and at once efface.

"'Great God! And is it thus that men dare to teach unto death, those who are entrusted to your care, oh reverend father, and make more difficult the account which will be demanded from you in the great day! When I saw these

things I could remain silent no longer. No; there is no episcopal power which can insure to man his salvation; even the infused grace of our Lord cannot wholly render him secure; our apostle commands us to wash out our salvation in fear and trembling: *The righteous scarcely shall be saved*, so narrow is the way which leads to life. Those who are saved are called in the Scripture, brands saved from the burning; everywhere the Lord reminds us of the difficulty of salvation. How, then, dare these men seek to render poor souls fatally confident of salvation, on the mere strength of purchased indulgences and futile promises? The chiefest work of bishops should be to take care that the people learn truly the gospel, and be full of Christian charity. Never did Christ preach indulgences, nor command them to be preached: what he preached and commanded to be preached, was the gospel. . . . I would implore you to silence these ill preachers, ere some one shall arise, and utterly confuting them and their preachings, cast discredit upon your sublimity, a thing to be avoided, but which I fear must needs occur, unless you take measures for silencing these men. . . . I entreat your grace to read and consider the propositions, wherein I have demonstrated the vanity of these indulgences, which the preachers thereof call all-powerful.'

"To this letter I received no answer, and indeed I knew not at the time that the archbishop had bargained with the pope to receive one-half of the money raised from these indulgences, and to remit the other half to Rome. These, then, were my first steps in the matter, until the increased insolence and the lying representations of Tetzel, which seemed to be fully sanctioned by the silence of his superiors, as well as my determination to maintain the truth at all hazards, induced me to adopt more decisive measures than a mere personal remonstrance, in a series of cautions to those with whom I was more particularly connected, to beware of these arch impostors and blasphemers. So finding all my remonstrances disregarded, on the festival of All Saints, in November, 1517, I read, in the great church of Wittemberg, a series of propositions against these infamous indulgences, in which, while I set forth their utter inefficiency and worthlessness, I expressly declared in my protest, that I would submit on all

occasions to the word of God and the decisions of the church. At the same time I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that my opinion would be preferred above all others, nor yet so blind as to set the fables and decrees of man above the written word of God. I took occasion to express these opinions rather as subjects of doubt than of positive assertion, but I held it to be my duty to print and circulate them throughout the country, for the benefit of all classes—for the learned, that they might detect inaccuracies—for the ignorant, that they might be put on their guard against the villainies and impositions of Tetzel, until the matter was properly determined."

These famous propositions were affixed to the outer pillars of the gate of the church of All Saints at midday, on the 31st October, 1517.

"Some copies of my propositions," continues Luther, "having found their way to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where Tetzel was then acting as inquisitor and selling indulgences under the archbishop-elector of Mayence, he, foaming with rage and alarm at the propositions I had set forth, published a set of counter-resolutions in reply, to the number of one hundred and six, in which he maintained the most insolent and blasphemous doctrines respecting the pretended power and infallibility of the pope; and in a second series of propositions, he assumed the office of general interpreter of the Scripture, and railed against heretics and heresiarchs, by which name he designated myself and my friends, and he concluded his insolence by burning my themes publicly in the city of Frankfort. When the news of this madman's proceedings reached Wittemberg, a number of persons collected together, and having procured Tetzel's productions, retaliated upon him by burning them in the great square, amid the cheers and derision of a large proportion of the inhabitants. I was not sorry that such a mass of absurdity and extravagance should meet with the fate it really merited; but, at the same time, I regretted the manner in which it was done, and solemnly affirm that I knew nothing of it at the time, and that it was done without the knowledge either of the elector or of the magistrates.

"I soon found that Tetzel was not the only opponent

resolved to take the field against me, although I had maintained nothing in my propositions inconsistent with the avowed doctrines of these hirelings; and had, indeed, advanced my propositions more by way of doubt than in a positive manner. John Eck made his appearance in a violent attack upon me: but as his observations were more in the nature of mere abuse than of conclusive argument, that person did a vast deal of harm to his own party, while he rendered me unintentional service. Another antagonist also entered the lists against me, in the person of Silvestro Prierio, a Dominican, who with the pedantry peculiar to his office of censor in the metropolis of popery, chose to answer all my propositions in a way most convenient to himself, by declaring, in a manner altogether begging the question, that they were all heretical. In my reply, I exposed the absurdity of this method of proceeding, which, however, is the usual style of argument adopted by the Romish tyrants and their slaves. Prierio again attacked me; but when I found the man asserting that the authority of the pope was superior to the councils and canons of the church, and that even the sacred Scriptures depended for their interpretation on the mere dictum of that representative of Antichrist, I thought it unnecessary to reply further, than by simply declaring my conviction, that the said Prierio's book, being a compound of blasphemies and lies, must certainly have been the work of the devil; and that if the pope and cardinals sanctioned such writings, which I did not then believe, although I now know it well, Rome must be the seat of Antichrist, the center of abomination, and the synagogue of Satan. Who is Antichrist, if the pope is not Antichrist? O Satan, Satan, how long wilt thou be suffered to abuse the patience of God by thy great wickedness? Unhappy, abandoned, blasphemous Rome! the wrath of God is upon thee, and thou richly deservest it, for thou art the habitation of all that is impure and disgusting! a very pantheon of impiety!

"In this way passed the year 1517, I maintaining the truth, and these apologists for impiety railing against me with their false accusations; for hitherto pope Leo had taken no notice of the matter, not wishing, as I was afterwards informed, to interfere at all, thinking that the zeal of both parties would

soon subside. Meantime I began to consider what measures to adopt, for I knew that no reasonings of mine would have any weight with such obstinate and insolent disputants as Tetzel, Eck, and Prierio, bigoted slaves of that system of iniquity and licentiousness which I myself had witnessed when at Rome."

The publication of these theses and the sermon in German, which Luther delivered in support of them, struck upon the whole of Germany like a huge thunderbolt. This sacrifice of liberty to grace, of man to God, of the finite to the infinite, was at once recognized by the German people as the true national religion, as the faith which Gottschalk proclaimed in the time of Charlemagne, from the very cradle of German Christianity, the faith of Tauler and of all the mystical preachers of the Low Countries. The people, accordingly, threw themselves with the most hungry avidity upon this religious pasture, from which they had been shut out ever since the fourteenth century. The propositions were printed in thousands, devoured, spread abroad, diffused in every direction. Luther himself was alarmed at his success. "I am sorry," said he, "to see them so extensively printed and distributed; this is not a good way wherein to set about the instruction of the people. I myself feel some doubts upon points. There are things I should more closely have investigated and ascertained, others which I should have altogether omitted, had I foreseen this result."

And he at this juncture seemed exceedingly disposed to throw up the whole matter, and to submit without further caviling. "I will obey, implicitly," said he; "I had rather so than perform miracles, even though I had the gift of performing miracles."

Tetzel himself shook this pacific resolution by burning, as has been seen, Luther's propositions in public, whereupon the students of Wittemberg forthwith made reprisals upon Tetzel's own propositions. Though this circumstance was one, as Luther has informed us, which he regretted, he followed it up by sending forth his *Resolutions,* in support of his first propositions. "You will see," he wrote to a friend, "my *Resolutiones et responsiones.* Perhaps, in certain passages, you will find them more free than was absolutely necessary;

and if they seem so to you, they will *à fortiori,* appear perfectly intolerable to the flatterers of Rome. They were published before I was aware, or I would have modified them in some respects."

The report of this controversy spread beyond the confines of Germany, and in due course reached Rome.

"While I was attacked and misrepresented, beloved reader, I knew well the malevolence of Tetzel, Eck, and the rest of them. Nor in this feeling was I mistaken, for I found that everywhere they were assiduously inculcating among the people that I was not only an obstinate heretic, but the enemy of all religion whatever. By disseminating these and other lies, unnecessary for me to mention, they hoped to excite the prejudices of the people against me, and while they carried on their detestable traffic of indulgences, retain the poor souls in the chains of that disgusting and odious despotism under which the pope and his satellites blind and overwhelm their unfortunate and superstitious slaves. So to show the whole world the characters of these men, and how unscrupulous they are in publishing daring lies to serve their own purposes—a common practice in that mystery of iniquity called popedom, of which, I verily believe, the devil is the agent—I wrote to the pope Leo the following most submissive letter, for at that time my eyes were not fully open to the abominations of Rome.

"To the most holy father, Leo X., Martin Luther, of the Augustin order of monks at Wittemberg, wishes eternal salvation.

"I have heard, most holy father, that some most idle charges have been made against me to you, which bring me under your holiness' censure, as though I had contrived a plot to undermine the authority of the church, and the power of the supreme pontiff. I am called a heretic, an apostate, a traitor, and no end of odious names. My ears are shocked, my mind is lost in amazement, at these accusations. One testimony to my upright conduct is with me, however, the testimony of a good and quiet conscience. I do not mention these circumstances as if I had never heard of them before, for the men to whom I refer, who pretend to be most trust-

worthy and honest, have cast such names upon me in my own country; and, conscious of their falsehood, have imputed to me the most ignominious conduct, that they may justify their own villainies. But you, most holy father, are the best judge of the matter in dispute; you only, impartial and unprejudiced, are worthy to hear it from me.

"At the time that the jubilee of the apostolic indulgences was announced, certain persons, under the sanction of your authority, imagining they might say and do what they pleased, publicly taught the most blasphemous heresies, to the serious scandal and contempt of the church, as if the decretals contained nothing in them condemning the impositions of these extortioners. Not content with the unwarrantable language which they used in propagating their poison, they moreover published little pamphlets, and circulated them among the common people, in which—proving that I say nothing unjust of the insatiable and monstrous imposition of their conduct—they themselves maintained these same blasphemies and heretical doctrines, and so determinedly, that they bound themselves by oath to inculcate them fixedly on the people.

"If these men deny the facts I speak of, their pamphlets are in existence to prove their conduct to have been what I say. They carried on this traffic prosperously, and the poor people were thoroughly deceived by false hopes; as the prophet says, *the very flesh was taken from their bones,* the impostors themselves living meantime in all luxury and gluttony.

"One argument they oftenest put forwards was the authority of your name, threatening summary punishment upon all who differed from them, and branding them as heretics. The language they used is indescribable, nor shall I say how fiercely they resented opposition, and even the merest doubt respecting them. If this mode of propagating error be sanctioned, schisms and seditions cannot fail to appear.

"Soon stories began to get abroad, in the shops and public places, concerning the avarice of these indulgence-hawkers, and prejudicial to the authority of the holy see; this is well known throughout the country. I confess that I myself, for the sake of Christ, as I believed, burned with indignation at the preposterous proceedings of these men, though I did not

for a while make up my mind what to do. I privately sent intimations to certain prelates of the church as to what was going on. Some treated me with utter silence, others wrote to me slightingly; the influence of your alleged authority prevailing with them. At last, finding humble remonstrance of no avail, I resolved to challenge these indulgence-sellers to prove their dogmas in disputation with me. I published a list of propositions, inviting only the doctors, if they were so disposed, to discuss with me, as may be seen in the preamble to my propositions.

"And this is partly why they rage so, being furious that I, only a master of theology, should claim to discuss in the public school, though after the custom of all universities and of the whole church, not only concerning indulgences, but also concerning the power of remission of sin, the divine authority of indulgences, and other important matters. Now though I resent their denying me the privilege conceded by your most holy license, 'tis with reluctance I take up the controversy with them, and declare against their proceedings, wherein they mix up the dreams of Aristotle with theology, and set forth silly matters concerning the divine majesty above and beyond the power vested in them. Now what shall I do? I cannot recall that which I have done, and I perceive a determined hatred bursting forth against me. I am publicly discussed, according to the various views people take. By some I am called ignorant, stupid, unlearned, in this most refined and illustrious age, which even, as to learning and the arts, eclipses the age of Cicero. Others call me a paltry imitator. But I am compelled to answer geese in their own language.

"Therefore, that I may mitigate the anger of honest enemies, and satisfy the doubts of many, I forward to your holiness my humble propositions, and I do so, secure in your protection and authority, by which all may understand how entirely and implicitly I reverence and respect the ecclesiastical power and authority, and at the same time how falsely, how infamously, my opponents have maligned me. Were I what they call me, it is not probable the illustrious prince Frederick, duke of Saxony and elector of the empire, a prince devotedly attached to the catholic and apostolic truth, would

tolerate such a pest in his own university, nor should I have the support of our own learned and virtuous body. I put forward these things in my favor, knowing they will carefully be suppressed by those who seek unjustly to embitter you against me.

"Wherefore, most holy father, I prostrate myself at the feet of your clemency, with all which I have and am. Bid me live, or slay me, call, recall, approve, disapprove, as it pleases you; I acknowledge in your voice the voice of Christ speaking and presiding in you. If I am worthy of death, I shall not refuse to die; for 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, who is blessed forevermore. Amen.' May he preserve you to all eternity! Trinity Sunday, 1518."

"Protest of the reverend father, Martin Luther, of the Augustin order at Wittemberg.

"Because this is a theological disputation, touching which some individuals inclined to peace may peradventure take offense, by reason of the recondite nature of the subject, I protest:

"First, that I have never held or taught anything but what is contained in the sacred Scriptures, in the writings of the fathers of the church, and acknowledged by the Roman church in the canons and pontifical decretals. Yet, if any opinion of mine cannot be refuted or proved by these authorities, I shall hold it for the sake of discussion only, for the exercise of reason, and for the promotion of knowledge and inquiry, always having respect to the judgment of my superiors.

"Further, I venture to challenge, by the law of Christian liberty, what were the acknowledged opinions of St. Thomas, Buonaventure, and the other casuists and schoolmen, without any gloss or interpretation. I am resolved to refute or to admit, as circumstances may render necessary, according to the advice of St. Paul, 'Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.' I know the opinion of certain Thomists, that St. Thomas should be approved in all things from the church, but St. Thomas, at all events, is sufficiently acknowledged for an authority. I have shown enough in what I may be wrong, but I am no heretic, though my enemies roar and rage in their vociferations that I am so."

And Luther here inserts his ninety-five propositions for the pope's perusal, occupying seventy-two folio pages.

"Moreover," proceeds Luther, "I thought it necessary to write to several noble and reverend prelates, in justification of my conduct; and to refute the calumnies of those scandalous monks who were deceiving the people and ensnaring their souls, and more especially to the illustrious prince and most reverend father, Albert, archbishop of Magdeburg, to whom I also sent my disputations."

Rome began to put itself in motion. The master of the ceremonies to the sacred palace, the old Dominican, Sylvestro de Prierio, wrote in support of the doctrine of St. Thomas against the Augustin monk, and drew down upon himself a crushing reply, (towards the end of August, 1518). Luther immediately received orders to appear at Rome within sixty days. The emperor Maximilian had in vain called upon them not to precipitate matters, undertaking himself to do all the pope might order to be done with respect to Luther. But the zeal of Maximilian himself had begun to be somewhat distrusted at Rome. There had reached the holy city certain expressions of his which sounded disagreeably in the ears of the pope.

Luther's main hope was in the protection of the elector. This prince, whether out of the interest he took in his new university, or from a personal attachment to Luther, had always shown him peculiar favor. He had proposed to take upon himself the expenses attending his protégé's obtaining his doctor's degree. In 1517, Luther thanks him, in a letter, for having sent him, at the beginning of winter, cloth to make him a gown. He felt pretty sure, too, that the elector by no means owed him any grudge for getting up an excitement of a nature to annoy the archbishop of Mayence and Magdeburg, a prince of the house of Brandeburg, and consequently an enemy to that of Saxony. Finally, the elector had announced that he recognized no other rule of faith than the words of Scripture themselves; and this afforded Luther a powerful argument for deeming himself secure in that quarter. Luther reminds the elector of this circumstance in the following passage of a letter, dated 27th March, 1519. "Doctor Staupitz, my true father in Christ, has related to me that conversing

one day with your electoral highness respecting these preachers who, instead of giving forth the pure word of God, preached to the people nothing but miserable quirks or human traditions, you said to him, that the Holy Scripture speaks with so imposing a majesty, with such completeness of proof, that it has no need of all this adventitious aid of polemics, and that it places in one's mouth, involuntarily, these words: 'Never man spoke thus: this is the finger of God; this teaches not as the scribes and pharisees teach, but as the direct organ and mouthpiece of Almighty Power.' Staupitz approving these words, you went on: 'Give me your hand, and promise me, I entreat, that henceforth you will follow the new doctrine!' ''

Yet it would be an entire misconception to understand from the above passages that Staupitz and his disciple were merely the instruments of the elector. The Reformation of Luther was evidently a spontaneous principle of his own. The prince, as we shall have occasion to observe elsewhere, was rather alarmed at the daring of Luther. He embraced, he loved, he profited by the initiated Reformation: he would never himself have commenced it.

Luther had written on the 15th February, 1518, to his prudent friend Spalatin, the chaplain, secretary and confidant of the elector: ''Here are bawlers who go about saying, to my infinite vexation, that all this is the work of our illustrious prince, that it is he who has urged me on to it, for the sake of spiting the archbishop of Magdeburg and Mayence. I wish you maturely to consider whether or no it is desirable to mention the matter to his highness. I am truly afflicted to see him suspected on my account. To be a cause of discord between such mighty lords, is an awful thing.'' He holds the same language to the elector himself, in his account of the conference at Augsburg. On the 21st March, writing to M. Lange, afterwards archbishop of Saltzburg, he says: ''Our prince has taken Carlstadt and myself under his protection, and without any solicitation on our part. He will not permit them to drag me to Rome. This they know, and it is this vexes them so;'' which would obviously lead us to suppose that Luther had already received from the elector definite promises. Yet, on the 21st August, 1518,

in a letter, still more confidential, to Spalatin, he says: "I do not at all see at present how I can escape the censures with which I am threatened, if the prince does not come forward to my succor, though I would rather undergo the censure of the whole world, than have his highness blamed for my sake. This, therefore, is the course which it appears to our learned friends best for me to pursue, that I should demand of the prince a safe-conduct (salvum, ut vocant, conductum, per meum dominum). He will refuse it me, I am certain, and I shall then, say our friends, have a valid excuse for not appearing at Rome. I would ask you, then, to obtain from our illustrious prince, a rescript setting forth that he refuses me the safe-conduct, and makes me responsible, if I persist in setting out, for all the dangers I may incur. By so doing, you will render me an important service. But the thing must be done at once: time presses, the assigned day is near at hand."

Luther might have saved himself this letter. The prince, without having communicated with him on the point, had been taking measures for his security. He had managed that Luther should be examined by a legate in Germany, in the free town of Augsburg; where he himself was at this time, and where he had doubtless come to an understanding with the magistrates to guarantee the safety of Luther during the dangerous conference. It was, we may be pretty sure, to this invisible Providence hovering over Luther, that we are to assign the almost painful anxiety evinced by these magistrates to preserve the reformer from the snares that might be laid for him by the Italians. As to him, he went straightforward on, strong in courage and in simple faith, quite uncertain to what extent the prince was disposed to act in his favor.

"I have said, and I repeat it, I would not in this business have our prince, who is throughout blameless, take the least step towards defending my propositions. If he can do it without compromising himself, let him guard me against actual violence; but if he cannot safely do this, I am ready to meet the utmost peril that may threaten me."

"In the year 1518, the 9th of October," says Luther, "when I was cited to Augsburg, I came and appeared: Frederick, prince-elector of Saxony, having appointed me a strong con-

voy and safe-conduct; and recommended me to the people of the city, who were very attentive, and warned me in no case to have conversation with the Italians, nor to repose any trust or confidence in them, for I knew not, they said, what sort of wretches they were. I was three whole days in Augsburg without the emperor's safe-conduct. In the meantime, an Italian [Urban di Serra Longa] came to me, invited me to go to the cardinal, and earnestly persuaded me to recant. I should (said he) need to speak but only one word before the cardinal, *Revoco;* and then the cardinal would recommend me to the pope's favor, so that with honor I might return safely again to my master, the prince-elector. He quoted several examples, among others, that of the famous Joachim de Flores, who had submitted, and was consequently no heretic, though he had advanced heretical propositions. When he urged me no longer to delay waiting on the cardinal, I replied that certain excellent individuals to whom I had been recommended by the elector Frederick, had urged me first to procure the emperor's safe-conduct. Thereupon he replied, with much warmth: 'What! do you think the elector will take up arms on your account?' 'I should be unwilling,' said I, 'to be the occasion of such an extremity.' 'But if you had the pope and cardinals in your power,' returned he, 'what would you do with them?' 'I would show them all reverence and honor,' I replied. He paused, snapped his fingers after the Italian manner, and cried *Hem!* after which he departed, and I saw him no more.

"At the expiration of three days, the bishop of Trent came, who, in the emperor's name, showed and declared to the cardinal my safe-conduct. Then I went unto him in all humility, fell down first upon my knees, then prostrate upon the ground, where I remained at his feet, till after the cardinal had three times bade me rise; thereupon I stood up. This pleased him well, hoping I would consider, and better bethink myself.

"The next day, when I came before him again, and would absolutely revoke nothing at all, he said to me, 'What! thinkest thou the pope cares much for Germany? his little finger is more powerful than all Germany. Or dost thou think the princes will raise arms and armies to defend thee?

Oh, no! where, then, wilt thou remain in safety?' I replied, 'Under heaven.'

"After this the pope lowered his tone, and wrote to our church, even to the prince-elector's chaplain, and to one of his counselors, Pfeffinger, that they would surrender me into his hands, and procure that his commands might be put in execution. And the pope wrote also to the prince-elector himself as thus:

" 'Although, as touching thy person, thou art to me unknown, yet I have seen thy father (prince Ernest) at Rome, who was altogether an obedient son to the church; he visited and frequented our religion with great devotion, and held the same in highest honor. I wish that thy illustrious serenity would tread in his footsteps,' &c.

"But the prince-elector well marked the pope's unaccustomed humility, and his evil conscience; he was also acquainted with the power and operation of the holy Scriptures. Therefore he remained where he was, and merely returned thanks to the pope for his affection towards him.

"My books and resolutions in a short time went, or rather flew throughout Europe, therefore the prince-elector was confirmed and strengthened, insomuch that he utterly refused to execute the pope's commands, and subjected himself fully to the acknowledgment of the Scriptures.

"If the cardinal had handled me with more discretion at Augsburg, and had received me when I fell at his feet, things would never have come thus far; for at that time I saw very few of the pope's errors which now I see; had he been silent, so had I held my peace. It was at that time the style and custom of the Romish court, in dark and confused cases, for the pope to say: *We, by virtue of our papal power, do take these causes unto us, we annul them and destroy them;* and the parties had nothing left for it but to weep.

"I am persuaded that the pope willingly would give three cardinals to have the matter where it was, before he began to meddle with me."

Let us add some other details from a letter of Luther's to Spalatin, that is to say, to the elector. It is dated the 14th of October.

"On the day I was first admitted to an audience, I was

received by the most reverend cardinal legate, not only with kindness but with marked deference and respect; for he is a very different man from some of the more violent of his brethren. He had no inclination, he said, to debate with me, but he mildly and feelingly proposed to compromise the matter, by submitting to me three conditions sanctioned by the pope:—1. That I should alter my opinions, and retract my erroneous propositions; 2. That I should engage to abstain from propagating such doctrines in future; and, 3. That I should not circulate any opinions opposed to the authority of the church. I immediately desired to be informed in what respect I had erred, as I was not conscious of inculcating any error, for that the opinions I had set forth at Wittemberg had occasioned me no trouble or opposition there, and I was not aware I had changed any of my sentiments since I had arrived in Augsburg. This went on for four days, the prelate still refusing to have any controversy with me publicly or privately; all he did was to repeat, over and over and over again, 'Retract!—acknowledge thy error, whether thou believest it an error or not. The pope commands thee to do this.' At length, he was induced to consent that I might explain myself in writing, which I accordingly did, in presence of the seigneur de Feilitzch, the elector's representative. But when I had done, the legate refused to receive what I had written, and renewed his cry of *Retract! retract!* Next he hurled out some long harangue or other in the romance of St. Thomas, with which he fancied he would utterly crush me, and reduce me to silence. Ten times did I essay to speak, and ten times did he stop me short; raging and tyrannizing over me throughout the whole affair. At last he referred me to the Extravagant of pope Clement VI., entitled *Unigenitus,* and objected on the strength of it to my 58th proposition: 'That the merits of Christ were not the treasure of the *indulgences.*' He strenuously urged me to retract the proposition, and he paused for a little, in confidence of my submission, for he flattered himself, nay seemed almost certain, that I was ignorant of the Extravagant referred to, and he was the more confident about this, in that it is not inserted in all the collections.

"I then, in my turn, took to raising my voice somewhat.

'Come,' said I, 'if you can show me that your decretal of Clement VI. says expressly that the merits of Christ *are* the treasure of the indulgences, I retract.' Lord, what a laugh there was at this! The legate snatched the book, and ran over the pages in breathless haste, till he came to the place where it is written that 'Christ by his passion *acquired* the treasures,' &c. I stopped him at the word 'acquired.'

"By and by, upon my asserting that the pope had no power except *salvâ Scriptura,* the cardinal laughed, and said: 'Do you not know that the pope is above all councils? Has he not recently condemned and punished the council of Bâle?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'but the university of Paris has appealed from his decision.' The cardinal: 'The university of Paris will be punished too.' After a while, I spoke of Gerson. The cardinal said: 'What are the Gersonists to me?' I asked him, who the Gersonists were? 'Bah!' said he; 'let's speak no more about them,' and so he turned the conversation to something else.

"After dinner, the legate sent for the reverend father Staupitz, and endeavored to cajole him into bringing me to a retractation, adding, that I should have a difficulty in finding any one who had a more friendly feeling towards me than he had."

The disputants pursued courses diametrically opposed the one to the other: conciliation was impossible. The friends of Luther feared a snare for him on the part of the Italians: he accordingly quitted Augsburg, leaving behind him an *Appeal to the Pope better informed,* and at the same time addressed a long narrative of the conference to the elector. In it he entreats that prince not to deliver him up to the pope: "I call upon your illustrious highness to follow the dictates of honor and conscience, and not to send me to the pope. The legate certainly has not in his instructions any guarantee for my security at Rome. For them to demand of you to send me thither, is to ask you to spill Christian blood, to become a homicide. To Rome! why the pope himself does not live in security there! They have plenty of pens and ink in the Eternal City, plenty of scribes, scribes innumerable. They can easily put down in writing what my errors are. It will cost them less money to draw up an indictment

against me absent, than to have me to Rome, and destroy me there by treachery.

"What affects me most especially is, that my lord the legate speaks ill of your electoral grace, as though it were upon you that I relied in undertaking all these things. There are even liars, who go about saying that it was your grace's exhortation that induced me to commence discussing the question of indulgences; whereas, in point of fact, even among my dearest friends, there was no one who knew beforehand of my intention, except the archbishop of Magdeburg, and the bishop of Mayence."

His fears were well grounded; the court of Rome was at the time making direct application to the elector of Saxony. It insisted upon having Luther at any rate. The legate had already complained bitterly to Frederic of the audacity of Luther, entreating him either to send him back to Augsburg, or to expel him from his dominions, if he did not desire to sully his glory and that of his ancestors, by protecting this miserable monk. "I heard yesterday, at Nuremberg, that Charles von Miltitz is on his way, armed (as I am assured from an eye-witness worthy of implicit credit) with no fewer than three briefs from the pope, to take me bodily and deliver me over to the pontiff. But I have appealed from him and his briefs to the future council." It was, indeed, necessary for him thus to repudiate the pope, for, as the legate had communicated to Frederic, Luther was already condemned at Rome. He, however, put forth this new protest, with all the regular forms, declared he would submit readily to the judgment of the pope, well informed of the whole matter, but that the pope was fallible, as St. Peter himself had been fallible; and he therefore appealed to a general council, superior to the pope, with respect to all that the pope might decree against him. Meantime, he feared some sudden violence; he might perhaps be carried off from Wittemberg. "They have misled you," he writes to Spalatin: "I have not bid farewell to the people of Wittemberg. All that I said to them was this: You every one know that I am a preacher, somewhat given to moving about from place to place. How many times have I quitted you abruptly, without saying farewell. Should the same thing happen again, and

I should not return, you must assume that I have bid you adieu beforehand."

On the 2nd December he writes: "I am advised to request the prince to shut me up, as though I were a prisoner, in some castle, and then that he should write to the legate, that he holds me in sure custody, where I shall be compelled to answer all that the pope may put to me.

"There cannot be a moment's doubt that the prince and the university are for me. I have had related to me a conversation that passed on the subject at the court of the bishop of Brandenburg. Some one observed that Erasmus, Fabricius, and other learned personages supported Luther. 'The pope would not humble himself much for that,' replied the bishop, 'if it were not that the university of Wittemberg and the elector are also on his side.'" Still Luther passed the autumn of 1518 in constant alarm. He even thought of quitting Germany. "In order not to involve your highness in any danger, I will leave your territory; I will go whither the mercy of God shall lead me, confiding myself, in all things, to his divine will. I therefore now humbly offer my respects to your highness. Among whatsoever people I may retire I shall preserve an eternal recollection, an undying gratitude for all the good you have done me," (19 November). Saxony, in truth, might well appear to Luther a somewhat insecure retreat. The pope was seeking to gain over the elector. Charles von Miltitz, a Saxon nobleman, canon of Mayence, named by Leo his agent in the matter, was commissioned to offer him the consecrated Golden Rose, a distinction which the court of Rome seldom accorded to other than kings, as a recompense for peculiar filial piety towards the church. This was putting the elector to a severe trial. It became necessary for him to make a definite explanation, one way or the other, and thus perhaps to involve himself in very considerable danger. The elector's hesitation on this occasion appears from a letter of Luther: "The prince at first altogether dissuaded me from publishing the proceedings of the conference of Augsburg; then he permitted me to publish them, and they are at this moment being printed. In his anxiety for me he would prefer I were anywhere else. He sent for me to Lichtenberg, where I had a long conversa-

tion with Spalatin on the subject; 'If the censures come,' I said, 'I will remain not a day longer.' He told me, however, not to be premature in setting out for France.''

This was written on the 13th December. On the 20th, Luther was quite re-assured. The elector had replied to the pope, with truly diplomatic coolness, that he acknowledged himself an obedient son of holy mother church; that he entertained very great respect for his pontifical holiness, but that he wished the affair to be examined by judges not liable to suspicion. This was an infallible means of delaying the business, and, meantime, some circumstance or other might arise to lessen, or, at all events, put off the danger. The great point was to gain time: and the expectation was fulfilled. In January, 1519, the emperor died; and during the interregnum which followed, Frederic, by the express choice of Maximilian, acted as regent of the empire.

On the 3rd March, 1519, Luther, thus restored to confidence, wrote to the pope a letter, high in its spirit, though respectful in its form. It ran thus:

''Most holy father, necessity once more compels me, refuse of society and dust of the earth that I am, to address your exalted majesty; and I implore your holiness to listen to the bleatings of the poor lamb that now approaches you.

''Charles von Miltitz, private chancellor to your holiness, a just and worthy man, has, in your name, accused me to the illustrious prince Frederic of presumption, of irreverence towards the Roman church, and demanded, in your name, satisfaction; and I have been filled with grief at the misfortune of being suspected of disrespect towards the column of the church—I, who have never had any other wish than to assert and defend its honor.

''What am I to do, holy father? I have none to counsel me, on the one hand; on the other, I dare not expose myself to the effects of your resentment. Yet how avoid them? I know not. Retract, you say. Were the retractation demanded from me possible, it should be made. Thanks to my adversaries, to their fierce resistance, and to their rabid hostility, my writings have spread abroad far more widely than I had anticipated; my doctrines have penetrated too deeply into men's hearts for them now to be effaced. Ger-

many is at this time flourishing in men of learning, of judgment, of genius: if I desire to do honor to the Roman church, it will be by revoking nothing. A retractation would only injure her in the estimation of the people, and expose her to ill representations.

"They whom I oppose, most holy father, are the men who have really injured and disgraced the holy Roman church; those adorers of filthy lucre, who have gone about, in your name, involving the very name of repentance in discredit and opprobrium, and seeking to throw the whole weight of their iniquities upon me, the man who struggled against their monstrosities.

"Ah, holy father, before God, before the whole creation, I affirm that I have never once had it in my thought to weaken or shake the authority of the holy see. I fully admit that the power of the Roman church is superior to all things under God; neither in heaven nor on earth is there aught above it, our Lord Jesus excepted. Let no credit be given by your holiness to any who seek to represent Luther to you in any other light.

"As to indulgences, I promise your holiness to occupy myself no further with them, to keep silence respecting them for the future, provided my adversaries, on their side, remain silent; to recommend the people, in my sermons, to love Rome, and not to impute to her the faults of others; not to give implicit faith to all the severe things I have abusively said of her, in the excitement of combating these mountebanks; so that, by God's help, these dissensions may, in brief time, be appeased; for my whole desire has been, that the Roman church, our common mother, should not be dishonored by the base lies and jargon of these lucre-hunters, and that men should learn to prefer charity to indulgences."

Luther had formed his determination. Already, a month or two previously, he had written: "The pope has not chosen to allow me a just judge, and I will not admit the judgment of the pope. He then will be the text, and I the commentary."

Whatever progress Luther might make in violence, the pope had thenceforward but very little chance of wresting from a powerful prince, to whom the majority of electors had

delegated the empire, that prince's favorite theologian. Miltitz accordingly modified his tone.

On the arrival of Miltitz in Germany, Luther had said he would hold his peace, provided his opponents did the same; but they themselves released him from his engagement.

Meantime, the principal adversary of Luther, Dr. Eck, had proceeded to Rome, to solicit the condemnation of the reformer, and Luther was judged and sentenced beforehand. All that was left to him to do, was to judge his judge, and repudiate his authority in the face of the world, and this he accordingly did in his terrible book On the Captivity of Babylon, wherein he maintained that the church was captive, that Jesus Christ, constantly profaned in the idolatry of the mass, set aside in the dogma of transubstantiation, was the pope's prisoner.

He explains in the preface, with daring freedom, the manner in which he found himself daily driven more and more to extremities by the conduct of his adversaries: "Whether I will or no, I become each day more learned and expert, driven about as I am, and kept in active exercise by so many antagonists at once. I wrote on the indulgences two years ago, but in a way that makes me repent I sent forth what I had written to the public. At that time I was still prodigiously attached to the papal power, so that I dared not, altogether reject the indulgences. I saw them, moreover, sanctioned by great numbers of intelligent persons—in fact, I was left to roll the great stone by myself. But since then, thanks to Sylvestro and the other brothers who so warmly defended them, I have found that they were nothing more than mere impostures invented by the flatterers of Rome, to ruin men's faith and their pockets. Would to God I could induce the booksellers, and all those who have my writings on the indulgences, to put them into the fire, and replace them by this single proposition:—*Indulgences are delusive trash, invented by the parasites of Rome.*

"After that, Eck, Emser, and their gang came to tackle me on the question of the pope's supremacy. I am bound to admit, in gratitude towards these learned personages, that the trouble they took in this matter was not without its effect, and that a considerable effect, on my advancement. Previously,

I merely denied that popery was founded on right divine, admitting that it had human right on its side. But, after having heard and read the ultra-subtle subtleties on which these poor people found the rights of their idols, I have arrived at a sounder conclusion, and am convinced that the reign of the pope is that of Babylon, and of *Nimrod the mighty hunter.* And so I request all booksellers and readers (that nothing may be wanting to the success of my good friends) to burn, also, whatever I have written hitherto on this matter, and to stick to this simple proposition: *the pope is the mighty hunter, the hunter of Roman episcopacy.*

At the same time, in order that it might be clearly understood that he was attacking popery rather than the pope, he wrote a long letter, both in German and in Latin, to Leo X., wherein he repudiated any personal ill will to himself.

When the bull of condemnation arrived in Germany, it found a whole nation in a state of ebullition. At Erfurt, the students took it from the booksellers' shops, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the water, saying, with more vehemence than point—"It is a bull; let us see if it can swim." Luther at once sent forth a pamphlet, *Against the execrable Bull of Antichrist.* On the 10th December, 1520, he publicly burnt the Pope's anathema at the gates of the town, amid the exulting shouts of the people; and on the same day wrote to Spalatin, his ordinary medium of communication with the Elector: "This day, the tenth of December, in the year 1520, at nine o'clock in the morning, were burnt at Wittemberg, at the east gate, opposite the church of the Holy Cross, all the pope's books, the rescripts, the decretals of Clement VI., the extravagants, the new bull of Leo X., the *Somma Angelica,* the *Chrysopasus* of Eck, and some other productions of his, and of Emser's. This is something new, I wot." He adds, in the report he drew up on the subject: "if any one asks me why I act thus, I will answer him, that it is an old custom to burn bad books. The apostles burned books to the value of five thousand deniers."

According to the tradition, he said, on throwing the book of the decretals into the flames—"Thou hast afflicted the holy of the Lord: may eternal fire afflict thee, and consume thee."

He writes, on the 29th November, to the Augustines of Wittemberg—"I feel more and more every day, how difficult it is to lay aside the scruples which one has had so long within one. Oh, how much pain it has cost me, though I had the Scripture on my side, to justify it to myself that I should dare to make a stand alone against the pope, and hold him forth as antichrist. What have the tribulations of my heart not been! How many times have I not asked myself with bitterness the same question which the papists put to me—*Art thou alone wise?* Can everybody else be so mistaken? Can so many ages have been mistaken? How will it be, if, after all, thou thyself it is who art wrong, and art thus involving in thy error so many souls, who will then be eternally damned? 'Twas so I fought with myself, till Jesus Christ, by his own infallible word, fortified my heart against these doubts, till it became as a coast of rocks, defying the waves which impotently dash against it."

The excitement was immense. The nobles and the people, the castles and the free towns, rivaled each other in zeal and enthusiasm for Luther. At Nuremberg, at Strasburg, even at Mayence, there was a constant struggle for his least pamphlets. The sheet, yet wet, was brought from the press under some one's cloak, and passed from shop to shop. The pedantic bookmen of the German trades' unions, the poetical tinmen, the literary shoemakers, devoured the good news. Worthy Hans Sachs raised himself above his wonted common-place; he left his shoe half made, and wrote his most high-flown verses, his best productions. He sang, in under tones, *The Nightingale of Wittemberg,* and the song was taken up, and resounded all over the land.

Luther's principal friends among the nobility were Silvester Von Schauenberg, Franz Von Sickengen, Taubenheim, and Ulrich Von Hutten. Schauenberg had confided the education of his young son to Melancthon, and offered to assist the elector of Saxony with troops, in the event of his becoming involved in any danger from his advocacy of the cause of the Reformation. Taubenheim and others sent money to Luther. "I have received," he says, "a hundred gold pieces, sent me by Taubenheim; Schart has given me fifty more; and I begin to fear lest God should pay me here, instead of hereafter;

but I have already protested, that I must not be thus gorged with money, or I should be fain to throw it all up again." The Margrave of Brandenburg had solicited to see him, as a great favor; Sickengen and Hutten promised him their active aid against all and any assailants. "Hutten," says he, "in September, 1520, sent me a letter, burning with indignation against the Roman pontiff; he wrote me that he was about to fall with pen and with sword upon sacerdotal tyranny; that he was furious at the pope's having tried to use the poniard and poison against him, and had written to the bishop of Mayence, that he would send him, bound hand and foot, to Rome. You see," adds Luther, "what Hutten would have; but I would never consent to aid God's cause by aid of violence and murder, and so I wrote him word."

Meantime, the emperor had summoned Luther to appear at Worms, before the imperial diet; and the two parties were now about to meet face to face.

We are indebted to Luther himself for a fine narrative of what took place at the diet—a narrative in all essential points conformable with that which has been given of it by his enemies:—

"The herald summoned me on the Tuesday in Holy Week, and brought me safe-conducts from the emperor, and from several princes. On the very next day, Wednesday, these safe conducts were, in effect, violated at Worms, where they condemned and burned my writings. Intelligence of this reached me when I was at Worms. The condemnation, in fact, was already published in every town, so that the herald himself asked me whether I still intended to repair to Worms.

"Though, in truth, I was physically fearful and trembling, I replied to him—'I will repair thither, though I should find there as many devils as there are tiles on the house tops.' When I arrived at Oppenheim, near Worms, Master Bucer came to see me, and tried to dissuade me from entering the city. He told me that Glapion, the emperor's confessor had been to him, and had entreated him to warn me not to go to Worms; for that if I did, I should be burned. I should do well, he added, to stop in the neighborhood, at Franz Von Sickengen's, who would be very glad to entertain me.

"The wretches did this for the purpose of preventing me

from making my appearance within the time prescribed; they knew that if I delayed only three more days, my safe-conduct would have been no longer available, and then they would have shut the gates in my face, and, without hearing what I had to say, have arbitrarily condemned me. I went on, then, in the purity of my heart, and on coming within sight of the city, at once sent forward word to Spalatin that I had arrived, and desired to know where I was to lodge. All were astonished at hearing of my near approach; for it had been generally imagined that, a victim to the trick sought to be practiced on me, my terrors would have kept me away.

"Two nobles, the seigneur Von Hirschfeldt and John Schott, came to me by order of the elector, and took me to the house in which they were staying. No prince came at the time to see me, but several counts and other nobles did, who gazed at me fixedly. These were they who had presented to his majesty the four hundred articles against ecclesiastical abuses, praying that they might be reformed, and intimating that they would take the remedy into their own hands if need were. They had all been entirely freed by my gospel!

"The pope had written to the emperor desiring him not to observe the safe-conduct. The bishops urged his majesty to comply with the pope's request, but the prince and the states would not listen to it; for such conduct would have excited a great disturbance. All this brought me still more prominently into general notice, and my enemies might well have been more afraid of me than I was of them. The landgrave of Hesse, still a young man at that time, desired to have a conference with me, came to my lodgings, and after a long interview said, on going away: 'Dear doctor, if you be in the right, as I think you are, God will aid you.'

"On my arrival, I had written to Glapion, the emperor's confessor, entreating him to come and see me at his first leisure; but he refused, saying it would be useless for him to do so.

"I was then cited, and appeared before the whole council of the imperial diet in the town hall, where the emperor, the electors, and the princes, were assembled. Dr. Eck, official

of the archbishop of Treves, opened the business by saying to me, first in Latin, and then in German:

"'Martin Luther, his sacred and invincible majesty, with the advice of the states of the empire, has summoned you hither, that you may reply to the two questions I am now about to put to you: do you acknowledge yourself the author of the writings published in your name, and which are here before me, and will you consent to retract certain of the doctrines which are therein inculcated?' 'I think the books are mine,' replied I. But immediately, Dr. Jerome Schurff added: 'Let the titles of the works be read.' When they had read the titles, I said: 'Yes, the books are mine.'

"Then he asked me: 'Will you retract the doctrines therein?' I replied: 'Gracious emperor,—as to the question whether I will retract the opinions I have given forth, a question of faith in which are directly interested my own eternal salvation, and the free enunciation of the Divine Word—that word which knows no master either on earth or in heaven, and which we are all bound to adore, be we as great as we may—it would be rash and dangerous for me to reply to such a question, until I had meditated thereupon in silence and retreat, lest I incur the anger of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who has said, *He who shall deny me before men, I will deny him before my Father which is in heaven.* I therefore entreat your sacred majesty to grant me the time necessary to enable me to reply with full knowledge of the point at issue, and without fear of blaspheming the word of God, or endangering the salvation of my own soul.' They gave me till the next day at the same hour.

"The following morning I was sent for by the bishops and others who were directed to confer with me, and endeavor to induce me to retract. I said to them: 'The Word of God is not my word: I therefore cannot abandon it. But in all things short of that, I am ready to be docile and obedient.' The margrave Joachim then interposed, and said: 'Sir doctor, as I understand it, your desire is to listen to counsel and to instruction on all points that do not trench upon theWord?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'that is my desire.'

"Then they told me that I ought to place myself entirely in the hands of his majesty, but I said, I could not consent

to this. They asked me, whether they were not themselves Christians, and entitled to have a voice in deciding the questions between us, as well as I? Whereunto I answered, 'That I was ready to accept their opinions in all points which did not offend against the Word, but that from the Word I would not depart,' repeating, that as it was not my own I could not abandon it. They insisted that I ought to rely upon them, and have full confidence that they would decide rightly. 'I am not,' rejoined I, 'by any means disposed to place my trust in men who have already condemned me without a hearing, although under safe-conduct. But to show you my zeal and sincerity, I tell you what I will do; act with me as you please; I consent to renounce my safe-conduct, and to place it unreservedly in your hands.' At this my lord Frederic de Feilitsch observed, 'Truly this is saying quite enough, or indeed, too much.'

"By and by they said: 'Will you, at all events, abandon some of the articles?' I replied: 'In the name of God I will not defend for a moment any articles that are opposed to the Scripture.' Hereupon two bishops slipped out, and went and told the emperor I was retracting. At this a message came to me, asking whether I really consented to place myself in the hands of the emperor and of the diet? I answered: that I had consented to nothing of the sort, and should never consent to it. So I went on, resisting, alone, the attempts of them all, for Dr. Schurff and my other friends had become angry with me for my obstinacy, as they called it. Some of my disputants said to me, that if I would come over to them, they would in return, give up to me and abandon the articles which had been condemned at the council of Constance. To all which I simply replied: 'Here is my body, here my life: do with them as you will.'

"Then Cochlæus came up to me, and said: 'Martin, if thou wilt renounce the safe-conduct, I will dispute with thee.' I, in my simplicity and good faith, would have consented to this, but Dr. Jerome Schurff replied, with an ironical laugh: 'Aye, truly, that were a good idea—that were a fair bargain, i'faith; you must needs think the doctor a fool.' So I refused to give up the safe-conduct. Several worthy friends of mine, who were present, had already, at the bare mention of

the proposition, advanced towards me, as if to protect me, exclaiming to Cochlæus: 'What, you would carry him off a prisoner, then! That shall not be.'

"Meantime, there came a doctor of the retinue of the margrave of Baden, who essayed to move me by fine flourishes: I ought, he said, to do a very great deal, to grant a very great deal, for the love of charity, that peace and union might continue, and no tumult arise.' All, he urged, were called upon to obey his imperial majesty, as being the supreme authority; we ought all to avoid creating unseemly disturbances, and therefore, he concluded, I ought to retract. 'I will,' replied I, 'with all my heart, in the name of charity, do all things, and obey in all things, which are not opposed to the faith and honor of Christ.'

"Then the chancellor of Treves said to me: 'Martin, thou art disobedient to his imperial majesty; wherefore depart hence, under the safe-conduct which has been given thee.' I answered: 'It has been as it pleased the Lord it should be. And you,' I added, 'do all of you, on your part, consider well the position in which you are.' And so I departed, in singleness of heart, without remarking or comprehending their machinations.

"Soon afterwards they put in force their cruel edict—that ban, which gave all ill men an opportunity of taking vengeance with impunity on their personal enemies, under the pretext of their being Lutheran heretics; and yet, in the end, the tyrants found themselves under the necessity of recalling what they had done.

"And this is what happened to me at Worms, where I had no other aid than the Holy Spirit."

Soon after this, the official sent for Luther, and in the presence of the arch-chancellor, read to him the imperial sentence.

"Luther," he added, "since you have not chosen to listen to the counsels of his majesty and of the states of the empire, and to confess your errors, it is now for the emperor to act. By his order, I give you twenty days, wherein to return to Wittemberg, secure under the imperial safe-conduct, provided that on your way you excite no disorders by preaching or otherwise."

As the official concluded, Sturm, the herald, inclined his staff, in token of respect.

Luther bowed, and said: "Be it as the Lord pleases; blessed be the name of the Lord." He added the expression of his warm gratitude towards the emperor personally, and towards his ministers, and the states of the empire, for whom, he affirmed, with his hand on his heart, he was ready to sacrifice life, honor, reputation—all, except the word of God.

Next day, 26th April, after a collation given him by his friends, the doctor resumed the route to Wittemberg.

On his arrival at Freyburg, Luther wrote two letters, one to the emperor, the other to the electors and states assembled at Worms. In the first, he expresses his regret at having found himself under the necessity of disobeying his majesty: "But," says he, "God and his word are above man." He laments, further, that he had not been able to obtain a discussion of the evidences he had collected from Scripture, adding that he was ready to present himself before any other assembly that might be convened for the purpose, and to submit himself in all things without exception, provided the word of God received no detriment. The letter to the electors and states is written in the same spirit.

To Spalatin (in a letter, dated 14th May) he says: "You would hardly believe the civility with which I was received by the abbot of Hirschfeldt. He sent forward his chancellor and his treasurer a full mile on the road to meet us, and he himself came to receive us at a short distance from his castle, attended by a troop of cavaliers, who escorted us into the town. The senate received us at the great gate. The abbot entertained us splendidly in his monastery, and assigned me his own bed to sleep in. On the fifth day, they absolutely forced me to preach in the morning, though I represented to them that they ran a risk of losing their privileges, should the imperialist party choose to treat this as a violation of my undertaking not to preach up my doctrines on the way. But then, I added, that I had never pledged myself to chain up the word of God; nor will I.

"I preached also at Eisenach, in presence of the minister, who was in a great fright, and of a notary and his witnesses,

who formally protested against what I was doing, but excused themselves privately to me on the ground that, otherwise they dreaded the resentment of their tyrants. So, very likely, you will hear it said at Worms, that I have broken my faith; but I have not broken it. To chain up the word of God is a condition it is not in my power to enter into.

"Our friends met us on foot a little way out of Eisenach, and accompanied us into the town, in the evening. Our companions had set out in the morning with Jerome.

"As to myself, I was proceeding to rejoin my relations through the forest, and was on my way to Walterhausen, when near the fortress of Altenstein, I was taken prisoner. Amsdorf no doubt knew that it was arranged to seize me, but he is not aware to what place they carried me.

"My brother, who saw the horsemen coming up, jumped out of the carriage, and, without saying a word, ran off through the wood, and, as I am told, reached Walterhausen in the evening. As for me, the horsemen took off my robe, and put me on a military garb, desiring me to let my hair and beard grow, and meanwhile put me on a false beard. You would scarcely recognize me; indeed, I hardly knew myself. However, here I am, living *in libertate Christianâ*, free from the chains of the tyrants."

When taken to the castle of Wartburg, Luther was not at all certain to whom it was he owed the pleasant and honorable captivity in which he found himself. He had sent away the imperial herald as soon as they had got a few leagues from Worms, and his enemies have thence concluded that he was aware of the contemplated proceedings; but it fully appears, from his own correspondence, that he was not. Meantime a cry of grief arose throughout Germany. It was believed that he had perished, and the pope and the emperor were accused of his death. In reality, it was the elector of Saxony, Luther's patron, who, alarmed at the imperial sentence fulminated against the reformer, and at once incapable of openly supporting him against his enemies, or of allowing him to fall their victim, had conceived this mode of saving him from the effects of his own daring, and to gain time wherein to strengthen the party. To conceal Luther for awhile was a sure means of augmenting the public excite-

ment in Germany, by arousing its fears for the champion of the reformed faith.

III

1521-1524

Whilst in Worms the Roman party was furious at having allowed the audacious innovator to escape, he himself was securely looking down upon his enemies from the platform of the donjon of Wartburg. In that quiet retreat, he was at full leisure to resume his flute, to sing his German psalms, to translate his Bible, and to thunder forth against the pope and the devil.

"The rumor has gone abroad," writes Luther, "that it was friends from Franconia who took me prisoner." And elsewhere: "They imagined, as I suspect, that Luther had been killed, or condemned to eternal silence, in order that the common weal might once more fall powerless beneath the weight of sophistical tyranny, the downfall of which its abettors so hated me for having commenced." He took care, however, to let his friends know that he was still alive. He writes to Spalatin (June, 1521): "I would not for the world have the letter I now send you fall by any negligence of your own, or of those about you, into the hands of our enemies. . . . I wish you to get the portion of Gospel I send you herewith, copied by some careful person; it is essential that my hand should not be seen in the matter just at present."—"I had fully intended in this, my solitude, to dedicate to my host, a book on the Traditions of Men, for he has asked me to give him some information on that subject; but I have not done so, least I should thereby disclose the place of my retreat."—"It is with great difficulty I have obtained permission to send you this letter, so fearful are they of its becoming known where I am."

"The priests and the monks, who played their gambols while I was at liberty, have become so afraid since my captivity, that they themselves are beginning to modify the preposterous extravagances they were wont to send forth against me. They find they can no longer resist the pressure of the increasing crowd of questioners, and they know not in what direction to make their escape. See you not herein the arm

of the Mighty One of Jacob, all that he is doing for us, while we hold our peace, while we stand aside, while we pray to him. Is not this a fulfillment of the sayings of Moses: *The Lord shall fight for you, and you shall hold your peace.* One of the fellows at Rome, has written to a Mayence hoopoe: 'Luther is quashed just as we wished; but the people are so excited about him, that I fear we shall run a chance of losing our lives, if we do not go in search of him, candle in hand, and bring him back.' ''

Luther dates his letters: *from the region of the air; from the region of birds; or, from amidst the birds which sing sweetly on the branches of the tall trees, and praise God, night and day, with all their might;* or, again, *from the mountains; from the Isle of Patmos.*

On his arrival at Wartburg, Luther had found very few books there. He applied himself with ardor, as soon as he had obtained the requisite materials, to the study of Greek and Hebrew; he drew up an answer to the work of Latonus, so prolix, he calls it, and so ill written. He translated into German the Apology of Melancthon against the "blockhead theologians of Paris," adding a Commentary of his own. It was here, too, that he commenced his translation of the Bible. In fact, though he speaks of himself as doing nothing, he displayed the most extraordinary activity in his Patmos, and from its height inundated Germany with his writings. "I have published," he writes, on 1st November, "a little volume against that of Catharinus on Antichrist; a treatise in German on Confession; a commentary in German on the 67th Psalm; another, also in German, on the Canticle of Mary; a third on the 37th Psalm, and a Consolation to the Church of Wittemberg. Moreover, I have in the press, a commentary in German, on the Epistles and Gospels for the year; I have just sent off a public reprimand to the bishop of Mayence, on the Idol of the Indulgences he has raised up again at Halle, and I have finished a commentary on the gospel story of the Ten Lepers. All these writings are in German: I was born for the good of my dear Germans, and I will never cease to serve them. While I was at Wittemberg, I commenced a series of sermons to illustrate in a popular manner the Two Testaments; I had got in Genesis as far as the xxxii. chap-

ter, and in the New Testament to John the Baptist. Here I stopped."

On the 9th September, he writes: "I am full of trembling, and my conscience troubles me, for that when at Worms, yielding to your advice and that of your friends, I allowed the spirit within me to give way, instead of showing another Elias to those idols. They should find things very different on my part, if I were once again to come in contact with them."

From the depth of his retreat, when he himself could not come forward in the lists, he thus exhorts Melancthon:

"Even though I should perish, the gospel would lose nothing, for thou art far more important to it than I am now; thou art the Elisha on whom the spirit of Elias rests. Suffer not thyself to be cast down, but sing in the night the song of the Lord which I gave you; I will sing it also, having no other care than for the Word. Let him who is ignorant, be ignorant if he will; let him who perishes, perish; our care must be that they have no cause to complain of us that we failed in our duty to them." (26th May, 1521.)

He was at this time urged to resolve an important question he himself had raised, and the discussion of which did not turn upon theological controversies, the question of monastic vows; the monks in every direction were anxious to throw them aside, but Melancthon dared not take the settlement of the question upon himself. Even Luther, when it came to the point, approached the subject with considerable hesitation:

"You have not yet convinced me," he writes, "that we must regard under the same point of view the vow of priests and that of monks. I am strongly impressed with the feeling that the sacerdotal orders instituted by God are free; but it is a great question whether this principle applies to monks, who have chosen their condition, and offered themselves of their own full accord, to God. On the whole, however, I should be very much inclined to decide, that such of the inmates of these cut-throat places as have not yet attained the age of marriage, or who have not exceeded it, should be allowed to recall their vows without scruple; as to those who are past the proper age for conjugal life, and who have grown

old in their present state, I am not prepared to form the same judgment respecting them.

"As to the priests, St. Paul gives, concerning them, a decision at length, saying that it was devils who forbade them to marry; and as the voice of St. Paul was the voice of divine Majesty, I have no doubt but that we ought to follow it. Accordingly I would say that priests, even though at the time of their professing they bound themselves by this engagement of the devil, now that they know what sort of an engagement it is, are at full liberty without any hesitation to renounce and throw it off. (1 Aug.) As to myself, I have annulled unceremoniously vows made by me before I was twenty years of age, and I would annul them again; for every one must see, who chooses to open his eyes, that such vows as these were made without due deliberation, without adequate knowledge of the matter. But I admit of this dispensation only, with reference to those who have not as yet actually entered upon their office; to them who have administered the functions of their profession in the monasteries, I cannot say, I have as yet made up my mind to extend the same license. Truly my brain is confused and obscured with this matter." (6 Aug. 1521.)

At times he became more confident on the subject, and spoke out plainly: "As to the vows of monks and priests," he writes to Gerbell, 19th May, 1521, "Philip and I have entered into a determination to prosecute a vigorous crusade against them, and not to rest till we have utterly destroyed and annihilated them. That miserable celibacy of young people of both sexes, constantly presents to my eyes such monstrosities of nature, that now nothing sounds more disagreeably in my ears than the words nun, monk, priest; and marriage appears to me a paradise, even though accompanied by the depth of poverty." (1 Nov.)

Acting upon the views he had expressed, he sent word to Wenceslaus Link to give the monks permission to quit their convents, without, however, any attempt to induce them to do so. "I am sure," he says, "you will do nothing yourself, nor suffer anything to be done, contrary to the gospel, even though the safety of all the monasteries in Christendom were at stake. I do not at all approve of the turbulent manner

in which, as I understand, whole flocks of monks and nuns have quitted their convents; but though they have acted herein ill and unbecomingly, it would not be well or becoming in us to recall them, now the thing is done. After the example of Cyrus, in Herodotus, I would have you give full liberty to those who desire to leave their seclusion, but by no means compel any to leave it, nor, on the other hand, force any to stay who wish to go."

Towards the end of November 1521, the desire to see and encourage his disciples induced him to make a short excursion to Wittemberg; but he took care the elector should know nothing of the matter. "I conceal from him," he writes to Spalatin, "both my journey and my return; I need not tell you why; you understand my motive."

That motive was the alarming character which the Reformation was assuming in the hands of Carlstadt, and the demagogue theologians, the image-breakers, the anabaptists and others, who were beginning to come forward.

To the inhabitants of Wittemberg he wrote (Dec., 1521): "You are directing your energies against the mass, images, and other unimportant matters, and in doing so, laying aside that faith and charity of which you have so much need. You have afflicted, by your outrageous conduct, many pious men—men perhaps, better than yourselves. You have forgotten what is due to the weak. If the strong run on at the utmost of their speed, regardless of their feebler brethren, who come more slowly after them, the latter, thus left helpless behind, must needs succumb.

"God granted you a great blessing, in giving you the Word pure and undefiled. Yet I see none the more charity in you. You extend no helping hand to those who have never heard the Word. You take no thought for our brothers and sisters of Leipzig, of Meissen, and infinite other places, whom we are bound to save in common with ourselves. You have rushed into your present proceedings, eyes shut, head down, like a bull, looking neither to the left nor to the right. Reckon no longer upon me; I cast you off, I abjure you. You began without me; finish how you may."

Matters, however, assumed such an aspect at Wittemberg,

that Luther could not permit himself to remain any longer in his donjon. He departed accordingly, without asking the elector's consent.

On his way to Wittemberg, he wrote to the elector, who had enjoined him not to quit Wartburg:

"I would have your grace know, that it is not from men, but from Heaven, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that I hold the gospel. I might long since, and I shall do it in future, have called and subscribed myself his servant and apostle. If I have several times asked to be examined, it was not that I doubted the goodness of my cause, but simply to prove my deference and humility. But, as I see that this excess of humility only humbles the gospel, and that the devil, if I yield him an inch of ground, will seek to occupy all, my conscience compels me now to act otherwise. It is surely enough that, to please your electoral grace, I have passed a year in retirement. The devil well knows it was not fear made me do this: he saw my heart when I entered Worms, and knows perfectly well, that, had the city been as full of devils as there are tiles on the house-tops, I would joyfully throw myself among them. Now duke George is even less in my eye than a devil. As the father of infinite mercy has given me power, by his gospel, over all the devils and over death, and has given me the kingdom to come, your electoral grace must see clearly that it were an insult on my part towards my Master not to put my full trust in him, or to forget that I stand far above the anger of duke George. If God called me to Leipzig, as he does to Wittemberg, I would go there, though for nine whole days together it were to rain duke Georges, and every one of them were nine times more furious than this devil of a duke is. He takes my Christ for a straw, a reed; he shall find that neither Christ nor I will permit this any longer. I will not conceal from your electoral grace that I have more than once wept, and prayed that God would enlighten the duke; and I will do so once more, with earnestness, but this shall be the last time. I supplicate your electoral grace also yourself to pray, and to have prayers offered up, that, by our united solicitations, we may turn away, by God's mercy, the terrible judgment which each day more and more nearly menaces the duke. I write

this to let you know that I am going to Wittemberg, under a protection far higher than that of princes and electors. I have no need of your help; 'tis you who need mine, which will be of greater use to you, than yours can be to me. Nay, if I thought you would persist in offering me your protection, I would not set out at all. This is a matter which requires neither sage councils, nor the edge of the sword; God alone, and without any paraphernalia of visible force, God alone is my master, and my protector. He among men, who has the fullest faith, is the best able to protect me; you are too feeble in the faith for me to regard you as a protector and savior.

"You wish to know, doubtless, what you have to do on this occasion, persuaded as you are that hitherto you have not done enough. I will tell you, in all respect, that you have already done more than was desirable, and that now you have nothing to do at all. God will not permit you to share my griefs and my torments; he reserves them to himself and to his ministers. If your grace really have faith, you will find it bring you peace and security; but whether or not that be so, I believe, and I must leave your grace to undergo the penalties with which God afflicts the incredulous.

"In disobeying the directions of your grace, I relieve you, in the sight of God, from any responsibility should I be thrown into prison, or be deprived of life by the tyrants. Let, therefore, the emperor take his own course; do you obey him respectfully as becomes a prince of the empire; if he take my life, it will be his business to account for it, and no longer yours. You will not be angry with me, prince, for that I do not consent to involve you in my own misery and danger; Christ has not instructed me to show myself Christian at the expense of my neighbor. Wanting faith, I would not have you revolt against power. I hope that they will act so far consistently with common sense and decency, as not to call upon a person of your grace's exalted condition to be my jailer; but should they be mad enough to require you to lay hands upon me, this is what I would have you do: obey them, without taking any heed to me, for I would not desire you to suffer on my account, in mind, body, or estate.

"God be with you, prince! some other time, if necessary,

we will discourse at greater length. I dispatch this letter in haste, fearing lest your electoral grace should be made uneasy at the news of my arrival; for it is my duty, as a good Christian to comfort all men, and to do ill to none. In you, I have to do with a very different man from duke George: I know that duke well, and he knows me not indifferently. If your grace believed, you would see the kingdom of God; as you do not believe, you have as yet seen nothing. Love and honor to God forever. Amen. Given at Borna, by the side of my guide, this Ash-Wednesday, 1522. Your grace's humble servant.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

On hearing of Luther's departure from Wartburg, the elector had dispatched Schurff to meet him, and persuade him to return, or at least to furnish him with an explanation of his conduct, which he might show to the emperor. In his answer to the elector, dated 7th March, Luther gives three reasons for his proceeding; first, that the church of Wittemberg had earnestly solicited his return; secondly, that disorder had crept in among his flock; thirdly, that he wished to avert, as far as in him lay, the insurrection which he regarded as threatening the country.

Towards the middle of this year, Luther broke out with the greatest violence against princes and potentates. A number of secular and ecclesiastical dignitaries (duke George among them) had prohibited the sale of the translation he was then publishing of the Bible, and offered to return the money paid by those who had already purchased the work. Luther unhesitatingly accepted the defiance thus cast at him: "We have triumphed over the papal tyranny which weighed down kings and princes; it will be still easier to demolish the kings and princes themselves. . . . I much fear that if they continue to heed what that blockhead duke George says, there will arise throughout Germany disturbances which will involve in ruin all the princes and magistrates, and drag down at the same time the whole body of the clergy. This is the aspect in which I view coming events. The people on all sides are in a state of excitement; they have opened their eyes, so long closed, and they will not, they cannot, suffer them-

selves to be oppressed any longer. It is the Lord himself who is bringing this about, and who shuts the eyes of the princes to the threatening symptoms which all else see; it is He who will accomplish the inevitable results, by means of the blindness and violence of these haughty men. I see before me Germany swimming in blood!

"Why will they not perceive that the sword of civil war is suspended over their heads? They are exerting all their efforts to destroy Luther, while Luther is doing his utmost to save them. It is not for Luther, but for them, that perdition approaches; and they, instead of seeking to avert, advance it. In what I am now saying, I verily believe the Spirit speaks by my lips. But if the decree of anger is passed in Heaven, and neither prayer nor prudence can avert its effects, we will obtain that our Josias shall fall asleep in peace, and that the world shall be left to itself in its Babylon. Though exposed every hour to death, in the very midst of my enemies, without any human aid, I have ever entertained the most perfect contempt for these stupid menaces of prince George and his fellows. The Spirit, doubt it not, will thoroughly master duke George and his emulators in folly. I write this fasting, quite early in the morning, my heart filled with a pious confidence. My Christ lives and reigns, and I too shall live and reign" (19th March).

In the middle of the year appeared the book which Henry VIII. had got his chaplain, Edward Lee, to draw up in his name, and in which he put himself forward as the champion of the Roman church.

"There is, indeed, in this book," observes Luther, (22nd July,) "a plentiful manifestation of royal ignorance; but its virulence and mendacity are the exclusive property of Lee." Luther's reply was not long in making its appearance; its violence surpassed anything that even his attacks on the pope might have led us to expect. Never before had a private man addressed to a sovereign-prince words so contemptuous, so daring. "Two years ago," he says, "I published a little book called, *The Captivity of the Church at Babylon.* It horribly vexed and confounded the papists, who spared neither lies nor invective in replying to it. I readily forgive them both the one and the other, neither having hurt me.

There were some who tried to swallow it down with a laugh; but the hook was too hard and too pointed for their throats. And now, quite recently, the lord Henry, not by the grace of God king of England, has written in Latin against my treatise. There are some who believe that this pamphlet of the king's did not emanate from the king's own pen; but whether Henry wrote it, or Hal, or the devil in hell, is nothing to the point. He who lies is a liar; and I fear him not, be he who he may. This is my own notion about the matter: that Henry gave out an ell or two of coarse cloth, and that, then, this pituitous Thomist, Lee, this follower of the Thomist herd, who, in his presumption, wrote against Erasmus, took scissors and needle and made a cape of it. If a king of England spits his impudent lies in my face, I have a right, in my turn, to throw them back down his very throat. If he blasphemes my sacred doctrines; if he casts his filth at the throne of my monarch, my Christ, he need not be astonished at my defiling, in like manner, his royal diadem, and proclaiming him, king of England though he be, a liar and a rascal.

"He thought to himself, doubtless: 'Luther is so hunted about, he will have no opportunity of replying to me; his books are all burnt, so my calumnies will remain unconfuted; I am a king, and people will needs believe me. I need not fear to throw anything that comes first to hand in the poor monk's teeth, to publish what I like, to hunt down his character as I think fit.' Ah! ah! my worthy Henry! you've reckoned without your host in this matter: you have had your say, and I'll have mine; you shall hear truths that won't amuse you at all; I'll make you smart for your tricks. This excellent Henry accuses me of having written against the pope out of personal hatred and ill-will; of being snarlish, quarrelsome, back-biting, proud, and so conceited that I think myself the only man of sense in the world! I ask you, my worthy Hal, what has my being conceited, snappish, cross-grained—supposing I am so—to do with the question? Is the papacy free from blame because I am open to it? Is the king of England a wise man, because I take him to be a fool? Answer me that. The best of it is, that this worthy monarch, who has such a horror of lying and calumny, has assuredly

collected together more lies and more slanders in this little book than can be charged upon me, by my worst enemies, in the whole extent of my writings. But, forsooth, in these quarrels, we must be respecters of persons; that is to say, a king, so he fawns upon the pope, may abuse a poor monk to the top of his bent. What most surprises me, is, not the ignorance of this Hal of England, not that he understands less about faith and works than a log of wood, but that the devil should trouble himself to make use of this man against me, when he knows perfectly well that I don't care a straw for either one or the other. King Henry justifies the proverb: *Kings and princes are fools.* Who sees not the hand of God in the blindness and imbecility of this man? I shall say very little more about him at present, for I have the Bible to translate, and other important matters to attend to; on some future occasion, God willing, when I shall be more at leisure, I will reply at greater length to this royal driveler of lies and poison. . . . I imagine that he set about his book by way of penance, for his conscience is ever smiting him for having stolen the crown of England, making way for himself by murdering the last scion of the royal line, and corrupting the blood of the kings of England. He trembles in his skin, lest the blood he has shed be demanded at his hands; and this it is makes him clutch hold of the pope to keep him on his throne, makes him pay court, now to the Emperor, now to the king of France. 'Tis precisely what might have been expected in a conscience-haunted tyrant. Hal and the pope have exactly the same legitimacy: the pope stole his tiara as the king did his crown; and therefore it is they are as thick together as two mules in harness."

Then turning upon the Thomists, Luther thus defies them: "Come on, pigs that you are! burn me if you dare! I am here to be seized upon. My ashes shall pursue you after my death, though you throw them to all the winds—into all the seas. Living, I shall be the enemy of popery, dead, I should be doubly its enemy. Pigs of Thomists, do what you can: Luther will be the bear in your path, the lion in your way; he will pursue you wheresoever you go, he will present himself incessantly before you, will leave you not a moment's

peace or truce, till he has broken your iron head and your brazen front—for your salvation or your damnation, as you shall then act."

He was still more violent in the German treatise he sent forth at about the same time on the secular power, and which opens thus:

"God has heated the brains of princes. They think they are fully entitled to follow out their own caprices; they put themselves under the wing of the emperor, and, according to their own account, in what they do, merely execute his orders like obedient subjects, as if they could in this way conceal their iniquity from men's eyes. Knaves that pass themselves off as Christian princes! And these are the hands to which Cæsar has confided the keys of Germany; madmen who would extirpate faith from our land, and establish blasphemy in its place, if we did not resist them by the mighty power of the Word. And resist them I will; I, who feared not to take the pope by the horns, that great idol of Rome, am not likely to be intimidated by his scales and peelings. . . . Princes are of this world, and this world is the enemy of God, so that they live according to the world, and against the law of God. Be not astonished, therefore, at their furious violence against the gospel, for they cannot act counter to their own nature.

"The simple fact is, that God abandons these reprobates to their own perverted courses; he will put an end to them and to the great ones of the church; their reign is over, and they are about to descend into the tomb—the whole mob of scoundrels, princes, bishops, monks, covered with the contempt and hatred of mankind.

"The Holy Scripture says that faith is a rock against which shall not avail the gates of hell, death, the devil, or any other power; that it is a divine power; and that this divine power may be vindicated against all opposing powers by the merest child. Oh, God, how senseless, then, are the worldly princes and potentates, in acting as they do! There is the king of England, entitling himself, in his turn, *Defender of the Faith!* So, too, the Hungarians boast of being the protectors of God, and presumptuously sing in their Litany, *That it may please thee to hear us, thy defenders!* By and

by, we shall have some princes putting themselves forward as *defenders of Jesus Christ*, and others as *defenders of the Holy Ghost!* Should this be so, the Trinity, truly, will be fitly guarded!"

These daring freedoms alarmed the elector, and Luther had some difficulty in reassuring him.

That wherein consisted the real security of Luther at this period was the circumstance that a general disorder in the political world seemed close at hand. The populace in every direction were murmuring in a tone not to be mistaken. The gentry and the lower class of the nobility, still more discontented and impatient than the people, were taking the initiative in the social changes called for. The wealthy, overgrown ecclesiastical principalities lay spread out before the eyes of all, as a fair prey, in the pillage of which civil war might best be commenced. The catholics themselves called, though in a regular, legal way, for the reformation of those abuses in the church against which Luther had taken his stand. In March, 1523, the diet of Nuremberg suspended the execution of the imperial edict against Luther, and drew up against the Roman clergy the list of grievances and accusations known as the *Centum gravamina.* Already the most ardent of the Rhine nobles, Franz Von Sickingen, had commenced the struggle of the lesser lords against the princes, by attacking the palatine. "This," observes Luther, "is a very sad circumstance, and with other presages renders well nigh certain a general disorder in our political system. I have no doubt but that Germany is menaced with a very fearful civil war, if not altogether with destruction." (16th Jan. 1523.)

IV

1524-1529

During the terrible tragedy of the peasants' war, the theological war upon Luther continued almost without intermission. The reformers of Switzerland and of the Rhine—Zwinglius, Bucer, Œcolampadius,—fully participated in the theological principles of Carlstadt, differing from him only in their submission to the civil authority. In all other respects, not one of them was prepared to remain within the limits

which Luther had assigned to the Reformation. Cold, unbending logicians, they, bit by bit, sternly demolished what he had sought to preserve of the old poetry of Christianity. Less daring than they, but infinitely more dangerous, the king of the men of letters of that period, the phlegmatic but infinitely spiritual Erasmus, dealt doctor Martin, from time to time, some terrible blows.

He was more especially exasperated at the apparent moderation of Erasmus, who, not daring to assail the edifice of Christianity at its base, seemed desirous of overturning it gradually, stone by stone. This maneuvering, this ambiguous method of proceeding did not at all suit Luther's straightforward energy. "Erasmus," says he, "that amphibolous being, sitting calmly and unmoved on the throne of amphibology, cheats and deludes us by his double-meaning, covert phraseology, and claps his hands when he sees us involved in his insidious figures of speech, as a spider rejoices over a captured fly. Then, seeing the occasion arrived for the display of his rhetoric, he comes thundering down upon us, tearing us, flagellating us, crucifying us, throwing all hell at our heads, because we have, as he says, apprehended in a calumnious, infamous, and diabolical manner, words which, though he says not, he all the while meant we should understand in the sense wherein we have understood them. See him in another direction, crawling on like a viper to ensnare simple souls, after the manner of the serpent of old, which whispered in the ear of Mother Eve, and made her doubt the precepts of God." The quarrel, in point of fact, caused Luther, whatever he may say to the contrary, so much annoyance and embarrassment, that at last he refused to continue the discussion, and even forbade his people to take the matter up for him. "If I fight against mud, whether I get the better of it or no, I am all the same covered with mud, and so the best way is to let mud pass on."

"I would not," he writes to his son John, "I would not for ten thousand florins ready money, take upon myself the peril in which Jerome, and still more Erasmus, will be, when they find themselves in the presence of Christ.

"If ever I get well and strong again, I will fully and publicly assert my God against Erasmus. I will not sell my

dear Jesus. I am daily approaching the grave—nearer and nearer—and I am, therefore, anxious to lose no time in once more, and emphatically asserting my God in the face of all, against this bad man. Hitherto I have hesitated; I said to myself, if you kill him, what will happen? I killed Munzer, and his death at times weighs upon me, but I killed him because he sought to kill my Christ."

One Trinity Sunday, again, Dr. Martin said: "I entreat all you present, with whom the honor of Christ and the gospel is felt to be a serious matter—I pray you all to vow enmity to Erasmus."

On another occasion he said to Dr. Jonas and Dr. Pomeramus, with peculiar and manifestly heartfelt emphasis: "I recommend it to you as my last will, to be terrible and unflinching towards that serpent.—If I myself am restored to health, by God's help I will write against him and kill him. We have suffered him to insult us, and to take us by the throat; but now that he seeks to do so to Christ, we will array ourselves determinedly against him. It is true that to crush Erasmus is like crushing a bug, but he has mocked and insulted my Christ, and he shall be punished."

"If I live, I will, God aiding, purge the church of this vile creature. It is he who sowed and cultivated Crotus, Egranus, Witzeln, Œcolampadius, Campanus, and other visionaries and epicureans. He shall be expelled the church, I tell him."

On seeing a portrait of Erasmus, one day, Luther burst out—"That fellow, as his face manifestly proves, is full of trick and underhand malice—a very fox—a knave who has mocked God and religion. He makes use, indeed, of fine-sounding words: 'The dear Lord Christ, the Word of Salvation, the Holy Sacraments,' and so on, but as to the truth, he cares not a straw for it. When he preaches, it rings false, like a cracked pitcher. He once attacked Popery, and now he is trying to pull its head out of the mud."

The strongest mind could not be expected to resist so many shocks, and Luther's had been visibly giving way ever since the crisis in the year 1525.

The part in which he had so long and so prominently appeared before the world, had been changed, and in a manner most painful to his own feelings. The opposition instituted

by Erasmus was a clear manifestation of the estrangement from Luther of the men of letters, who had so powerfully aided his cause in the outset. This, in itself, had a very depressing effect; and the book, *De Libero Arbitrio,* was allowed to remain without any earnest answer. Again, the great innovator, the leader of the people against Rome, had since found himself left behind by the people, cursed by the people, in the war of the peasants. We need not, therefore, feel any surprise at the dejection of mind into which he fell at this period. As the intellectual man grew weaker, the empire of the flesh became stronger; and, yielding to its impulse, Luther married. The next two or three years are a sort of eclipse of the sun of Luther; whenever, during their course, we catch sight of him, we find him generally engaged in the material cares of life, which, as may have been expected, did not serve to fill up the void in a mind like his. Accordingly, he, at last, gave way: a grand physical crisis marked the close of this period of atony. He was aroused from his lethargy by the double danger of Germany—menaced from without by the arms of Soliman (1529), and within, as to its liberty and faith, by Charles V., at the diet of Augsburg, (1530).

"Since from the very nature of woman as created by God, she necessarily requires the support and society of man, we need inquire no further: God is on our side: let us then honor marriage, as a thing honorable and divine.

"This mode of life was ordained by the Almighty from the very beginning of the world; he has been pleased to continue it from that time to the present, and he will glorify it to the last. Where were the kingdoms and empires of this earth, when Adam, when the patriarchs, their sons, and their daughters married and were given in marriage? From what other state of life does empire itself descend, from generation to generation? The wickedness of man has caused it to be necessary for the magistrate to take the institution of marrage under his control to a great extent; and has occasioned itself to become, as it were, an empire of war, but, in its early purity and simplicity, marriage was the empire of peace." (17th Jan., 1525.)

"You tell me, in your last letter, my dear Spalatin, that

you are desirous of resigning your office and of retiring from the court. My advice is, that you remain there; unless, indeed, your intention, in retiring, is to marry. . . . For myself, I am in the hands of God, as a creature whose heart he may change and change again, whom he may kill, or vivify at any hour, at any moment. Yet, in the state wherein my heart always has been, and still is, I shall not take a wife; not, God knows, that I have no consciousness of the flesh, not that I am a stock or a stone, but because my mind is not turned towards marriage at a period when every day I am in expectation of encountering torture and death as a heretic." (30th November, 1524.)

"Be not surprised that I do not marry, I who am *sic famosus amator*. And yet, perhaps, it is matter of wonder that one who has so constantly written in favor of marriage, and who has been so much in the society of women, should not himself, ere this, have been woman enough to marry. If you would regulate yourself by my example, here it is: I have had with me at one and the same time no fewer than three women, whom I loved and whom I should have liked to marry, but I have let two of them pass on and wed other husbands. The third is still with me, and I am holding on to her with my left hand; but, if I take not care, she too will escape me." (16th April, 1525.)

To Amsdorf he writes thus, on the 21st June, 1525: "I am a married man. Hoping yet to live some time, I can no longer refuse to my father the desire he has so long expressed of leaving behind him a posterity through me. Moreover, I am anxious to be myself an example of what I have taught; and the more so, that many around me fail to practice that which is clearly commanded in the gospel. It is the will of God I follow in this matter; I do not feel towards my wife any burning passion, any lawless love, but simply affection."

The person whom Luther married was a young woman of noble family, an escaped nun, twenty-four years old, and remarkably handsome. Her name was Catherine de Bora. It seems that she had previously been attached to Jerome Baumgærtner, a young doctor and senator of Nuremberg; for we find Luther writing to the latter on the 12th October, 1524: "If you are anxious to have your Ketha, come here

at once, or she will become the property of another, who has already got her with him in this house. However, she has not as yet conquered her love for you; and, after all, I should be perhaps better pleased that you, having a prior title, should be united to her."

On the 12th August, 1526, a year after his marriage, he writes thus to Stiefel: "Catherine, my dear rib, salutes you. She is quite well, thank God; gentle, obedient, and kind in all things, far beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty with her, for all the riches of Crœsus without her."

His poverty, indeed, at this period was extreme; and anxious to provide for his wife, and the family he saw reason to anticipate, he determined to have recourse to some occupation for a livelihood: "If the world will not support us for the sake of the Word, let us learn to support ourselves by the labor of our hands." As a matter of choice, doubtless, had the matter been open to him, he would have selected one of the arts he so loved—that of Albert Durer and of his friend Lucas Cranach, or music, which he was wont to call the first science after theology; but, unprovided with a master to teach him either of these, he became a turner. "Since amongst us barbarians there is no man of art to instruct us in better things, I and my servant, Wolfgang, have set ourselves to turning." In one of his letters, we find him directing Wenceslaus Link to purchase the necessary instruments for him at Nuremberg. He also applied himself to gardening and building. "I have laid out a garden," he writes to Spalatin, (December, 1525,) "and I have constructed a fountain, and have succeeded excellently well in both undertakings."

In April, 1527, writing to an abbot at Nuremberg, who had made him a present of a clock, he says: "I must put myself to school with some mechanician, so that I may understand the wonderful details of the clock you have sent me, for I never saw anything like it before." And, a month after, he writes: "I have received the turning tools, and the dial, and the cylinder, and the wooden clock. You omitted to mention how much more I have to pay you. For the present, I have got tools enough, unless, indeed, you have any instruments newly discovered that will turn of them-

selves, while that idle knave of mine is snoring or gaping about him. I have made considerable progress in clock-making, and I am very much delighted at it, for these drunken Saxons need to be constantly reminded of what the real time is; not that they themselves care much about it, for so long as their glasses are kept filled, they trouble themselves very little as to whether clocks or clockmakers, or the time itself, go right." (19th May, 1527.) "My melons," he writes, on the 5th July, "as well as my gourds and pumpkins are getting up famously; so you see the seeds you sent me were not thrown away."

Melons, gourds, and pumpkins, however, are but a miserable resource, and Luther soon found himself in a situation as singular as it was afflicting. Here was the man who had defied and fought popes and sovereign-princes, compelled to depend for his daily subsistence upon the precarious and scanty aid of the elector. The new church, in throwing off the thrall of popery, had placed itself in subjection to the civil authority, and the civil authority had left it, from its very birth, to starve.

In 1523, Luther wrote to Spalatin, proposing to resign the revenue of his convent into the hands of the elector: "Since we no longer read, nor sing, nor say mass, nor do anything our founder contemplated that we should do, we have no business to live upon his money, and we ought, therefore, to hand over the property to whomsoever may show a better title to it." (November.)

"Staupitz has not sent us our money yet, and meantime we are becoming more and more involved in debt. I don't know what to do; whether to send once more to the elector, or to let things take their course, from bad to worse, until absolute misery and starvation compel me, for aught I know, to quit Wittemberg, and make it up with the pope and the emperor." (November, 1523.) "Here we are expected to pay everybody, and yet nobody pays us. Things are come to a fine pass, truly!" (1 February, 1524.) "I am becoming day by day more and more overwhelmed with debt; I shall be compelled to solicit alms, by and by." (24th April, 1524.) "This sort of thing cannot possibly continue. These delays on the part of the prince necessarily give rise

to great suspicions in our minds. As to myself, I should long since have quitted the convent, to live elsewhere by the labor of my hands (though here, God knows, I labor hard enough,) had I not feared thereby to compromise the gospel and my prince." (December, 1524.)

"You ask me for eight florins: where on earth am I to get eight florins? As you know, I am compelled to live with the strictest economy, and yet my want of means, perhaps my want of care, has necessitated me to contract, during the past year, debts amounting to more than a hundred florins, which I must, somehow or other, and at some time or other, repay to various persons. I have been obliged to pawn three goblets, presents from different people, for fifty florins, and absolutely to sell one for twelve." (He writes elsewhere, with reference to this debt: "The Lord, who punished me so long for this imprudence of mine, has at length relieved me from its effects.") "Neither Lucas nor Christian will any longer accept me as security, for they have found that by doing so, they either lose all the money, or that my poor purse is drained of its last penny." (2nd February, 1527.)

"Tell Nicholas Endrissus to send to me for some copies of my works. I have retained certain claims upon my publishers in this respect, as is just, seeing that, poor as I am, I get no money from them for my labor, nor any other return, except that of, now and then, a copy or two of my productions. This is not too much to expect, I should say, considering that other writers, even mere translators, receive a ducat a sheet for their manuscript." (5th July, 1527.)

"What has occurred, my dear Spalatin, that you should write to me in so menacing and imperious a tone? Has not Jonas already undergone enough of your contumely, and that of your prince, that you are still so inveterate against the excellent man. I know the prince's character well, I know with what slights he is in the habit of treating men. . . . Is it, I ask you, honoring the gospel, to refuse to its ministers a small subsistence? I tell you, it is at once gross injustice and treacherous meanness to order him privately to depart, and yet in public to wear an air as though you had given him no such order. Think you that your tricks will pass unobserved by Christ? . . . I don't imagine that we have been the

occasion of any pecuniary loss to your prince; on the contrary, I am pretty certain that he has already realized a very handsome balance of the goods of this world by our means, and that he is likely to realize still more. I have no fear but God will provide us with food, if you refuse it us; but for your own sakes, dear Spalatin, I beseech you to treat us poor exiles in Christ with greater consideration and kindness. At all events, I request you to explain yourself distinctly and definitely, in order that we may know what we are about; whether we are to go or stay, and that we may be no longer made fools of by people, who, while they order us to go forth, are afraid of our naming, in our own justification, those who compelled us to take that step." (27th November, 1524.)

"We have received, dear Gerard Lampadarius, the letter and the cloth you have so benevolently bestowed upon us. . . . We burn the lamp you gave us, every night; and both Catherine and myself frequently lament that we have been able to make you no little present in return, at once to mark our gratitude, and that you might have something about you which should retain us in your memory. I am ashamed of myself, that I have hitherto omitted to make you even a present of some printed paper, for that is in my power; but I will not delay to send you a parcel of my books. I would have forwarded you herewith a German Isaiah I have just published, but there has been such an overflowing demand for the work, that I have absolutely not got a copy left." (14th October, 1528.)

To Martin Gorlitz, who had sent him a barrel of beer, he writes: "Thy Cerealian gift from Torgau has been done noble justice to. I assure thee, that it has dispensed happiness in appreciating quarters. My co-visitors seemed as though they would never have done drinking and praising it, praising it and drinking it. They exalted its qualities above those of all the barrels of beer they had ever been at the broaching of. And here have I, lout that I am, omitted till this present moment, to thank thee and thy Emilia for the bounteous gift! But the fact is, I am a poor οἰχοδεσποτης (housekeeper), so heedless of domestic affairs, so forgetful, that, until the other day, I had not recalled to mind that thy pleasant donation

was in my cellar at all; and then it was my servant who brought it to my recollection. Salute, in my name, all our brethren, and, more especially, salute in my name, thy Emilia and her son, the graceful hind and the young fawn. May the Lord bless thee, and multiply thee a thousand-fold, in the Spirit as in the flesh!" (15th January, 1529.)

On the 29th March, 1529, Luther sends word to Amsdorf, that he is about to receive into his house the wife of a mutual friend, who is near her confinement: "If my Catherine should be brought to bed at the same time, so much the worse for thy pocket; so come, having first girded on, not a sword, but a bag with silver and gold therein, for I will not let thee off without a handsome present on the occasion."

To Jonas he writes: "I had read ten lines of your letter when it was announced to me that my Ketha had given me a daughter. *Gloria et laus Patri in Cœlis.* My little John has recovered. Augustin's wife is getting better, and so is Margaret Mochinn, whose escape from death seems an absolute miracle. On the other hand, we have lost five pigs, which is very disagreeable; however, I hope the plague will accept them as our full contribution: *Ego sum, qui sum hactenus, scilicet ut Apostolus, quasi mortuus, et ecce vivo.*"

The plague had broken out in Wittemberg, just as Luther's wife was on the eve of her confinement, and his little son very ill with his teeth. Two women who were on a visit in the house, Hannah and Margaret Mochinn, were attacked with the pestilence, so that he might truly say, as he did in a letter to Amsdorf, (1st Nov., 1527,) "My house has become a regular hospital."

"The wife of George, our chaplain, died a few days ago of the plague. Everybody seemed afraid to have any intercourse with the poor fellow, so we took him and his children into our house." (4th Nov., 1527.) "Thy little favorite, John, does not salute thee, for he is too ill to speak, but, through me, he solicits your prayers. For the last twelve days he has not eaten a morsel. 'Tis wonderful to see how the poor child keeps up his spirits; he would manifestly be as gay and joyous as ever, were it not for the excess of his physical weakness. Margaret Mochinn's imposthume was opened yesterday, and she is getting quite round again already; I

have put her into our winter bedroom; we ourselves are in the great front room, Jenny in the chamber with the stove, and Augustin's wife in her own room; we are beginning to hope that the plague will soon disappear. Farewell; salute thy daughter and her mother in our name, and remember us all in thy prayers." (10th Nov., 1527.)

"My poor son was all but dead, but he has now recovered; he had eaten nothing for twelve days. It has pleased the Lord to increase my family with a daughter. We are all well, except myself, who, though sound in body and apart from the world, still suffer within from the assaults of Satan and all his angels. I am writing, for the second and last time, against the sacramentarians and their futilities." (31st Dec., 1527.)

"My little daughter, Elizabeth, is dead; 'tis wonderful how sick at heart her loss has made me; I feel a mere woman, so great is the agitation that has since pervaded me. I could never have dreamed that a man's soul could be filled with such tenderness even towards his child." (5th August, 1528.)

"I am now, unhappily, in a condition to explain to you truly what it is to be a parent, *præsertem sexûs, qui ultra filiorum casum etiam habet misericordiam valde moventem.*" (5th June, 1530.)

Towards the close of the year 1527, Luther was himself several times attacked with illness both of body and of mind. On the 27th October, he thus closes a letter to Melancthon: "I have not yet read Erasmus' new work, and indeed, how should I read it—I, a poor sick servant of Christ, who can hardly keep life within him. This is no time for me to read, or write, or do anything at all. Yet it is hard: it would really seem as though God had resolved to overwhelm me with all the waves of his displeasure at once. Men who ought to have compassion upon me, are selecting the very moment of my bodily and mental prostration, to come and give me a final thrust. God mend them and enlighten them! Amen."

"For nearly three months," he writes on the 8th Oct. 1527, "I have been languishing not so much in body as in mind, so that I have scarce been able in that whole time to pen as many lines. These are the persecutions of Satan.

"I want to answer the sacramentarians, but if my soul does not acquire greater strength, I shall not be capable of doing that or anything else." (1 Nov., 1527.) "I have not yet read Erasmus' recent books, nor the late productions of the sacramentarians, with the exception of a few pages of Zwinglius. It is well done in them to take advantage of my debility to crush me under foot. I alone bear the burden of God's anger, because I have sinned towards him; the pope and the emperor, the princes and bishops, the whole people hate me and assail me; and, as if this were not enough, my own brethren now come to persecute me! My sins, death, the devil and his angels incessantly assail me. And who will guard me, who console me, if Jesus Christ also abandons me; He for whom I have incurred all this hatred! But he will not abandon the miserable sinner in his extremity; not even myself, for I think I shall be the last of all men. Oh, please God! please God, that Erasmus and the sacramentarians may some day, if only for a quarter of an hour, undergo the agonies which my poor heart endures." (10 Nov. 1527.)

"Satan makes me suffer terrible temptations, but the prayers of the saints do not abandon me, though the wounds of my heart are hard to cure. My consolation is that there are many others who have to fight the same internal fights. Doubtless, I have committed sins more than enough to warrant the torments I undergo; but my life and my strength is, the consciousness that I have taught, to the salvation of many, the true and pure Word of God; it is this which so infuriates Satan, who gnashes his teeth at the thought that he has not been able to drown and destroy me and the Word . . . I have not suffered bodily the cruelties which the tyrants of this world have inflicted upon those who have been burned and slaughtered for the sake of Christ; but Satan has made me writhe all the more with the martyrdom of the soul." (21 Aug. 1527.)

"When I try to work, my head becomes filled with all sorts of whizzing, buzzing, thundering noises, and if I did not leave off on the instant, I should faint away. For the last three days, I have not been able even to look at a letter. My head has lessened down to a very short chapter, soon it will be only a paragraph, then only a syllable, then nothing

at all. . . . The day your letter came from Nuremberg, I had another visit from the devil. I was alone, Vitus and Cyriacus having gone out, and this time the evil one got the better of me, drove me out of my bed, and compelled me to seek the face of man." (12th May, 1530.)

"I am well in health, but sick at heart from the persecutions of Satan, so that I can neither read nor write. The last day, I feel convinced, is near at hand. Farewell, omit not to pray frequently for poor Luther." (28th Feb., 1529.) "One may extinguish the temptations of the flesh; but, oh! how difficult it is to struggle against the temptations of blasphemy and despair! We do not comprehend sin, and we are equally ignorant of the true remedy." After a week of constant suffering, we find him writing, on the 2nd August, 1527: "Having well-nigh lost my Christ, I was beaten about fearfully on the waves and tempests of despair and blasphemy."

V

1529-1541

LUTHER was raised from the state of depression into which he had sunk, and recalled into active life, by the perils which menaced the Reformation and Germany. When the scourge of God, whom he had awaited with resignation, as the sign of the Day of Judgment, burst over the German states, when the Turks were seen pitching their tents before Vienna, Luther altered his mind, summoned his countrymen to arms, and wrote a book against the Turks, which he dedicated to the landgrave of Hesse. On the 9th of October, 1528, he addressed to this prince an exposition of the motives by which he had been actuated in composing this book.

"I cannot hold my peace. Unhappily there are amongst us, preachers who induce the people to believe that there is no need to trouble themselves about this war with the Turks. There are, on the other hand, fanatics who give out that under all circumstances it is forbidden to Christians to have recourse to temporal weapons. Others, again, who look upon the German people as upon a nation of incorrigible brutes, go to the extreme of hoping that they may become subject to the Turks. These absurdities, these atrocious calumnies,

are all imputed to Luther and the Gospel, as three years ago was the revolt of the peasants; and as, in general, every evil that occurs throughout the world. It is therefore now most urgent that I should write publicly upon this subject, as well to confound the calumniators, as to enlighten the consciences of the innocent in respect to that course which it behooves them to take against the Turks."

Again: "We heard yesterday that the Turkish host has, by a great miracle of God, left Vienna, and gone towards Hungary. For after having made twenty successive assaults, without effect, the enemy opened a breach in three places by springing a mine: but nothing could induce the Turkish troops to renew the attack—God had struck them with a panic; they preferred being decapitated by their chiefs to the attempt at a last assault. It is believed by some that they retreated from an apprehension of our bombards and of our future army; others think differently. The Almighty has evidently combated for us this year. The Turk has lost twenty-six thousand men, and of our troops there have perished, during their sorties, no more than three thousand soldiers. I have desired to communicate these tidings to you, in order that we may return thanks to the Most High, and that we may render our prayers in unison to Him—for the Turk, become our neighbor, will not allow us to enjoy peace forever." (27th October, 1529.)

Although the catholics and protestants united for a moment in order to crush the anabaptists, their mutual hatred was in no degree abated; constant rumors of an approaching general council were no proofs that either of the two parties desired one to be called. In fact, the pope mistrusted such a proceeding, whilst the protestants were forward in denouncing it. "They write me word from the diet," says Luther, in a letter of the 9th July, 1545, "that the emperor has been urging our people to consent to a council, and that he has been much enraged by their refusal. I cannot comprehend such absurdities. The pope absolutely refuses to heretics like ourselves any standing in a council, whilst the emperor wills that we at once consent to its appointment, and obey its decrees. It is, perhaps, God who has caused them to become foolish; but I think I can fathom their absurd combination.

As, up to the present time, they have not been able, under the titles of pope, church, emperor, diets, to render their unjust cause formidable, they now think to clothe themselves with the name of a council, in order to be able to obtain an excuse for accusing us of being so utterly lost and without hope, that he will listen neither to pope, church, emperor, the edicts of the empire, nor even of the council itself, which we have so repeatedly called.

"Herein may be discovered the wonderful cleverness displayed by knowing Satan against poor half-witted God, who doubtless will have great difficulty in escaping from a snare so aptly contrived. No; it is our Lord who will mock the designs of those who lay toils for him. If we are now to consent to the appointment of a council entertaining such intentions towards us, why, let me ask, did we not submit ourselves, twenty-five years ago, to the supreme head of all councils, the pope, and to his bulls?"

The council thus proposed, might, had it been assembled, have reunited the bonds of the catholic hierarchy, but it could in no shape whatever have reëstablished those of the church. Arms alone could determine that question. The protestants had already driven the Austrians out of Wittemberg. They despoiled, likewise, Henry of Brunswick, who was carrying into effect, for his own behoof, the decrees of the imperial chamber. They encouraged the archbishop of Cologne to imitate the example of Albert of Brandenburg, in secularizing his archbishopric, by which means they would have obtained a majority in the electoral council. There were not wanting, however, in the interval, several conciliatory attempts. Conferences were opened at Worms and Ratisbon (1540-1541), which were equally futile with those that had preceded them. Luther never attended any of them; and, indeed, he paid little heed to disputes which every day assumed more decidedly a political, rather than a religious, character.

"I have received no tidings from Worms," says he in one of his letters, "save what is told me by Melancthon, who tells me there is such a swarm of learned persons from France, Italy, Spain, and Germany, as, as he says, never before were exhibited by any pontifical synod." (27th November, 1540.)

Shortly after this, Luther again writes: "I have heard

from Worms, where our people are conducting matters with strength and wisdom, whilst our adversaries, like foolish and unskillful people, resort only to barren craft and lies. One would almost think the devil himself could be seen at sunrise, running to and fro, seeking, without avail, some gloomy abode wherein he might shelter himself, and thus escape the flood of light which pursues him." (9th January, 1541.)

After another conference of the theologians of both parties, the opinion of Luther upon ten articles of faith, which had been mutually agreed on, was sought by them. Respecting this he writes, "Our prince learning that they were coming directly to me, without having recourse to him first, went at once to Pontanus, and these two drew up the reply in their own way."

Had such an interference as this been ventured upon a few years before by the prince, Luther's indignation would have known no bounds. But here he speaks of it without any angry feeling; he was already beginning to flag, owing to the lassitude and disgust that had seized upon him. He clearly saw, that in laboring to restore the gospel to its primitive purity, he was only furnishing the princes of his time with the means of gratifying their earthly ambition; and that every day they sought to make a market of his Christ.

"Our excellent prince," says he, on the 4th April, 1541, "has sent for my perusal the conditions which he is about to propose, in order to bring about a peace with the emperor and our adversaries. I perceive that they all look upon this matter as if it were a comedy which they are acting amongst themselves, whereas it is a solemn tragedy enacted between God and Satan, wherein Satan triumphs and God is humbled. But the catastrophe has yet to come, when the All Powerful, the author of the drama, will assign to us the victory. I am utterly indignant to see matters of such vast moment thus trifled with."

VI

1543-1546

A MAN was complaining one day of the itch; said Luther: "I should be very glad to change with you, and to give you ten florins into the bargain. You don't know what a horrible

thing this vertigo of mine is. Here, all to-day, I have not been able to read a letter through, nor even two or three lines of the Psalms consecutively. I have not got beyond more than three or four words, when, buzz, buzz! the noise begins again, and often I am very near falling off my chair with the pain. But the itch, that's nothing; nay, it is rather a beneficial complaint."

One day, when he had been preaching at Schmalkald, he had, after dinner, a severe attack of the stone, whereupon he knelt down and prayed fervently: "O my God, my Lord Jesus! thou knowest with what zeal I have preached thy word; *if it be for the glory of thy name*, come to my succor; if not, close my eyes. I will die the enemy of thy enemies, I will die full of hatred of that villain pope, who has essayed to exalt himself above thee, O Christ." And he composed forthwith four Latin verses on the subject.

"My head is so weak, so unsteady, that I can neither read nor write, especially when fasting." (9th Feb. 1543.)

"I am feeble, and weary of life; I would fain bid adieu to the world, which is now given over to the evil one. God grant me a favorable hour for my departure, and a prosperous journey. Amen." (14th March.)

To Amsdorff he says, on the 18th August, in the same year: "I write this to thee after supper, for when fasting, I cannot, without geat danger, even look at a book or at paper. I don't understand this wretched malady at all; whether it is one of Satan's blows at me, or the effect of nature's decay."

"I take it that my malady is made up, first of the ordinary weakness of advanced age; secondly, of the results of my long labors, and habitual tension of thought; thirdly, above all, of the blows of Satan; if this be so, there is no medicine in the world will cure me." (7 Nov. 1543.)

To Spalatin he writes (30th Jan. 1544): "I confess to thee, that in my whole life, throughout our whole struggle, I have never spent a more unpleasant year than the last has been to me. I have had a most terrible business with the lawyers, on the subject of secret marriages; I have found in those whom I regarded as devoted friends to the church, most bitter enemies. This is enough to plague me, is it not?

"I am indolent, weary, indifferent, in other words, old and

useless. I have finished my journey, and nought remains but for the Lord to reunite me to my fathers, and give the worms and rottenness their due. I am weary of life, if this can be called life. Pray for me, that the hour of my departure may be pleasing to God and salutary for myself. I think no more about the emperor and the empire, except to recommend the one and the other to God in my prayers. The world seems to me to have reached its last hour, to be grown old like unto a garment, as the Psalmist expresses it; 'tis time it were changed." (5th Dec. 1544.)

"If I had known in the beginning that men were so hostile to the word of God, I should certainly have held my peace, and kept myself quiet. I imagined that they sinned merely through ignorance."

On one occasion he said, "Nobles, citizens, peasants, everybody, anybody, knows the gospel better than Dr. Luther, or even St. Paul himself. They all despise the pastors of God, or rather, the God and master of pastors.

"Our nobles want to govern, but they don't know how to set about it; the pope does. The least papist of them all is more capable of governing than ten of our court nobles put together. They may rely upon that."

Some one told Luther that in the diocese of Wurtzburg there were six hundred rich livings vacant. "There will no good come of that," replied he; "and it will be the same with us, if we persist in despising the word of God and his servants. . . . If I wanted to become rich, all I need do were to abstain from preaching. . . . The ecclesiastical visitors asked the peasantry in several places, why they did not support their pastors? Oh, returned they, we've enough to do to keep our shepherds and pigherds, and we can't do without them. They thought they could very well dispense with their soul-herds."

Luther, during six months that he did not preach in the church, used to read the services and deliver sermons on the Sabbath in his own house. "I do this," said he to Dr. Jonas, "to acquit my own conscience by fulfilling my duty as father of this family; but as to any other result, I see very clearly that the Word of God will be no more heeded here than it is in the church.

"It is you, Dr. Jonas, who will succeed me in my pulpit; I hope you will acquit yourself of the duty conscientiously."

He one day came out of the church in disgust, at seeing some people talking. (1545.)

On the 16th Feb., 1546, Luther observed: "The best thing Aristotle ever wrote was the fifth book of the Ethics, where he pays a fine and well-merited homage to moderation, wherein I entirely concur." (This tribute in favor of moderation is very remarkable, given, as it was, in the last year of Luther's life.)

The count of Mansfeldt's chancellor, dining with Luther at Eisleben, on his way from the diet of Frankfort, mentioned that the pope and the emperor were proceeding sharply against Hermann, bishop of Cologne, and were even thinking of expelling him from his electorate. Luther said: "They won't be able to do anything; they find that God and the holy gospel will not aid them against us, so they are resolved to see whether world wisdom, violence, cunning, will stand them in stead; but they will fail, for our Lord is with us. Do they think that God will suffer himself and his Son to be always regarded as nobodies? Even were they to kill me, they must, to do themselves any good, utterly destroy and extinguish all I have taught. I have the advantage over them. My Lord has said, *I will raise you up at the last day;* and when the last day comes, he will say, *Dr. Martin, Dr. Jonas, Maître Michael Cœlius, come to me;* for he will call you by your names, as he has promised in 1 John: *I will call my own sheep by name.* Be not afraid, then.

"God has now and then a fine game at cards, all of them court cards—kings, princes, and so on. He deals them out, and plays them against one another—the pope against Luther, for instance; and, by and by, as children do when they've been fighting at beggar-my-neighbor for a long time without result, gets tired, and throws the cards under the table.

"The world is like a drunken peasant: put him on his horse on one side, and he tumbles over on the other. Take him in what way you may, you cannot help him; he won't let you. The world is bent upon going to the devil."

Luther used often to say, that if he died in his bed, it would be a great disgrace to the pope: "You, all of you,

pope, devil, kings, princes, and lords—you are all of you enemies to Luther, and yet you can't do him any harm. It was not so with John Huss. I am persuaded that, for the last hundred years, there has not existed a man whom the world at large hated more than it hates me. I, in my turn, am hostile to the world; there is nothing, *in tota vitâ,* which gives me any pleasure: I am utterly weary of life. I pray the Lord will come forthwith, and carry me hence. Let him come, above all, with his Last Judgment: I will stretch out my neck, the thunder will burst forth, and I shall be at rest." He subsequently consoles himself for the ingratitude of the world by calling to mind the example of Moses, Samuel, St. Paul, and Christ.

One of his guests observed, that if the world were to subsist another fifty years, a great many things would happen which they could not then foresee. "Pray God it may not exist so long," cried Luther; "matters would be even worse than they have been. There would rise up infinite sects and schisms, which are at present hidden within men's hearts, not yet mature. No; may the Lord come at once! let him cut the whole matter short with the Day of Judgment, for there is no amendment to be expected."

The conversation one day having turned upon eclipses, and the little influence they in reality exercised over the death of kings and princes, the doctor said: "No; eclipses no longer have any influence over such matters, and the reason I take to be that the Lord is shortly about to bring matters to a real crisis, to settle everything with the Judgment. I was meditating upon this the other afternoon, as I went to sleep, and I said to myself, soon I shall *go to rest in the Lord.* The Judgment must needs be at hand, for what help is there for the world? The papal church will not reform itself; that is out of the question; and the Turks and the Jews are as little inclined to amendment. Our empire makes no progress towards improvement: here have we been for the last thirty years assembling diets from time to time, yet nothing is done. When I am meditating, I often ask myself, what prayer I ought to offer up for the Diet. The bishop of Mayence is naught, the pope is worse than naught. I see no other prayer that is fitting but only this: *Thy kingdom come.*

"Poor creatures that we are! We gain our bread even in sin. Up to seven years old, we do nothing but eat, drink, play, and sleep. Thence, up to twenty-one, we go to our studies, perhaps, three or four hours a day, and the rest of our time follow out our own caprices, running about, drinking, and what not. After that, we begin to work, and go on working till we are fifty, and then we become children once more. All along, we sleep out one-half of our lives. Ah, shame upon us! we do not give to God even a tenth of the time; and yet we imagine that with our good works, forsooth, we merit Heaven! What have I myself done? chattered two hours, been at my meals three, sat quite idle four. Ah! *enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!*"

In a letter to Melancthon, dated 18th April, 1541, after relating his sufferings, he says: "Please Christ to remove my soul into the peace of the Lord. By the grace of God, I am ready and desirous to go. I have lived out and finished the course assigned me by God. O, may my soul, wearied with so long a journey on earth, now ascend to Heaven!"

"I have no time to write to thee at any length, my dear Probst, for though I am overwhelmed with age and weariness: *old, cold, and half blind,* as the saying is, yet I am not permitted as yet to take my repose, besieged as I am by circumstances which compel me to write on, on, on. I know more than thou dost about the destiny of our world: that destiny is destruction; it is inevitably so—seeing how triumphantly the devil walks about, and how mankind grow daily worse and worse. There is one consolation, that the Day of Judgment is quite close at hand. The word of God has become a wearisome thing to man, a thing viewed with disgust. The very circumstance that no new false prophets have arisen up amongst us of late, is in itself an unfavorable symptom; there is no occasion, no place for new heresies, where the universal sentiment is an epicurean contempt for the word of God altogether. Germany has been: and it will never be again what it has been. The nobles are solely intent upon grasping what they can from other people; the towns are only thinking of themselves (and so far, are very much in the right of it); the effect of all this is that the nation is divided against itself, which ought to be firmly united for the purpose

of making head against that army of devils let loose, the Turks. We trouble ourselves very little as to whether God is for us or against us; for we imagine we are to conquer, by our own strength, against Turks, and devils, against God himself. The self-confidence of this poor dying Germany amounts to sheer insanity. Yet we can do nothing for her. Lamentations are vain, tears are vain, exhortations are vain. Nothing remains but to pray: *thy will be done.*" (26th March, 1542.)

"All around me I observe an unconquerable cupidity prevalent; this is another of the signs which convince me that the last day is at hand; it seems as though the world in its old age, its last paroxysm, was growing delirious, as sometimes happens to dying people." (8th March, 1544.)

"I consider that we are the last trumpet which is to prepare and precede the coming of Christ. However weak we ourselves are, however low the note we sound in the ear of the world, yet the sound we give forth in the ears of heaven's angels is loud and telling, and they, aiding our weakness here, will take it up, prolong, and give it out in full blast. Amen." (6th August, 1545.)

During the last two or three years of his life, his enemies from time to time spread abroad a rumor that he was dead, coloring the rumor, moreover, with circumstances of a most extraordinary and tragical description. To put an end to this annoyance, Luther, in 1545, printed in German and Italian, a pamphlet entitled: *Lies of the Italians, touching the alleged death of Martin Luther.*

"I said long ago to Dr. Pomer, that he who after my death shall slight the authority of this school and this church, must be regarded in no other light than as a perverse-minded man and a heretic. For it was in this school that God purified his word, and made a new revelation of it. Twenty-five years ago, who could do anything at all in the way of freedom and faith? Twenty-one years ago, how many were there standing at my side? None."

"I reckon up the progress of things from time to time, and I find that we are getting very near to the close of the forty years, at the expiration of which, according to my calculations, all this will have a final end. St. Paul preached only forty years, and 'twas the same with Jeremiah and

St. Augustine. In all these cases, on the termination of the forty years respectively during which the word of God had been preached, the word ceased to be heard, and great calamities immediately ensued."

The electress dowager, one day when Luther was dining with her, said to him: "Doctor, I wish you may live forty years to come." "Madam," replied he, "rather than live forty years more, I would give up my chance of Paradise. I have ceased consulting the physicians. They tell me I am to live another year—so, meantime, I shall get on as well as I may, and make myself as comfortable, eating and drinking whatever I fancy.

"I would to God our adversaries would kill me by some violence, for my death at their hands would be far more useful to the church than my life."

It was destined that Luther's should be a life of labor and excitement to its very close; well nigh his last days were occupied in the difficult and delicate task of bringing about a reconciliation between the counts of Mansfeldt, of whom, by birth he was the vassal. "A week, more or less," he writes to count Albert, who had asked him to come to Eisleben, as arbiter, "a week, more or less, will not stop me from coming, though truly I am very much occupied with other affairs. But I feel that I shall lie down on my death-bed with joy, when I have seen my dear lords reconciled and once more friends." (6th December, 1545.)

On his arrival he wrote thus to his wife: "To the very learned and deeply profound dame Catherine Luther, my most gracious spouse.—Dear Catherine, we are terribly annoyed here in one way and another, and would willingly return home, but I think we shall have to remain a full week longer. You may tell Maître Philip from me, that he would do well to revise his notes on the Gospel; for he does not seem, in writing them, to have rightly understood why our Lord, in the parable, calls riches thorns. This is the school in which we really learn these things. The Scripture throughout menaces thorns with the eternal fire; this at once alarms me, and gives me patience with life; for I must exercise my utmost powers in settling this matter, by God's aid." . . . (6th February, 1546.)

"To the gracious dame Catherine Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite unnecessarily. Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ.—Dear Catherine, thou shouldst read St. John, and what the catechism says respecting the confidence we ought to have in God. Thou afflictest thyself just as though God were not all-powerful, and able to raise up new doctor Martins by dozens, if the old doctor Martin were to be drowned in the Saale, or perish in any other way. There is One who takes care of me in his own manner, better than thou and all the angels could ever do: He sits by the side of the almighty Father. Tranquilize thyself, then. Amen. . . . I had intended this very day to depart *in my anger,* but the affliction in which I see my native place involved, still detains me. Would you believe it? I am become a lawyer! I doubt, however, whether I shall do much good in that line; they had much better let me exercise my own profession. It were a great blessing for these people, if I could succeed in humbling their arrogant pride. They speak and act as though they were gods, but I fear they will rather become devils, if they continue in their present course. They should bear in mind that it was by pride the angels fell. Hand this letter to Philip; I have no time to write separately to him." (7th February, 1546.)

"To my sweet wife, Catherine Luther Von Bora. Grace and peace in the Lord. Dear Catherine,—we hope to be with you again this week, if it please God. The Almighty has manifested the power of his grace in this affair. The lords have come to an agreement upon all the points in dispute, except two or three; and, among other great ends achieved, counts Gebhard and Albert are reconciled. I am to dine with them to-day, and will endeavor, before we separate, to make them once more brothers. They have written against each other with great bitterness, and, during the conferences, have not as yet interchanged a single word. . . . Our young nobles are all gayety now; they drive the ladies out in sledges, and make the horses' bells jingle to a pretty tune. God has fulfilled our prayers.

"I send thee some trout that countess Albert has given me. This lady is full of joy at seeing peace reëstablished in her family. There is a rumor current here, that the emperor

is advancing towards Westphalia, and that the French are enlisting lanzknecht, as well as the landgrave, &c., &c. Let them go on with their news,—true or false, it matters little which: we await in patience God's declaration of his will. I commend thee to his protection. Martin Luther. 14th February, 1546."

Luther had arrived at Eisleben on 28th January, and, although very ill, he took part in the conferences which ensued, up to 17th February. He also preached four times, and revised the ecclesiastical regulations for the territory of Mansfeldt. On the 17th he was so ill that the counts entreated him not to quit his house. At supper, on the same day, he spoke a great deal about his approaching death; and some one having asked him whether we should recognize one another in the next world, he said he thought we should. On retiring to his chamber, accompanied by maître Cælius and his two sons, he went to the window, and remained there for a considerable time, engaged in silent prayer. Aurifaber then entered the chamber, to whom he said: "I feel very weak, and my pains are worse than ever." They gave him a soothing draft, and endeavored to increase the circulation by friction. He then addressed a few words to count Albert, who had joined him, and lay down on the bed, saying "If I could manage to sleep for a half hour, I think it would do me good." He did fall asleep, and remained in gentle slumber for an hour and a half. On awaking about eleven, he said to those present, "What! are you still there? will you not go, dear friends, and rest yourselves?" On their replying that they would remain with him, he began to pray, saying with fervor: *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.*" He then said to those present, "Pray, all of you, dear friends, for the gospel of our Lord; pray that its reign may extend, for the Council of Trent and the pope menace it round about." He then fell asleep again for about an hour. When he awoke, Dr. Jonas asked him how he felt. "O my God!" he replied, "I feel very ill. My dear Jonas, I think I shall remain here at Eisleben, here, where I was born." He took a turn or two in the room, and then lay down again, and had a number of clothes and cushions placed upon him to produce perspiration. Two

physicians, with the count and his wife, entered the chamber. Luther said to them, feebly: "Friends, I am dying; I shall remain with you here at Eisleben." Doctor Jonas expressing a hope that perspiration would, perhaps, supervene, and relieve him: "No, dear Jonas," he replied, "I feel no wholesome perspiration, but a cold, dry sweat; I get worse and worse every instant." He then began praying again: "O my father, thou, the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou, the source of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed unto me thy well beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have preached, and acknowledged, and made known; whom I have loved and celebrated, and whom the pope and the impious persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Lord Jesus Christ! I am about to quit this terrestrial body, I am about to be removed from this life, but I know that I shall abide eternally with thee." He then thrice repeated: *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis!* All at once his eyes closed, and he fell back in a swoon. Count Albert, and his wife, and the physicians, made every effort to restore him to life, but for some time, altogether in vain. When he was somewhat revived, Dr. Jonas said to him: "Reverend father, do you die firm in the faith you have taught?" He opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at Jonas, and replied, firmly and distinctly: "YES." He then fell asleep; soon after, those nearest him saw him grow paler and paler; he became cold, his breathing was more and more faint: at length, he sent forth one deep sigh, and the great Reformer was dead.

His body was conveyed, in a leaden coffin, to Wittemberg, where it was interred on the 22nd February with the greatest honors. He sleeps in the castle church, at the foot of the pulpit.

The following is Luther's will, dated 6th January, 1542:—

"I, the undersigned Martin Luther, doctor of divinity, do hereby give and grant unto my dear and faithful wife, Catherine, as dower to be enjoyed by her during her life, at her own will and pleasure, the farm of Zeilsdorf, with all the improvements and additions I have made thereto; the house called *Brun,* which I purchased under the name of Wolff; and all my silver goblets, and other valuables, such as rings,

chains, gold and silver medals, &c., to the amount of about a thousand florins.

"I make this disposition of my means, in the first place, because my Catherine has always been a gentle, pious, and faithful wife to me, has loved me tenderly, and has, by the blessing of God, given me, and brought up for me, five children, still, I thank God, living, beside others who are now dead. Secondly, that out of the said means she may discharge my debts, amounting to about four hundred and fifty florins, in the event of my not paying them myself before my death. In the third place, and more especially, because I would not have her dependent on her children, but rather that her children should be dependent on her—honoring her, and submissive to her, according to God's command; and that they should not act as I have seen some children act, whom the devil has excited to disobey the ordinance of God in this respect, more particularly in cases when their mother has become a widow, and they themselves have married. I consider, moreover, that the mother will be the best guardian of these means in behalf of her children, and I feel that she will not abuse this confidence I place in her, to the detriment of those who are her own flesh and blood, whom she has borne in her bosom.

"Whatever may happen to her after my death, (for I cannot foresee the designs of God,) I have, I say, full confidence that she will ever conduct herself as a good mother towards her children, and will conscientiously share with them whatever she possesses.

"And here I beg all my friends to testify the truth, and to defend my dear Catherine, should it happen as is very possible, that ill tongues should charge her with retaining for her own private use, separate from the children, any money they may say I left concealed. I hereby certify that we have no ready money, no treasure of coin of any description. Nor will it appear surprising to any who shall consider that I have had no income beyond my salary, and a few presents now and then, and that, yet, with this limited revenue, we have built a good deal, and maintained a large establishment. I consider it, indeed, a special favor of God, and I thank him daily, therefore, that we have been able to manage as we

have done, and that our debts are not greater than they are. . . .

"I pray my gracious lord, duke John Frederick, elector, to confirm and maintain the present deed, even though it should not be exactly in the form required by the law.

"Signed, MARTIN LUTHER.

"*Witnesses,* MELANCTHON, CRUCIGER, BUGENHAGEN."

THE END

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

THE MOST MARRIED OF ENGLISH KINGS

1491-1547

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

During the remarkable "Reformation Period" Henry VIII, the English king, was probably the ablest and was certainly the most successful of the European monarchs who found themselves called to steer their nations through the new and strangely tumultuous current of affairs. The intense and varied passions of that age led to widely different portrayals of Henry by his contemporaries, and even to-day there is much dispute as to what manner of man he really was. He has left behind him two books, religious books, dictated if not actually written by him. The first of these "On the Sacraments" upholds the Roman Catholic faith and vigorously condemns Luther and all his followers. The second, the "Bishop's Book," rejects the authority of the Pope but maintains all other Catholic doctrines. These works read plainly enough; yet instead of clarifying our view of Henry, they only make his character more puzzling. Did he write them as a man or as a king, because he was passionately impelled to speak, or because his changing policies made such speech advisable?

Facing this perplexity in all Henry's official utterances, we turn with more eager interest to the few of his personal letters which have survived, for here at least we find the real man, eager, earnest and strongly moved. Only a few of his love letters to Anne Boleyn have been preserved, and these are undated. Internal evidence, however, inclines scholars to ascribe each of the three letters here given to the year 1528. Love for Anne Boleyn seems to have been Henry's first, perhaps we might say his one, great passion. He was wedded to Queen Catharine, a Spanish princess; but the match had been wholly one of statecraft, and personally was most unsatisfactory. Anne was an English maid-of-honor at the court; and Henry, as his letters show, wooed her vehemently for years. He broke with the Roman Church partly at least because of his insistence on divorcing Catharine, and having in 1533 divorced her on his own authority, he then formally married Anne.

In less than three brief years of queenhood Anne lost his love, or

roused his suspicions of her infidelity. He had her accused of treason, imprisoned, condemned and beheaded in 1536. Her letter of protest is certainly one of the most pathetic and touching of human documents. It has long been celebrated, though it did not appear until more than a century after her death and hence its genuineness has always been somewhat open to question. That keenest of great critics, Addison, praised it highly as blending "the expostulations of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen."

LETTERS OF HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN

My Sweetheart and Friend,—I and my heart put themselves into your hands, begging of you to take them to your good favor; and that, by my being absent from you, your affection may not be diminished towards them; for it would be a great pity to augment their pain; for absence gives me enough, and more than ever, and more than I could have thought; and calls to my remembrance a point of astronomy, which is this, That by how much farther the moors are distant from the sun, the heat is notwithstanding more fervent; so it is with our love. For though we are personally distant from each other, the heat of love remains, at least on our side, and I hope the same on yours; assuring you that the anxiety of absence is already too great; and when I think of the augmentation thereof, which I must still suffer, if it was not for the firm hope I have of your inviolable affection towards me, to put you in remembrance of that, since I cannot be personally with you at present. I send you the nearest likeness to it I can, to wit, my picture set in bracelets, the only device which I have left, wishing myself in their place whenever it shall please you

Written by the hand of

Your Servant and Friend.

TO THE SAME

The uneasiness I bore by being uncertain of your health, gave me a great deal of trouble; nor could I enjoy any quiet without knowing the truth. But as you have as yet felt nothing, I hope I may assure you that you will escape it,[1] as I hope we have; for we were at Waltham, where two ushers,

[1] The sweating sickness.

two *valets de chambre,* your brother, and master treasurer fell sick, but are now perfectly recovered; since which we betook ourselves to your house at Hondson, where, God be praised, we are very well for the present; and I believe, if you will retire from Surrey, as we have done, you will escape it without any danger. And to give you still greater comfort, I am informed, of a truth, that very few or no women have fallen sick, but none of our court, and that very few in these parts have died; wherefore I beg of you, my dearly beloved, to harbor no fear, nor to give yourself uneasiness at our absence. For wheresoever I am, I am yours. Notwithstanding we must sometimes obey the will of fortune; for who will, in some things, strive against her, are often driven the farthest back; wherefore comfort yourself, and be courageous, and fling away all evil as far as you can. I hope soon to make you sing the return. Time, at present, will let me write no more, but that I wish myself in your arms, to ease you of your just thoughts.

Written by the hand of him who is, and ever shall be,

Yours.

TO THE SAME

[1528.]

The examining the contents of your letters put me into a very great agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my disadvantage, as in some others I understand; begging of you, with a sincere heart, to inform me of your intentions, in regard to the love between us. Necessity obliges me to insist on this answer, having, for more than a year past, been pierced by a dart of love, not being assured where to find place in your heart and affection; which certain last point has guarded me a little while in this, not to call you my mistress, with which, if you love me but with a common love, this name is not appropriated to you; for that denotes a singularity vastly different from common love. But if you have a mind to perform the part of a truly loyal mistress and friend, give yourself body and heart to me, who would be, and has been long, your most loyal servant. If with rigor you do not forbid me, I promise, that not only the name shall be due to you, but likewise take you for my mistress; re-

jecting and treating others, in comparison of you, far from thought and affection, and to serve you only; begging of you to give me a full answer to this rude letter, on which and in which I may trust. But if you do not please to give an answer in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and with a willing heart I will meet you at the place. No more, for fear of incommoding you.

Written with the hand of him who would willingly remain

Yours.

LETTER OF ANNE BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.

Sir,—Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never Prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you find me worthy of such honor, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the Infant-Princess your daughter. Try me,

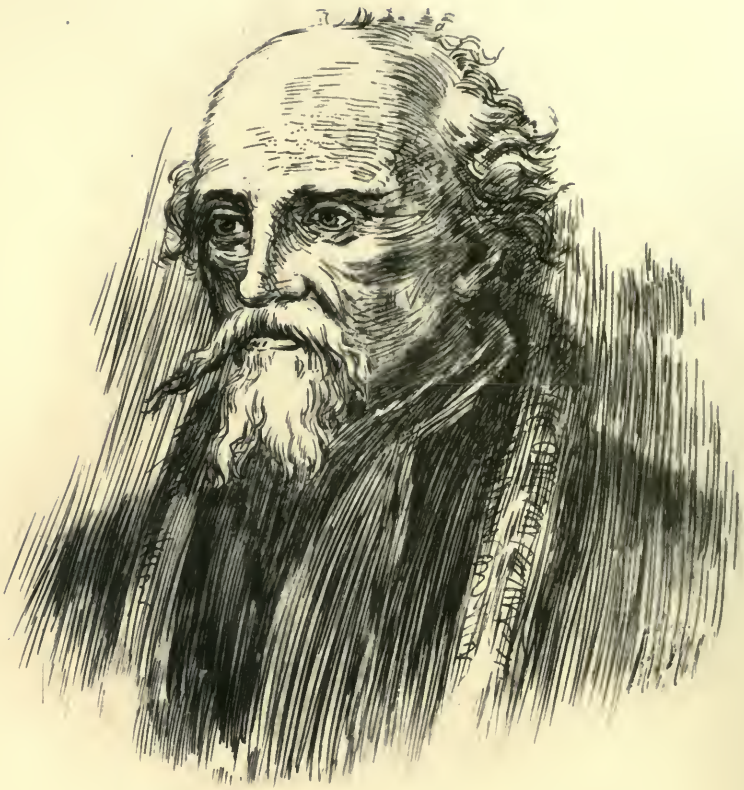
good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offense being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANNE BOLEYN.



THOMAS PLATTER

THE NARRATIVE OF THOMAS PLATTER

CHAPTER I

MASTER THOMAS BECOMES A GOATHERD

I CAME into this world on the Shrove-Tuesday of the year 1499, just as they were coming together for mass. From this circumstance my friends derived the confident hope that I should become a priest, for at that time that sort of superstition was still everywhere prevalent. I had one sister, named Christina; she alone was with my mother when I was born, and she afterwards told it me. My father's name was Anthony Platter, of the old family of Platter, who have their name from a house which stands on a tipped plat (Platte). This plat is a rock on a very high mountain, near a village of the name of Grenchen, in the district and parish of Visp, a considerable village of the Canton of St. Gall. My mother, however, was named Anteli Summermatter, of the very great family of that name. Her father attained the age of 120

THOMAS PLATTER

THOMAS PLATTER

A SIMPLE SWISS PEASANT AND SCHOOLMASTER

1499-1573

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Few autobiographies are so filled with both quaint interest and valuable information as that of Thomas Platter. Men of his day had scarce begun to make record of their lives; and that a peasant should do so, or one who had begun life as a peasant, was almost unthinkable. Moreover Platter fills his pages with little personal details, so that in his work the common every-day life of the Age of the Reformation stands out, revealed to us as no other book reveals it. Because of its great value it is given here unabridged. Its careful perusal is recommended to every reader.

THE NARRATIVE OF THOMAS PLATTER

CHAPTER I

MASTER THOMAS BECOMES A GOATHERD

I CAME into this world on the Shrove-Tuesday of the year 1499, just as they were coming together for mass. From this circumstance my friends derived the confident hope that I should become a priest, for at that time that sort of superstition was still everywhere prevalent. I had one sister, named Christina; she alone was with my mother when I was born, and she afterwards told it me. My father's name was Anthony Platter, of the old family of Platter, who have their name from a house which stands on a broad plat (Platte). This plat is a rock on a very high mountain, near a village of the name of Grenchen, in the district and parish of Visp, a considerable village of the Canton of St. Gall. My mother, however, was named Anteli Summermatter, of the very great family of that name. Her father attained the age of 126.

For six years before his death I conversed with him, and then he told me that he knew ten more men in the parish of Visp who were all older than he. When he was 100 years old he married a woman, who bore him one son. By his first wife he left sons and daughters, of whom some were white-headed and some gray before he died. They called him old Hans Summermatter. The house in which I was born is near the village of Grenchen, and is called "Am Graben." My mother could not nurse me herself, therefore I was obliged to drink cow's milk through a small horn, as is the custom in that country when they wean a child: because they give the children nothing to eat, but only milk to drink, till they are four or five years old. My father died when I was so young that I do not remember ever to have seen him. It is usual in that country for almost all women to be able to weave and sew. Before the winter, almost all the men go into the territory of Berne to buy wool: this the women spin, and make rustic cloth of it for coats and trousers for the peasants. So also my father was in the district of Thun, in the territory of Berne, buying wool. There he was attacked by the plague and died, and was buried at Stäffisburg, a village near Thun. Soon after, my mother married again a man of the name of Heintzmann, who lived in a house between Stalden and Visp, that was called "Am Grunde." So the children were all separated from her; I do not exactly know how many of them there were: of my brothers and sisters, I knew only two sisters: one, whose name was Elizabeth, died in Entlibuch, where she was married; the name of the other was Christina, and she died above Stalden, at Burgen, of the plague, with eight persons of her family.

Of my brothers I knew three: the first was Simeon, the other Hans, the third Theodore. Simeon and Hans fell in battle. Theodore died at Oberhofen, on the lake of Thun: for the usurers had ruined my father, so that my brothers were obliged to go to service almost as soon as they could do anything; and, as I was the youngest, some of my aunts, my father's sisters, had me with them for a while. I can still well remember that I was with one whose name was Margaret. She carried me to a house that was called "In der Wilde," near Grenchen: there was also one of my aunts;

she wrapped me up in a truss of straw that was accidentally in the room, and laid me on the table, and went to the other women. Once in the night, after my aunts had laid me down, they went to the mass at candle-mas time. Then I got up, and had run through the snow in winter, naked, to a house.

When they came back, and did not find me, they were in great distress, but found me at last in that house, between two men, who were warming me, for I was frozen in the snow. Afterwards when I was also for a while with the same aunts, "In der Wilde," my eldest brother arrived from the Savoy war, and brought me a little wooden horse which I drew along by a thread before the door. I still remember well that I really thought that the little horse could walk, and can therefore well explain to myself how the little children often think that their dolls, and what they have, are alive. My brother also strode over me with one leg, as I still perfectly remember, and said, "Oho! Tommy, now you will never grow any more." When I was about three years old, Cardinal Matthew Schinner passed through the country to hold a visitation and confirm everywhere, as is the custom in the Catholic Church, and came also to Grenchen. At this time there was a priest in Grenchen, whose name was Anthony Platter; he was a relation of mine; to him they brought me, that he should act as godfather at my confirmation. When, however, the cardinal had dined, and was gone again into the church to confirm, I do not know what my uncle had to do; I ran without his knowledge into the church, that I might be confirmed, and that my godfather might give me a crown piece, as it is the custom to give the children something. The cardinal sat in an arm chair waiting till they brought him the children. I still recollect very well that I ran up to him. As my godfather was not with me he spoke to me: "What do you want, my child?" I said, "I should like to be confirmed." Then he said, smiling, "What is your name?" I answered, "My name is Master Thomas." Then he laughed, murmured something with his hand laid on my head, and gave me a gentle slap on the cheek. At this moment Mr. Anthony came, and excused himself by saying that I had run away without his knowledge. Then the cardinal related to him what I had said, and said to that gentleman,

"Certainly that child will become something wonderful, probably a priest." And because I was born just as they were ringing for mass, many people supposed that I should become a priest; on which account also they sent me to school earlier than usual. When I was about six years old they sent me to Eisenthal, behind Stalden, where my mother's sister had a husband, called Thomas of Rüdi, who lived on a farm called "Am Boden." For him I was obliged to keep the goats near the house. I can remember how I often stuck in the snow, so that I could scarcely get out, and my shoes remained behind, so that I came home barefoot and shivering. This farmer had about eighty goats, which I had to tend in my seventh and eighth years. When, therefore, I opened the stable, and did not immediately get out of the way, the goats, as I was still so little, knocked me down, ran over me, and trod on my head, arms, and back; for I usually fell on my face. When I drove them over the bridge, then the foremost ran past me into the cornfield; and when I drove these out, then the others ran in. Then I used to cry and lament, for I knew well that in the evening I should be beaten.

When, however, other goatherds came to me from the other farmers, they helped me; particularly one, called Thomas of Leidenbach. He had pity on me, and showed me much kindness. Then we all sat together, when we had led the goats up the high and frightful mountains, and ate our supper together. Each one had a shepherd's basket on his back, with cheese and rye-bread in it. One day when we had dined we set about shooting for a trial of skill. On the top of a high rock there was a flat piece of ground. As now one after the other shot at the mark; one stood before me who wished to shoot. I endeavored to get out of his way, that he should not strike me on the head; but as I stepped back a few paces I fell backwards from off the rock. The shepherds all cried out, "Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!" till I was out of sight; for I had fallen under the rock, so that they could not see me; and they fully believed that I was killed. I however soon got up again, and climbed up by the side of the rock to them. If they wept before for grief, they now wept for joy. Six weeks after a goat belonging to one of them fell down at

the same spot, and was killed! So carefully had God watched over me. About half a year after, I led my goats early in the morning before the other shepherds, for I was the nearest, over a point of rock, called White Point; when my goats turned to the right over a piece of rock that was a good foot wide, but below which there was, in a frightful abyss more than 1000 fathoms deep, nothing but rocks. From the ledge of the rock one goat went up after the other, over a rock where they had scarcely room to put their feet on the little roots of grass which had grown on the rock. As soon as they were up, I wished to get after them. When, however, I had drawn myself up by the grass about a step, I could get no farther; neither did I dare to step upon the rock again, much less to jump backwards, for I was afraid if I jumped backwards that I should jump too far, and so fall over the dreadful precipice. I remained therefore a good while in this position, and waited for the help of God, for I could not help myself; except that I held myself with both hands by a little tuft of grass, and supported myself by turns with my great toes on another tuft of grass. In this perplexity I suffered extreme anxiety; for I was afraid that the great vultures that flew about in the air below me, would carry me away, as sometimes does happen in the Alps, that they take away children and lambs. Whilst I stood there and the wind blew about my garment behind—for I had no trousers on—my comrade Thomas perceived me from a distance, but did not know what it was. When he saw my coat fluttering in the wind, he supposed that it was a bird. When, however, he recognized me, he was so terrified that he became quite pale, and called to me, "Now, Tommy, stand still!" Then he hurried upon the ledge of rock, took me in his arms, and carried me down again to where we could get after the goats another way.

Some years after, when I came home from the schools in distant lands, when my companion heard of it he came to me, and reminded me how he had rescued me from death (as indeed is true, for which I give the glory to God). He said to me, that when I became a priest I should remember him, and pray to God for him. The master, however, with whom I served at that time, said afterwards to my wife, "That he had never had a better little servant, as young and

small as I was." Among others sisters of my father, was one of the name of Frances, who was unmarried, and my father had particularly recommended me to her care as being the youngest child. When therefore the people told her in what a dangerous employment I was engaged, and that I should certainly kill myself some day by a fall, she came to my master and declared to him that she would not have me there any longer. At this he was dissatisfied; still she took me away again to Grenchen, where I was born, and placed me with a rich old farmer who was called "Hans im Boden." For him I was also obliged to mind the goats; when it once happened that I and a little girl (who also minded her father's goats) were playing by an artificial channel, whereby the water was conducted down the mountain to the grounds, and had forgotten ourselves in play. We had made little meadows, and watered them as children do. In the meanwhile the goats had gone up the mountain. Then I left my little coat lying there, and began to ascend the mountain up to the very top; the little girl however went home without the goats. I, on the contrary, as a poor servant, would not venture to go home unless I had the goats. Up very high I saw a kid that was just like one of my young goats, and this I followed at a distance till the sun went down. When I looked back to the village and saw that at the house it was quite night, I began to descend again; but it was soon quite dark. In the meantime I climbed from one tree to another, and held myself by the loose roots from which the earth had fallen off. When, however, it became quite dark, I would not venture myself any farther, but held myself by my left hand on a root; with the other I scratched the earth loose under the trees and roots, to hollow out a place to lie in, and listened how the lumps of earth rolled down into the abyss. Thereupon I forced myself into the opening which was made between the earth and roots, in order to lie firmly, and not to fall down in my sleep. I had nothing on except a little shirt, neither shoes nor hat; for the little coat, in my anxiety at having lost the goats, I had left by the watercourse. As I lay under the tree the ravens became aware that I was there, and made a noise on the tree; so that I was in great terror, being afraid that a bear was at hand. However

I crossed myself and fell asleep, and slept till the morning, when the sun shone over all the mountains. When however I awoke, and saw where I lay, I do not know that I was ever more frightened in my life; for had I in the night gone four yards deeper, I must have fallen down a frightfully steep precipice many thousand feet deep. I was in great trouble too about the mode of getting away from thence. I drew myself from one root to the other, till I again got to the place from whence I could run down the mountain to the houses.

When I was out of the wood, near the farms, the little maid met me with the goats which she was driving out again; for they had run home of themselves the night before, and the people in whose service I was were very much frightened on account of my not having come home with the goats. They believed that I had fallen and killed myself, and asked my aunt and the people in that house in which I was born (for that stood next to the house in which I served) whether they knew anything of me, for that I had not come home with the goats. From that time on they would not allow me to mind goats any more, because they had to endure so much anxiety on my account. Whilst I was with this master and minded his goats, I once fell into a boiler of hot milk which stood on the fire, and scalded myself, so that one could see the scars all my life. I was also in two other perils besides this while I was with him. Once there were two of us little goatherds in the wood, and were talking of various childish things: amongst others we wished that we could fly, for then we would fly out of the mountain to Germany (for so Switzerland was called in St. Gall). Then came a frightfully large bird darting down upon us, so that we thought it was going to carry away one or both of us. Then we both began to scream, and to defend ourselves with our shepherd's crooks, and to cross ourselves, till the bird flew away; then we said to one another, "We have done wrong in wishing to be able to fly; God did not create us for flying, but for walking." Another time I was in a very deep fissure looking for crystals, of which many were found in it. All at once I saw a stone as large as an oven starting from the side, and as I had no time to get out of the way, I stooped down upon my face. Then the stone fell several fathoms down to a spot above me, and from

thence it made a spring away over me, so that I escaped with a whole skin. I had plenty of such joy and happiness on the mountains among the goats, of which I now remember nothing more. This I know well, that I seldom had whole toes, but often great bruises; had many bad falls; without shoes for the most part in summer, or wooden shoes; and endured great thirst. My food was in the morning, before day, a rye-broth, that is, a soup made of rye-meal. Cheese and rye-bread are given in a little basket to be carried at one's back; at night cheese-milk; of all however there was a fair measure. In summer, lying on hay; in winter, on a straw mattress full of all sorts of vermin. Such are the resting-places of the poor little shepherds who serve the farmers in the wildernesses.

CHAPTER II

MASTER THOMAS BECOMES A TRAVELING SCHOLAR

As they would not allow me any longer to mind the goats, I entered the service of a farmer who had one of my aunts to wife, and was a fiery passionate man. For him I had to mind cows; for at most places in St. Gall they have not shepherds in common to mind the cows for all; but whoever has a mountain whither he can send them through the summer, he has a little shepherd who minds them upon his own property. When I had been with them a while my aunt Frances came, who wished to send me to my uncle, Mr. Anthony Platter, that I should learn *the writings* (such was their phrase when they wished to send any one to school). That gentleman was at that time no longer in Grenchen, but was become an old man at St. Nicholas, in the village that is called Gasse. When my farmer, whose name was the "Antsche," or "Anthony an der Havzucht," was aware of my aunt's intention, he was much dissatisfied; and said, "That I would learn nothing notwithstanding;" and added, putting the forefinger of his right hand into the palm of the left, "the urchin will learn just as much as I can drive my finger through." That I saw and heard myself. My aunt answered, "Oh! who knows? God has not refused him his gifts: he may yet become a pious priest." And so

she led me to the spiritual gentleman, when I was about nine and a half years old. Then it was that my sufferings really began, for the gentleman was a very passionate man, but I a little awkward peasant boy. He beat me barbarously; often took me by the ears and dragged me from the ground. I screamed like a goat that had the knife sticking into it, so that often the neighbors came screaming in to him to know whether he would kill me out and out. I did not remain long with him. Just at this time there came one who had traveled to the schools at Ulm and Munich in Bavaria, a grandson of my old grandfather. This student's name was Paul Summermatter. My friends had told him of me, and he promised them that he would take me with him, and in Germany take me to school. As soon as I heard of this I fell on my knees, and besought God Almighty to help me away from the priest, who taught me sheer nothing, but on the contrary beat me unmercifully. I had scarcely learned to sing the "Salve" a little, and to go about the village with other scholars who were also with the priest, and were obliged to sing before the houses for eggs. Once, when we were about to celebrate the mass, the other boys sent me into the church to fetch a taper. This I stuck burning into my sleeve and burnt myself, so that I still bear about the scar of it.

When Paul wished to wander again, I was to join him at Stalden. Behind Stalden is a house that is called "Zum Müllibach;" there my mother's brother, Simon Summermatter, lived; he was to be my guardian, and gave me a golden florin: which I carried in my hand to Stalden, and on the way often looked at it to see whether I had it, and then gave it to Paul. Thus we left the country. Then I was obliged on the road to beg for the necessary money, and also to share it with Paul my Bacchant. At that time schools were not yet established in all places; and young persons who wished to learn anything, or to prepare themselves for any religious office, which at that time required little knowledge, went, either singly or in greater numbers, after renowned teachers. As they were for the most part poor people, they lived on the way on alms. And when the thing degenerated the great ones were called Bacchants, because they lived well on what was obtained by begging, and led a wild and dissolute life;

the little ones were called *a-b-c* fags. They, when the begging was not sufficient, did not make any scruple about stealing, which was called "Sharp-Shooting." They were, however, usually called Scholastics, or Traveling Scholars. So bad were the school-arrangements, until the Reformation made improvements in this department also. On account of my simplicity and provincial dialect, people gave me very liberally and freely.

When I had passed over the Grimsel, and came at night into an inn, I saw for the first time a stove made of tiles of white delft, and the moon shone on the tiles. Then I thought it was a large calf, for I saw only two tiles shining, and thought those were the eyes. In the morning I saw geese, of which I had never seen any before. When, therefore, they set on me hissing, as geese are accustomed to do, I ran away from them with a loud cry, for I thought it was the devil who wanted to devour me. In Lucerne I saw the first tiled roofs, and wondered very much at the red color. Hereupon we came to Zurich: there Paul waited for several comrades who wished to go with us to Meissen. In the meantime I went for alms, with which I was obliged almost entirely to support Paul: for when I came into an inn the people liked to hear me speak the St. Gall dialect, and gave me liberally. At that time there was in Zurich a certain fellow, a great rogue, out of Leak in St. Gall: his name was Carle. He came to me once—for we lodged in the same house—and said to me, that I should allow him to give me one blow on the bare back, and that he would give me a Zurich sixer (sixpence) for it. I allowed myself to be persuaded. Then he laid hold of me stoutly, laid me across a chair, and beat me very sorely. When I had borne that, he asked me to lend him the sixer again, for he wished to sup with the landlady at night, and could not pay the reckoning. I gave him the sixpence, but never got it again. Thus were my innocency and inexperience abused. After we had waited for company about eight or nine weeks, we set out for Meissen; for me, a very long journey, because I was not accustomed to travel so far, and besides that I was obliged to provide my provisions on the way. We traveled eight or nine together—three little fags, and the rest great Bacchants, as they were called, and I

was the smallest and youngest of the fags. When I could not get on vigorously, then my relation Paul walked behind me with a rod or stick, and beat me on the bare legs; for I had no hose on, but bad shoes. I cannot now remember all that befell us on the road; but some adventures I have not yet forgotten. When we were upon the journey, and were speaking of all sorts of things, the Bacchants narrated to one another how it was the custom in Meissen and Silesia for the fags to be allowed to steal geese and ducks, and other articles of provision, and that nothing was done to them on that account if they could only escape from the owner. In my simplicity I believed everything, for I knew nothing of the commandments of God, and had had no experience of the world. One day we were not far from a village; there was a great flock of geese there, and the herdsman was not at hand, but pretty far off with the cowherds. Then I asked my comrades, the fags, "When shall we be in Meissen, that I may throw at the geese and kill them?" They said, "We are there already." Then I took a stone, threw it, and hit one on the foot. The others fled away, but the lame one could not follow. I took another stone, threw, and hit it on the head, so that it fell down; for when with the goats, I had learned to throw well, so that no shepherd of my age was superior to me: could also blow the shepherd's horn, and leap with the pole; for in such arts I exercised myself with my fellow-shepherds.

I caught the goose by the neck, put it under my little coat, and went along the road through the village. Then the gooseherd came running after, and cried in the village, "The urchin has robbed me of a goose." I and my fellow fags ran off, and the feet of the goose hung out from under my little coat. The peasants came out of their houses with halberds, and followed us. When I now saw that I could not escape with the goose, I let it fall. Before the village I jumped aside into a thicket; but my two comrades ran along the road and were overtaken by two peasants. Then they fell down on their knees and begged for mercy, for that they had done them no harm. When therefore the peasants saw that he was not there who had let the goose fall, they went back into the village and took the goose along with them. When I saw

how they ran after my companions, I was in a great fright, and said to myself, "O God! I believe that I have not blessed myself to-day:" as I had been taught that I should bless myself every morning. When the peasants came into the village they found our Bacchants in the public-house; for they had gone before, and we came after. Then the peasants thought that they ought to pay for the goose, which would have made about two bats (four-pence), but I do not know whether they paid it or not. When they came to us again they laughed, and asked how it had happened. I excused myself with saying, that I thought such was the custom of the country; but they said that it was not yet time.

When, however, some Bacchants behaved themselves towards us very rudely, some of us, with Paul, determined to run away from the Bacchants, and go by way of Dresden to Breslau. On the way we had to suffer much from hunger, so that several days we ate nothing but raw onions with salt; some days roasted acorns, crab-apples, and wild pears. Many a night we lay in the open air, because no one would suffer us in the houses, no matter how early we might ask for lodging. Now and then the dogs were set at us. When however we came to Breslau there was an abundance of everything; yes, everything was so cheap that the poor fags used to eat too much, and often made themselves sick. At first we went to school in the cathedral of the Holy Cross; when, however, we heard that in the principal parish of St. Elizabeth there were several Swiss, we went thither. There were there two from Bremgarten, two from Mellingen, and others, besides a number of Suabians. There was no difference made between the Suabians and the Swiss; they addressed one another as countrymen, and protected one another. The city of Breslau has seven parishes, each a separate school; and no scholar was allowed to go singing into another parish; else they immediately shouted "Ad idem! ad idem!" Then the fags ran together, and beat one another very sorely. There were, as was said at that time, at once several thousand Bacchants and fags in the city, who all lived upon alms. It was said also that there were some that had been there twenty, thirty, or more years, who had had their fags who were obliged to wait upon them. I have often in one

evening carried my Bacchants five or six loads of provisions home to the school where they lived. People gave to me very willingly, because I was little, and a Swiss; for they were uncommonly fond of the Swiss. They also felt great compassion with the Swiss, because just at that time they had suffered sorely in the great battle at Milan; so that the common people said, "The Swiss have now lost their Pater-Noster." For, before that, they imagined that the Swiss were quite invincible.

One day I came on the market-place to two gentlemen or country squires, (I heard afterwards that the one was called Benzenauer, the other Tucker,) who were walking there. I asked alms from them, as poor fags were accustomed to do. Tucker said to me, "From whence are you?" and when he heard that I was a Swiss, he was surprised, together with Benzenauer, and said to me, "But are you really a Swiss? If that is the fact, I will adopt you as a son, and I will assure you of that here before the council in Breslau; but, in return, you must promise to remain with me, and accompany me wherever I go." I answered, "In my native place I was given in charge to a certain person; I will ask him about it." But when I asked my relation Paul about it, he said, "I have conducted you out of your own native place, and I will conduct you to your own friends again, and then whatever they bid you, that you can do." I therefore declined this offer. But whenever I came before the house I was not allowed to go empty away. Thus then I remained for a time in Breslau; was also three times ill in one winter, so that they were obliged to bring me into the hospital, for the traveling scholars had a particular hospital and physicians for themselves. Sixteen hellers were also paid weekly from the Town-house for each sick person, for which one person could be well supported. Care was then taken of the patients, and they had good beds, only they were not clean; so that I lay much rather upon the floor than in the beds. Through the winter the fags lay upon the floor in the school; but the Bacchants in small chambers, of which there were at St. Elizabeth's several hundreds. But in summer, when it was hot, we lay in the church-yard; collected together grass, such as is spread in summer on Sunday in

the gentlemen's streets before the doors, and lay in it, like pigs in the straw. When however it rained we ran into the school; and when there was thunder we sang the whole night, with the Subcantor, responsories and other sacred music. Now and then after supper, in summer, we went into the beer-houses to beg for beer. Then the drunken Polish peasants used to give us so much beer, that I often could not find my way to the school again, though only a stone's throw from it. In short, here there was plenty to eat, but there was not much of study; and of true piety no one had an idea. In the school at St. Elizabeth, indeed, nine Bachelors of Arts read lectures at the same hour, and in the same room; still the Greek language had not yet made its way anywhere in the country; neither had any one printed books, except the Preceptor, who had a printed Terence. What was read had first to be dictated, then pointed, then construed, and at last explained; so that the Bacchants had to carry away thick books of notes when they went home.

From Breslau eight of us migrated again to Dresden; had however on the way to suffer much from hunger. Then we determined to separate for one day; some went to see after geese; some after turnips, and carrots, and onions; some about a pot: we little ones however were to procure bread and salt in the neighboring town of Neumark. In the evening we intended to assemble again outside the city, and there take up our lodging, and cook what we might have. About a gun-shot distant from the city there was a well, by which we wished to remain during the night; but when the fire was seen, they fired at us; still no one was hit. We therefore took ourselves off behind a ridge to a little rivulet and thicket. The bigger companions hewed branches down, and made a hut; others plucked the geese, of which they had managed to get two; others cut the turnips into the pot, and put the head and feet and the like in also; others made two wooden spits, and began to roast; and as soon as it was a little brown, we took it from the spit and ate it, and the turnips too. To none of us did it occur that we were partaking of stolen provisions, and so we were worthy of punishment in the sight of God and man. In the night we heard something making an odd noise. Near to us there was a weir, from

which the water had been let off the day before, and the fish were springing up to the wall; we therefore took as many fish as we could carry in a shirt, and on a stick, and set off for the nearest village. There we gave a portion of them to a peasant, that, in return, he should boil the others in beer for us.

From Dresden we went to Nuremberg. On the way not far from Dresden, it happened that I went into a village to request alms, and came before a peasant's house. Then the peasant asked me where I came from. When he heard that I was a Swiss, he asked if I had any more companions. I answered, "My companions are waiting for me outside the village." "Desire them to come hither," said he, and he got ready for us a good meal; also beer enough to drink. When we were comfortable, and the peasant with us, he said to his mother, who was lying in bed in the room, "Mother, I have often heard from you, that you would like to see a Swiss before you die: there you see several; for your sake I have invited them." Then the mother raised herself up, thanked the son for bringing such guests, and said, "I have heard so much good of the Swiss, that I very much desired to see one: methinks that I will now die more willingly; therefore make yourselves merry." Whereupon she laid herself down again, and we set out again after we had thanked the peasant. From there we came to Munich, where Paul and I found lodging with a soap-boiler of the name of Hans Schräll, who was a Master of Arts of Vienna, but an enemy to the clerical state. Him I helped to make soap, rather more than I went to school; and traveled about with him to the villages to buy in ashes. At last Paul determined to pay a visit to our home, for we had not been at home during five years. Accordingly, we went home to St. Gall. Then my friends were not able to understand me, and said, "Our Tommy speaks so profoundly, that no one can understand him." For being young, I had learned something of the language of every place where I had been.

CHAPTER III

MASTER THOMAS BEGINS TO STUDY

My stay at home was not long. We soon set out again towards Ulm. Then Paul took another boy with him, whose name was "Hildebrand Kälbermatter;" he was also very young. To him was given cloth, such as was made in that country, for a little coat. When we came to Ulm, Paul desired me to go about with the cloth, and beg the money to pay for the making. With it I earned a great deal of money; for I understood begging well, because the Bacchants had always kept me to it. To the schools, on the contrary, they did not draw me, not even so much as to teach me to read. Thus it was at Ulm too: when I ought to have gone to school, I was obliged to run about with the cloth. At this time I suffered great hunger; for all that I got, I had to bring to the Bacchants, and did not dare, for fear of stripes, to eat even a morsel. Paul had taken another Bacchant to live with him, of the name of Achatius, a native of Mayence; and I, with my companion Hildebrand, had to wait on them both. But my companion ate almost all himself that was given him in the houses. On that account the Bacchants went after him into the street, and found him eating: thereupon they threw him on a bed, covered his head with a pillow, so that he could not cry, and beat him with all their might. That made me afraid, so that I brought home all that I got. They had often so much bread that it became moldy; then they cut off the moldy outside, and gave it to us to eat. I was often very hungry, and frost-bitten too, because I had to go about in the dark till midnight, to sing for bread. Now there was at that time at Ulm, a pious widow, who had a son, Paul Reling, and two daughters. This widow often in winter wrapped my feet in a warm fur, which she laid behind the oven, to warm my feet when I came; gave me then also a basin full of vegetables, and then allowed me to go home. I had indeed sometimes such great hunger, that I drove the dogs in the street away from their bones, and gnawed them; I also sought together the last crumbs out of the bags, and consumed them.

From Ulm we went to Munich, where I still had to beg

the money for making up the cloth, which however was not mine. A year after we came again to Ulm, intending to go again once more to our native place. I brought, however, the cloth again with me, and was obliged again to beg for the money for making it up. I can still well remember that some said to me, "What! has the coat never been made? I believe that you are playing tricks." What became of the cloth, and whether the coat was ever made, I know not. We made from thence a visit to our native place, and then returned again to Munich.

As three of us little fags had no lodging, we intended to go at night to the cornmarket, and sleep upon the corn sacks. There were several women at the salt-house in the street, who asked where we were going to. With them there was a butcher's widow; when she understood that we were Swiss, she said to her maid, "Run, hang the pot with the soup, and the remainder of the meat over the fire; they must lodge with me to-night; I am friendly to all Swiss. I served in an inn at Inspruck at the time the Emperor Maximilian held his court there. Then the Swiss had much business with him, and were such good people, that I will be friendly to them all my life long." She gave us enough to eat and to drink, and a good place of rest. In the morning she said to us, "If one of you will stay with me, I will give him lodging, and to eat and to drink." We were all willing, and because I looked a little sharper than the others, she chose me. I helped her with her household and field occupations; was obliged, however, to wait on my Bacchant. The woman did not like to see that, and said, "Let the Bacchant alone, and stay with me, then you need not beg." In eight days, therefore, I went neither to the Bacchant nor to the school. Then he came and knocked at the house-door. She said to me, "Your Bacchant is there, say that you are sick." I did what she desired me, for I did not know that a lie of that kind was a sin. When Paul came she said to him, "You are truly a fine gentleman, and should have looked after Thomas: he has been sick, and is so still." Then, he said, "I am sorry for it, boy: when you can go out again, come to me." Afterwards, on a Sunday, I went to vespers; then he said to me after vespers, "You fag, you do not come to me,

I will trample you under foot some day." Then I resolved that he should not trample on me, for that I would run away. On Sunday I said to the buteher's widow that I wanted to go into the school and wash my shirt. I went, however, over the Iser, for I was afraid that if I went to Switzerland Paul would follow me. At the other side of the Iser is a hill; there I sat down, looked at the city, and cried bitterly, because I had now no longer any one to help me. I thought of going to Saltzburg, or Vienna in Austria. As I sat there a peasant came by with his wagon. He had brought salt to Munich, and was already drunk, although the sun had only just risen. Then I asked him to allow me to get up, and I rode with him till he stopped to get something to eat for himself and his horses. In the meantime I begged in the village, and not far from the village I waited for him and fell asleep. But when I awoke I cried heartily; for I thought that the peasant had driven away, and felt as if I had lost my father. However he soon came quite drunk, told me to get up again, and asked whither I wished to go? I said to Saltzburg. When it was evening he drove side-ways off the high-road, and said, "Now you can get down, there is the road to Saltzburg."

We had driven eight miles that day. I came into a village, and as I got up in the morning there was a hoar frost, as if it had snowed, and I had no shoes, only torn socks; no cap, and a jacket without folds. I therefore went to Passau, and wished there to get a passage, and sail on the Danube to Vienna. In Passau they would not let me in. Then I determined to go to Switzerland, and asked the gatekeeper which was the nearest road to Switzerland. "By Munich," said he. "To Munich," I answered, "I will not go. I would rather go out of my way ten or more miles to avoid it." Then he directed me to Freissing, where there was a high-school or university. There I found Swiss. But before many days had elapsed Paul came with an halberd. The fags said to me, "The Bacchant from Munich is here, and is looking for you." Then I ran out at the gate as if he had been behind me, and went to Ulm, where I came to my saddler's widow, who had formerly warmed my feet by wrapping them in fur. After several weeks one came to me who had been a companion of Paul's, and said to me, "Your relation Paul

is here, and looking for you." So he had come eighteen miles after me; for in me he had lost a good benefice, because I had supported him several years. When, however, I heard this, although it was nearly night, I ran out at the gate the road to Constance, but lamented in my soul, for it was very grievous to me on account of the dear woman who had taken care of me like a mother. So I crossed the lake to Constance, and went over the bridge, and saw some little Swiss peasants in white jackets. Oh how glad I was! I imagined I was in the kingdom of heaven. From there I came to Zurich, where there were fellow-countrymen, natives of St. Gall, great Bacchants; to them I offered my services, if in return they would instruct me; but that they did as little as the others. After several months Paul sent his fag Hildebrand from Munich, to tell me that if I would return he would pardon me; but I would not, but stayed in Zurich, though indeed without studying. There was there one Anthony Benetz, out of Visp in St. Gall, who persuaded me to accompany him on a tour to Strasburg. When we came there, there were a great many poor scholars there, and, as was said, not even one good school; therefore we went to Schlestadt. A nobleman met us, and asked, "Where are you going?" When he heard that we wished to go to Schlestadt he dissuaded us from it, by saying that there were many poor scholars there, and no rich people. Whereupon my comrade began to cry bitterly, because he did not know any other place to go to. I comforted him, and said, "Be of good courage! If there is one in Schlestadt who makes shift to live alone, I will manage to support us both."

Whilst in a village outside Schlestadt, where we got lodging in a mill, I got such a pain that I thought I must choke, and scarcely could get breath; for I had eaten so many green nuts, which fell off about that season. Then Anthony cried again, for he thought that he should lose his companion, and then not know how to help himself any more. And yet he had ten crowns secretly about him, and I not a halfpenny. When we came into the town, and had found lodging in the house of an aged married couple, of whom the man was stone blind, we went to the preceptor, Mr. John Sapidus, and begged him to receive us. He asked us

whence we came; when we said, "From Switzerland, from St. Gall." He said, "There are wicked peasants there; they drive all their bishops away out of the country. If you intend to study properly you need not give me anything; but if not, you must pay me, or I will pull your coat off your back." That was the first school which seemed to me to go on well. At that time the study of languages and sciences came into fashion. It was the same year that the diet was held at Worms. Sapidus had at one time nine hundred scholars, amongst whom were several fine learned fellows, who afterwards became celebrated men. When I entered the school I could do nothing, not even read the Donatus,[1] and was nevertheless already eighteen years old. I seated myself among the little children, but was like the clucking hen among the chickens. When we had been there from autumn till Whitsuntide, and there was a continual influx of scholars from all quarters, I was no longer able to procure sustenance for us both; we therefore went away to Solothurn, where there was a tolerably good school, and also a maintenance easier to be found; but as a set-off against that, we had to stay so much in church, and lose time: and so we went again to our native place, where I remained awhile, and went to school to a priest who taught me a little writing and other things, I know not what. There I got the ague, and was nursed by my aunt Frances in Grenchen. At the same time I taught the little son of my other aunt, Simon Steiner, his A, B, C. He came a year after to Zurich, studied by degrees, so that he came to Strasburg, where he became Dr. Bucer's famulus: and because he continued his studies he became teacher of the third and afterwards of the second class, and when he died was very much regretted by the scholars at Strasburg. In the following spring I left the country again with two brothers. When we took leave of our mother she cried and said, "God have mercy upon me, that now I must see three sons go into misery." Excepting that time I never saw my mother cry, for she was a courageous stout-hearted woman, but rather rough. When her third husband died, whom she had married in my absence, she

[1] The Latin grammar of Ælius Donatus, a famous Latin scholar and teacher of the 14th century, which was then in general use.

remained a widow, and did all work, like a man, in order that she might be better able to bring up her youngest children. Hewing wood, hay-making, threshing, and other work which belongs more to men than women, was not too much for her; she had also buried three of her children herself, who had died in a time of very great pestilence; for in time of pestilence it costs a great deal to get persons buried by the grave-diggers. Towards us, her first children, she was very harsh, for which reason we seldom entered the house. Once when I came to her again after an absence of five years, in which I had traveled much about in far distant lands, the first word she said to me was, "Has the devil carried you hither once more?" I answered, "The devil has not carried me, but my feet; however I will not long be a burden to you." Then she said, "You are not a burden to me; but it grieves me that you go strolling backwards and forwards in this manner, and without doubt learn nothing at all. If you learned to work, as your late father also did, that would be better;—you will never be a priest; I am not so lucky as to be the mother of a priest." So I remained with her two or three days. Otherwise she was a respectable, honest, and pious woman, as was admitted by everybody.

On my departure with my two brothers, as we were going over the Letshi mountain towards Gestelen, my brothers sat down upon the slopes on the snow, and so slid down the mountain. I wished to imitate them, but because I did not instantly put my feet asunder the snow threw me over, so that I slid down the mountain head over heels. It would have been no wonder if I had killed myself by knocking my head against a tree, for there were no rocks. Three times I had the same mishap, for I always thought that I should be able to do it as well as my brothers; but they were more used to the mountains than I. So we traveled on together. They both remained in Entlibuch, but I went to Zurich. There I remained with the mother of the far famed, pious, and learned Mr. Rudolph Gwalther, who is now pastor at St. Peter's. He was then in the cradle, and I used often to rock him; and then visited the school in Frauenmünster, in which Wolfgang Knaüel, a pious Master of Arts, taught.

I was quite earnest in my desire to study, for I perceived

that it was high time. They said, at that time, that a teacher would come from Einsiedeln, a learned and faithful man, but extremely old. So I made a seat for myself in a corner not far from the teacher's seat, and said to myself, "In this corner you will study or die." When he came for the first time into the school, he said, "This is a nice school, but methinks there are stupid boys; still we shall see; only be industrious." This I know, that had my life depended on it I could not have declined a noun of the first declension, although I had learned Donatus by heart.

When I was at Schlestadt, Sapidus had a certain Bachelor of Arts, "George von Andlau," a very learned man: he plagued the Bacchants so grievously with the Donatus, that I thought, "If it be such a good book, then you must learn it by heart," and as I learned to read it I learned it by heart at the same time. That turned to good account for me in the opinion of Father Myconius, my new teacher in Zurich; for he began at once to read Terence with us, and then we had to decline and conjugate every little word in a whole comedy. He used often to deal with me until my shirt was wet with perspiration through fear, and my eyes grew dim; and yet he never gave me a blow, except on one single occasion with the left hand on my cheek. He also read lectures upon the Holy Scriptures, which were visited by many of the laity; for it was at that time that the light of the Gospel was just beginning to rise; although Mass and the idolatrous pictures in the churches were continued for a long time after. Whenever he was rough towards me, he afterwards took me to his house, and gave me a meal; for he liked to hear me relate how I had traveled through all the countries in Germany, and what I had everywhere suffered, which I could much better remember then than now. Myconius without doubt was already acquainted with the pure doctrine; but was obliged, notwithstanding, to go to church at Frauenmünster with his scholars to sing the Vesper, Matins and Masses, and to direct the singing. Once he said to me, "Custos,"[2] (for I was his Custos), "I would now rather read four lessons than sing one Mass; do me a favor, and sometimes attend to an easy Mass, a Requiem, and such like for me:

[2] School-servant.

I will not let it be unrewarded." With that I was well content, for I was accustomed to that sort of thing, not only at Zurich, but also at Solothurn and elsewhere; for everything was still Popish. Many a one was to be found who could sing better than expound a Gospel, and it was daily to be seen in the schools that wild Bacchants went off, and were ordained, if they could only sing a little, and understood nothing either of grammar or the Gospel. At the time that I was Custos, I often had no wood for the heating of the school. One morning Zuinglius[3] was to preach before day in Frauenmünster, and as they were ringing the bell for service, and there was no wood for heating the school, I thought, in my simplicity, "You have no wood, and there are so many idols in the church?" As no one was there I went into the church to the nearest altar, seized a wooden St. John, hurried with him into the school into the oven, and said to him, "Johnny, now bend yourself, you must go into the oven, even though you represent a St. John." When he began to burn, there were nasty great blisters from the oil paint. I thought "Now hold still; if you stir, which you however will not do, I will shut to the door of the oven, and you dare not come out, unless the evil one fetches you." In the meantime the wife of Myconius came, who wished to go to church to the sermon, and said, "God give you a good day, my son; have you heated the oven?" I closed the oven door, and said, "Yes, mother; I am quite ready." I would not however tell it to her; for if it had been known, it would at that time have cost me my life. In the schools Myconius said, "Custos, you have had famous wood to-day." I thought, "St. John deserves the most praise." When we were to sing the Mass two priests were quarreling together, and one said to the other, "You Lutheran knave, you have robbed me of a St. John." This they continued a good while. Myconius did not know what the matter was, but St. John was never found again. Of course I never told it to any one, till several years after, when Myconius was preacher at Basle; then I told it to him, and he wondered very much, and remembered well how the priests had quarreled together.

Although it appeared to me that Popery was mere mum-

[3] The reformer, Zwingli.

mery, yet I still had it in my mind to become a priest, and to do the duties of my office faithfully, and deck out my altar smartly. For of real piety I understood, at that time, nothing; all rested merely on outward ceremonies. When, however, Ulrich Zuinglius preached severely against it, my scruples increased more and more in course of time. Otherwise, I had prayed much, and fasted rather more than was agreeable to me; had also my saints and patrons, to whom I prayed: our Lady, the Virgin Mary, that she would be my intercessor with her Son; St. Catherine, that I might become learned; St. Barbara, that I might not die without the sacrament; St. Peter, that he would open heaven to me. What I neglected I wrote in a little book, and when there was a holiday at school, as on Thursday and Saturday, I went to Frauenmünster into a school: began, wrote all my offenses upon a chair, and paid one debt after the other with prayers, blotting them out one after the other, and thought then that I had done right. Six times I went with processions from Zurich to Einsiedeln; was diligent in confession, and have often fought with my companions for Popery. One day, however, Ulrich Zuinglius preached in Söllnau upon the Gospel of St. John x., "I am the good Shepherd," &c.: that he explained so pointedly, that I felt as if some one had pulled me up into the air by the hair of my head, and made known to me how God would require the blood of the lost sheep at the hands of the shepherds who are guilty of their destruction. Then I thought to myself, "If that be the meaning, then adieu to the priest's office! a priest I will never be!" I continued however in my studies; also began to dispute with my comrades; attended the sermons diligently, and was fond of hearing my preceptor Myconius. Mass and the idolatrous pictures, however, were still continued at Zurich.

CHAPTER IV

MASTER THOMAS BECOMES ROPE-MAKER AND HEBREW PROFESSOR

At that time six of us went home to St. Gall; and as we came on a Saturday to Glyss, we heard that the priests were singing Vespers. After Vespers one came and asked, "Whence

do you come?" I, as the boldest, replied, "From Zurich." Then the priest said, "What have you done in that heretic city?" I became angry and said, "Why heretic city?" The priest replied, "Therefore, because they have put away the Mass, and removed the pictures from the church." Thereupon, I said, "That is not so, for they still celebrate Mass there; they have also pictures; why are they then heretics?" "For this reason," he replied, "because they do not consider the Pope as the head of the Christian Church, and do not call upon the saints." I went on, "Why is the Pope the head of the Christian Church?" He said, "Therefore because St. Peter was Pope at Rome, and has given the Popedom there to his successors." I said, "St. Peter has very likely never been to Rome;" pulled my New Testament out of the bag, and showed him how (in the Epistle to the Romans) the Apostle salutes so many, and yet never mentions St. Peter, who, according to his assertion, was the most eminent among the Christians of that place. Thereupon he said, "How could that be true, then, that Christ met St. Peter outside the city of Rome, and he asked him where he was going to? whereupon Christ answered, To Rome, to allow myself to be crucified." I asked, "Where have you read this story?" He said, "I have often heard it from my grandmother." Thereupon I answered, "So, then, I perceive that your grandmother is your Bible. And why should one call upon the saints?" Answer—"Therefore because it is written, God is wonderful in all his works." Then I stooped down, broke off a little plant, and said, "If one were to collect all men together, they would not be able to make a plant like this." Then he became angry, and our conversation ended. We had also to walk more than an hour in the night.

Early on Sunday we came to Visp, where a lazy ignorant priest was to celebrate his first mass; for which reason there came a great many priests and scholars, and a great crowd of other people, together. We scholars helped the priest to sing the mass. Then one who passed for the most eminent preacher preached from out of a window, and said, amongst other things, to the young priest, "O thou noble knight, thou holy knight, thou art holier than the mother of

God herself: for she only bore Christ once, but thou shalt bear him every day of thy life henceforth." Then one on the bridge, a Basle Master of Arts, out of Sitten, said a little too loud, "Priest! you lie like a miscreant." The priests had all an eye upon me; I knew not why till I saw the priest with whom I had disputed the day before; then I could well imagine that he had complained of me. When the mass was over, all the priests and scholars were invited to dinner, but no one invited me. No man can believe how happy I then was, and how willing I was to fast for Christ's sake. When, however, my mother saw me, she said, "How comes it that they have not also invited you?" and cast bread and cheese into a bowl, and prepared me some porridge.

Once at home, I visited my uncle (mother's brother) who was at that time Castellan (that is, chief person in the Visper tenth), and said to him after supper, "Uncle, to-morrow I shall set out again." He asked "Whither?" I said, "To Zurich." He, "Pray do not go to that place, on your peril: for the confederates will invade it, and have sent deputies from all places: they will be taught to give up the heretic faith." I, "And is no one here from Zurich." He, "There is a messenger here with a letter." I, "Have they read the letter before the deputies and country people." He, "Yes." I, "And what does the letter contain." He, "In the letter they declare that they have adopted a doctrine by which they intend to abide! But if any one can convince them of another out of the Old or New Testament, then they will give it up." I, "Is not that right!" Upon that he said distinctly, and in these very words, "Let the devil take them and the New Testament together." I was horrified, and said, "O God! how you speak! It would be no wonder if God were to punish you both in body and soul. What is then the New Testament?" "It is their new heretic doctrine," said he; "so the deputies have acquainted us, particularly the one from Berne." Thereupon I said, "The New Testament is the new covenant which Christ established with the faithful, and sealed with His blood. That is recorded in the four Gospels and in the Epistles of the holy Apostles." Then, he said, "Is that so?" "Yes," I answered, "and if you will, I will go with you to-morrow to

Visp; and if they will let me speak openly, I shall not let myself be restrained, either by shame or by fear." Then he said, "If the matter stands thus, I will not give my voice for making war upon them." On the following day the country people consulted together, and determined that this was a religious matter, and because the people of Zurich desired to be taught by the Holy Scriptures, the learned should be let to fight it out together. So nothing came of it, and I went again to Zurich, and went on with my studies in great poverty. I lodged in the house of an old woman of the name of Hutmacherinn, and had a room in company with a good and tolerably clever companion. There, God knows, that I have often suffered great hunger, and many days had not a mouthful of bread to eat. More than once I put some water into a pan, begged the woman for a little salt, that I might pour it into the water, and then drank it from hunger. To the woman I had to give a Zurich shilling every week for house rent; I therefore went now and then of messages across the country, for I got a bat [1] for a mile; or I helped to carry some wood, or to do some other work of which many a student would be ashamed, and got something to eat for it, of which I was very glad.

I was also Custos, for which I got at quarterly fast a Zurich angster from each, and there were almost sixty boys, sometimes more. Zuinglius and Myconius also used often to employ me to carry letters to the lovers of the truth in the allied districts. In this service I have often with joy ventured my limbs and life, that the doctrine of the truth might be spread, and several times barely escaped. So I remained in poverty in Zurich, till Mr. Henry Werdmüller, engaged me as a tutor to his sons, of whom one, Otho Werdmüller, afterwards became Master of Arts in Wittenberg, and then preacher at Zurich; the other, however, was killed in the battle at Kappel. Now my sufferings from want were at an end, for I got my dinner every day, but was near overdoing myself with study. I wished to study Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, all at the same time, and many a night slept very little, but tormented myself, grievously struggling against sleep, as I often took cold water, raw turnips, or sand into my

[1] Or two-pence.

mouth, so that the grating of my teeth might awake me again. My dear father Myconius often warned me against it, and said nothing to me if it sometimes happened that sleep overpowered me during the lesson. Though I never had the fortune to hear lectures on Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammar, yet I began to read them with others, in order to practice myself in them: for Myconius only drilled us diligently in the Latin language; for he was himself not thoroughly master of the Greek, because this was at that time something very rare. In private I occupied myself with Lucian and Homer, of which I had translations. Now also it happened that Father Myconius took me to live in his house. He had, namely, several boarders, among whom was the late Dr. Gessner, with whom I was to work Donatus and the declensions: this exercise was uncommonly useful to me.

At that time Myconius had as assistant the very learned Theodore Bibliander, who was extraordinarily well versed in all languages, but particularly in the Hebrew, and had also written a Hebrew grammar. He also boarded at Myconius's table, and instructed me, at my request, in Hebrew. So I got up early every morning, made fire in the stove in Myconius's little apartment, seated myself before the stove, and copied the grammar as long as Bibliander slept, and he never found it out. In this year Damian Irmi, of Basle, wrote to Pellican in Zurich, that he was going to Venice, and that, if there were any poor fellows who might like to have Hebrew Bibles, he would bring some with him as cheap as possible. Dr. Pellican told him to bring twelve. When they came a copy cost a crown. I had still a crown of my patrimony, which I received a short time before; that I gave with joy for one, and now began to compare the original Hebrew Bible with the translation, and so to make myself acquainted with the meaning of the words. One day Conrad Pur, preacher at Mettmenstetten, in the Canton of Zurich, came; and when he saw me sitting at work over the Hebrew Bible, he said, "Are you a Hebrew? you must teach it to me also." I said, "I know nothing;" but he would not let himself be put off his purpose, till I promised him; for I also thought that by staying longer there I might become a burden to Myconius. I therefore went with him to Mettmenstetten,

instructed him in Hebrew, had plenty to eat and to drink, and remained seven and twenty weeks with him. From him I came to Hedingen, to pastor Weber, who likewise desired instruction in Hebrew, and remained about twenty weeks with him. After that I came to another pastor at Rifferswyl; he was eighty years old, and wished to begin to learn Hebrew. From him I came again to Zurich. In the meantime there came a very learned young man from Lucerne, of the name of Rudolph Collin, he was to go to Constance to receive priest's orders. Zuinglius, however, and Myconius, persuaded him to learn the rope-making trade for this money. When he had married, and become a master, I asked him to teach me the rope-making trade also. He said he had no hemp. Now just at that time a small inheritance had fallen to me from my mother; for that I bought the master a cwt. of hemp, and learned, till it was used up, as much as possible; but had, at the same time, always a desire for study.

When the master thought I slept, I rose quietly, struck a light, and had a Homer, and secretly my master's translation, out of which I made notes into my Homer. When I was working at my trade, I took Homer with me. When the master discovered that, he said, "Platere! pluribus intentus, minor est ad singula sensus;" "either study or follow your trade!" Once, as we were eating our supper, and drank water thereto, he said, "Platere! how does Pindar begin." I answered, "Αριστον μεν το ὑδωρ" (Water is the best). Then he laughed and said, "Then we will follow Pindar's advice, and drink water, because we have no wine." When I had used up the cwt. of hemp my apprenticeship was over, and I intended to go to Basle. I therefore took leave of my master, as if I was going early next morning; but I went to my old lodging at the house of the hatter's widow, and remained six weeks privately there, and wrote a gloss upon Euripides, that I might be able to take it as well as Homer on the way with me; for I intended also to study on the way. Then I took my bundle, and left Zurich at day break, came in one day as far as Muttentz, and the next morning to Basle. Here I inquired after a master, and came to Hans Stäheli at the Ox-market, whom they called the Red-Rope-maker. They said that he was the rudest master on the

whole length of the Rhine, on which account the rope-making journeymen did not like to be with him, and I found a place open the sooner. When he first employed me, I could scarcely hang up the hemp, and twist it very little. Then the master showed me his manners, began to fight and to curse, and said, "Go stick out the eyes of the master that taught you; what shall I do with you? you can do nothing yet." He did not however know that I had not worked up more than one cwt. of hemp in my whole life. That I did not dare to tell him; for he had a very bad apprentice who could work better than I, who treated me very contemptuously, and insulted me often.

After the master had tried me eight days, I spoke to him in a friendly manner, and said, that he should have patience with me; and give me wages or not, that I would render him faithful service, and write down everything punctually; for no one in the house could write. "I have," said I, "learned little; that I clearly perceive, my master had for the most part no hemp." Thus he allowed himself to be persuaded to keep me, and gave me twopence a week wages. For that I bought myself candles, by which I studied at night, although I was obliged to work in the evening till the trumpet was sounded, and get up again in the morning at the sound of the trumpet. Yet I was willing to bear that, if I could only stay and learn the trade. In the course of half a year I was able to twist a day's work, and act as foreman. I also worked often, when we made the large ropes or cables, in the sweat of my brow. Then the master used to laugh at me, and say, "Had I studied so much as you, and had such a love for it, I would let the rope-making go where it liked;" for he saw well that I had a singular love for books. I had made acquaintance with the pious printer, Andrew Cratander; he presented me with a Plautus, which he had printed in octavo. As it was not yet bound, I took one sheet after the other, and stuck it in a little wooden fork that was split at the bottom, and the little fork I stuck in the hemp. That I read as I went backwards and forwards when I twisted, and then when the master came I threw the hemp over it. Once, however, he caught me in the act, and behaved very wildly. "If you wish to study," said he, "follow it, or fol-

low the trade. Is it not enough that I allow it you by night, or on a holiday, that you must also read while you twist?" On the holiday, as soon as I had eaten my dinner, I took my little book, went into a summer-house, and read the whole day, till the watchman at the city gate called. By degrees I made acquaintance with a few students, particularly with the scholars of Dr. Beatus Rhenanus. These and others often passed my shop, and spoke to me that I should give up the rope-making trade, and they would recommend me to Erasmus of Rotterdam, who at that time lived at Basle. But it was all of no use, although Erasmus himself came to me once, as I was helping to make a great rope on the Peter's-place; and although, by dint of great trouble and work, I only got bad food, and not enough of that, and in winter had to suffer sadly from cold. Amongst others, I became acquainted with Dr. Oporinus. He required of me that I should instruct him in Hebrew. I however excused myself, saying that I myself knew but little of it, and also that I had no time.

He left me no peace, so I made my master the offer, that if he would only leave me some time free I would serve him for nothing, or else take less wages than hitherto. Then he allowed me every day one hour in the afternoon, from four to five. Now Oporinus stuck up a notice on the church, that there was a certain person who intended to give lessons in the elements of the Hebrew language, about four o'clock on Monday, at St. Leonard's. When I came there at the appointed hour, thinking that I should find Oporinus alone, for I had not seen the bill on the church door, there were eighteen very learned gentlemen there, and I wished directly to run away. But Dr. Oporinus called to me, "Do not run away; these are also good fellows." Although I was ashamed, in my little apron which ropemakers are in the habit of wearing, yet I allowed myself to be persuaded, and began to read them "Munster's Hebrew Grammar," which had not yet come to Basle, also the Prophet Jonah, as well as I was able. In the same year a Frenchman came from Basle, whom the Queen of Navarre had sent, that he should learn Hebrew. He also came into the school, and when I went in with my bad clothes, I seated myself behind the stove, where I had a comfortable little seat, and allowed the students to sit at

the table. The Frenchman now asked, "When does our Professor come?" Oporinus pointed to me. Then he looked at me, and wondered, without doubt, because he thought such an one ought to be otherwise dressed, and not so badly. When the lesson was over, he took me by the hand, led me over the little bridge, and asked me how it happened that I was so badly clothed; offered to write on my account to the queen, saying, that she would make me a great man if I would only follow him. That man was expensively dressed, had a golden cap, and his own servant, who carried his hat and cloak after him. He also attended my lectures till he left the place; but I had no wish to follow him.

CHAPTER V

MASTER THOMAS BECOMES ARMOR-BEARER AND THEN SCHOOLMASTER

When, for the first time, the men of Zurich took the field against the five Cantons,[1] my master was also summoned, and I carried his armor to Mettmenstetten. When however it came to a truce, I remained a while in Zurich with Myconius, and studied. He, together with his wife, recommended me to take his housekeeper Anne to wife, and give up the wandering hither and thither, and then they would make us their heirs. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and after some days we went to Dübendorf, to Myconius' brother-in-law, to church, and celebrated the wedding with such pomp, that there were people at table with us who did not know that it was a wedding. Myconius also owed my wife fourteen florins wages, of which he gave her two florins. With these we went away the first day to Mettmenstetten to the gentleman whom I had taught Hebrew, by way of Lucerne, and Sarnen, to Visp in St. Gall. At first we visited my sister Christina in Bürgendorf; she had there a husband and nine children. That man had two aunts, who were so old that they did not know how old they were, and no one else did. With her we remained until St. Gall's day. I had inherited some household furniture that my sister had laid up for me; she also lent me her ass, that I might bring the same to Visp. There then was

[1] Lucerne, Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Zug.

an empty house with a bed that was not wanted, and we got it lent to us rent free. It was almost the best house in the village, with nice windows that had panes. There all went on well at first. I began to prepare my rope-making trade, and to keep a school. In winter I had about thirty scholars; in summer scarcely six. Each had to pay a penny every quarterly fast, and besides many presents. I had many relations; one brought me eggs, another cheese, or a ball of butter. Also others whose children came to me to school, brought the like: some a quarter of a sheep; those who were at home in the village gave milk, vegetables, jugs of wine; so that seldom a day passed in which something was not given to us.

At times we reckoned at night that in one day eight or nine different presents had been sent to us. A few weeks before my arrival, several women in Eisterthal, who were in a room together, had spoken of me, how magnificent the first Mass would be that I should celebrate, and how large the offerings which I should receive. For of the Summermatters alone, the family of my mother, I had seventy-two cousins, of whom not one was yet married, and who therefore would have been able to carry their offering to the altar themselves. Through my wedding, however, all these splendid hopes were disappointed. When we began our housekeeping I borrowed fifteen Swiss bats of my uncle Anthony Summermatter. With that we began to trade, bought wine and sold it again retail; also bought apples which my wife sold again to the boys who would have them; so that we did very well, and had no want. I had never been so well off. The priests however were not very friendly to me, although they also did me a kindness, and often invited me as a guest, that I might not take too much to the Lutheran ways. But when I had to go to church, and help to sing the Mass, it was a burden to me, and against my conscience, to be obliged to help in the commission of idolatry, to be present and not to be able to speak my mind freely, at all times. I therefore began to think over the matter, what I should do in order to get out again, and went to Zurich to consult with Father Myconius. He advised me to leave the place, for that I had prospects of being able to go to Basle again. When I set out on my journey home, I had a scholar with me, who was not able to keep up

with me on the Grimsel. It began to snow and to rain, and was very cold; so that we were almost frozen. As however I was acquainted with the manner of living upon the mountains, I said to the boy that he should only not sit down but keep going forward. Now and then I went on far before him to warm myself, and then ran back to the boy; till at last, by the help of God, we came to the hospital, a good inn on the mountain, where one can find good victuals and drink. That was before the middle of August. It happened once before, that I went over the same mountain, and because I was alone, and did not know the method of traveling over the mountains, I became faint and tired on the mountain, sat down, and wished to rest. Then suddenly I felt an odd sensation about my heart; I became delightfully warm, and fell asleep with my arms laid on my knees. Then a man came to me, laid his hands upon both my shoulders, awoke me, and said, "Hey! why do you sit there; stand up and walk?" What became of the man I know not; but whithersoever I looked, above or below, I could see no man. Then I stood up, took out of my bag a bit of bread, and ate. When I related that to several people who were acquainted with the life on the mountains, they said I was as good as dead; for if any one feels excessively cold on the mountains, and sits down from weakness, the blood rushes from the heart into the face and the extremities, and the person must die. I cannot think otherwise than that God preserved my life in a wonderful manner, as the people also assured me, for there is no easier death than freezing. On that account persons are sometimes found upon the mountains sitting as though they slept, and they are dead. When however the inhabitants of the mountains, who are acquainted with this danger, are overtaken by night on the mountains, they take each other's hands and move round and round in a circle, if it be ever so dark, till it becomes day again. When I came home to my wife she was glad; for the pastor of the village had been seized with the plague, and no one would attend to him. She was anxious as to how it might fare with herself, if she also should become sick. I had also experienced that several years before; for whilst I was still going to school at Zurich, there was a terrible plague also there; so

that in the great minster they laid nine hundred persons in one grave, and in another seven hundred. At that time I went home with others of my countrymen, and had a boil on my leg, which I looked upon as a plague-boil. Then they would scarcely let us in anywhere. I went to Grenchen to my aunt Frances, and between Galpentran (a little village at the foot of the mountain), and Grenchen, in half a day I fell asleep eighteen times. My aunt, however, put on a bandage of herb-leaves, and so no evil consequence ensued to me or others; yet neither I nor my aunt was allowed to go near any one for six weeks.

As I was now desirous to leave the country; when the Bishop Baron Adrian von Rietmatt heard of it he sent his cousin John von Rietmatt to me with a message, that I should come to him to Sitten, and become schoolmaster of the whole country; and that a good salary should be given me. I thanked his Grace, but begged several years' more leave of absence, for that I was still young and unlearned, and should like to study more. Then he threatened me with his finger, and said, "O Platter! you would be old and clever enough, but you have something else in your mind; but when we shall call upon you at some future time we hope that you will be more ready to serve your native country than a foreign land." So I took my baby, that had been born meanwhile, the cradle suspended from a hook on my back, and left the place. The child's godmother gave it at parting a double ducat. Besides that, we had also been given from twelve to fifteen pieces of money. A little household furniture, which we took with us, I carried, and the mother followed after, as a calf the cow. The books, however, I had sent over Berne to Basle; thither we also went by way of Zurich. I carried the child, and a scholar went with us who helped the mother to carry her bundle. After looking for a dwelling for a long time, we at last got a small house which was called the sign of the Lion's Head. Dr. Oporinus was living in the great court, by the bishop's palace (where afterwards the Baroness von Schönau lived), and was schoolmaster at the castle. Through the intercession of pious people I was appointed assistant to Dr. Oporinus, and the gentlemen deputies fixed my salary at forty pounds. So much,

they said, they had never given to any assistant before me.

Of this I had to pay ten pounds house-rent. At that time too everything was dear; for a quarter of corn cost six pounds, and a quart of wine eight rapps. The scarcity however did not last long. I went to the market and bought a little cask of wine; I think it was an aulm, which I carried home upon my shoulder. During the drinking of this wine my wife and I had considerable disputes; for we had no drinking vessel but an anker. As soon as we went into the cellar with the anker, immediately there was a quarrel. I said, "Do you drink; you have to nurse." My wife said, "Drink you; you have to study, and to work yourself to death in the school." Afterwards a good friend bought us a glass, in shape something like a boot; with that we went into the cellar when we had bathed. This glass held rather more than the anker. The cask lasted long; and when it was out we bought another. I went into the Hospital, and bought a little kettle and a tub, both of which had holes. Just so I bought a chair, and tolerably good bed, for five pounds. We had not much superfluous furniture; but, God be praised, poor as we were from the beginning, yet I cannot remember that we ever had a meal without bread and wine. I studied every day, got up early, and went to bed late; in consequence I often had headache, and a great dizziness; so that at times I had to hold by the benches. The physicians would gladly have helped me, by bleeding me and the like, but it was all in vain. At that time a famous physician—Epiphanius, a native of Venice—came to Bruntrut, who cured me in a very simple manner; so that I never had dizziness again, except when I stayed up too long, and remained fasting.

CHAPTER VI

MASTER THOMAS IN THE WAR—BECOMES PROFESSOR IN BASLE

Not long after that, the inhabitants of Zurich and the five Cantons went to war again; and the event was very lamentable, for many a worthy and honest man met his death there; amongst others that eminent man, Ulrich Zuinglius. I was at that time in Zurich. When the battle was lost, and the report reached Zurich, they sounded an alarm on the great

bell, just about the time that the candles were lighted. Then many people ran out of the town towards the Sihlbridge, lower down on the Albis. I also snatched a halberd and sword in Myconius' house, and ran out with the others. But when we had advanced a considerable way, the sight was so dreadful, that I thought to myself, "Better for you to have stayed at home;" for many came who had only one hand; others held their heads with both hands, grievously wounded and bloody; others suffering still more dreadfully, and men with them who lighted them along, for it was dark. When we came to the bridge they let every one out over the bridge, but into Zurich they would let no man; for there were armed men standing on the bridge to hinder it; otherwise I believe the most would have fled into the city. Then they exhorted each other not to be disheartened. There was one man out of the Zurich territory, a very stout-hearted fellow, who spoke with a loud voice, so that every one could hear, and reminded them how it often happened, that at the beginning the prospect was gloomy, and yet afterwards matters turned out well; he also advised that, during the night, they should march towards the Albis, for the purpose of receiving the enemy, should they come on the morrow. When we reached that place there was no captain anywhere to be found; for they had all been shot in the night. Besides this, at that time it was excessively cold; for in the morning there was a great frost.

Then we made fires, and I also seated myself close to a fire, and pulled off my shoes to warm my feet. At my fire there was also one Fuchsberger, at that time trumpeter of the States of Zurich; he had neither shoes nor cap, nor any sort of weapon. As we sat there an alarm was sounded to see how the people would behave themselves; and while I was going to draw on my shoes, Fuchsberger snatched my halberd, and was going into the ranks with it. I said to him, "Hold, comrade! leave me my weapon." Then he gave it back instantly, and said, "Well, in God's name they knocked me about so grievously yesterday, they may kill me outright to-day:" with these words he laid hold of a large hedge-stake, and placed himself in the rank directly before me. Then I thought, "What a fine fellow that is; and there he

stands quite unarmed." I repented very much that I had not left him my halberd. Otherwise I had given myself up to my unalterable fate, and thought "now it must be;" was also not at all frightened, but thought I would defend myself famously with my halberd; and when I lost my halberd, then I would defend myself vigorously with the sword. When, however, they saw that there was no enemy at hand, they allowed the ranks to disband themselves; and I was not less glad than many another whom I knew, and who used to walk about very haughtily in Zurich, but there trembled like an aspen leaf. Then I heard a brave man who stood on an elevated place, call out aloud, "Where are our captains? O God of heaven! is there then no one here to advise us how we should conduct ourselves?" And although several thousands were assembled, yet no one knows what would have happened if the enemy had come.

About nine o'clock in the morning they saw the chief captain coming across the meadow; he had lost his way in the flight: the other captain, "William vom rothen Hause," had been killed. The third, however, George Göldin, had conducted himself so, that afterwards in Zurich he was convicted of treachery, and had to leave the country. What was further transacted there I know not; for I was not fitted out like the others; I had nothing to eat, and went back again to Zurich. My old teacher Myconius asked me, "What is the event? has Ulrich Zuinglius been killed?" When I said "Yes," he said, with a grieved heart, "My God! have mercy upon us: now I have no wish to remain any longer in Zurich;" for Zuinglius and Myconius had been good friends many years. When I had got something to eat, we went out together into a chamber, and Myconius said, "Where shall I now go to? I have no desire to remain longer in Zurich." A few days after I heard that the preacher Hieronymus Bodanus, of St. Alban's in Basle, had also been killed in the battle. I said to Myconius, "Go to Basle, and become preacher there." He answered, "What preacher would give way to me, and let me occupy his place?" I now acquainted him that the preacher of St. Alban's had been killed, and that I believed he would be received there: there was however nothing more said about it.

When the peace was concluded, four hundred Swiss came, who wished to get into the town at night. Then there was a tumult among the citizens; for they imagined that these were going to make a murderous night of it; for there were but too many traitors in the town, who could have pointed out which were to be murdered. Then they locked the gate, and the whole Rennway was filled with people. The traitorous blockhead, Escher, who had become colonel in Lavater's place, rode out to the Swiss at the Sihl, and gave them lodging—whoever would not let them into his house he forced his door, and was very friendly to them. When every one had gone home from the Rennway, Dr. Ammianus came to Myconius, and said to him, "Mr. Myconius, I will not allow you to sleep in your house to-night; no one knows what may happen, and they will certainly not spare you; come therefore with me." There were several of his scholars who escorted him to Dr. Ammianus' house, and I with them. Myconius said to me, "Thomas, do you sleep with me to-night:" so we both slept in one bed, and each had a halberd lying beside him in the bed. On the following day the Swiss went up along the lake of Zurich towards home.

When all was quiet again, and I was losing time, I wished to go again to Basle to my studies. I studied in the college, and slept in my own bed; my board I had at the sign of the Pilgrim's Staff; for my wife was still in Zurich. There I have often dined for threepence; so that one can well imagine what sort of plenty I had. At that time I said to Henry Billing, the son of the burgomaster, that I had heard from Myconius that he did not like to stay longer in Zurich now Ulrich Zuinglius had been killed. He said, "Do you think that he could be persuaded to come here to us?" I related to him my conversation with him respecting the preacher's office at St. Alban's. He informed his father, the burgomaster, of it; and he told it to the gentlemen deputies, who sent for me to come to the convent of the Augustines, in order to converse with me. After they had heard me they sent me to Zurich to fetch Myconius. The traveling expenses I had however to find for myself. On the journey to Basle, in the field above Mumpf, four horsemen met us, and as that was not in the jurisdiction of the

confederacy, Myconius said, "What if those men should take us prisoners, and carry us to Ensen?" I comforted him however when they came nearer, and said, "Do not be afraid, they are Baslers." They were the cadets Wolfgang von Landenberg, Eglin Offenberg, Landenberg's son, and a horse-soldier. When they were come nearer I said, "I know that they are Baslers, for I have often seen them at Œclompadius' sermons." At Mumpf they turned in at the Bell-Inn, for it was near night, and we also turned in there. When we came into the room, cadet Wolfgang asked, "Whence do you come?" Myconius answered, "From Zurich." The cadet said, "What is the news in Zurich?" Myconius answered, "They are in great trouble because Master Ulrich Zuinglius has been killed." Cadet Wolfgang continued, "Who are you?" Myconius answered, "My name is Myconius, and I am schoolmaster in Zurich, at the Frauenmünster." Thereupon he also asked him who he was? He said, "I am Wolf von Landenberg." A little while afterwards Myconius took me by the coat, led me out, and said to me, "Now I see how industriously you go to church in Basle: it appears to me that this cadet did not take up much room in the church." This he said because he had heard him much talked of.

As we sat, the cadet Eglin came into the room, together with the two others. After supper they began to drink immoderately, and the horseman brought Myconius a glass full to the brim. Myconius drank a little out of the glass; then the horseman said, "O Sir, you must not put me off so." As he continued importuning him, Myconius became angry, and said, "Hark ye, comrade, I was able to drink before you were able to count five—leave me alone." The cadet Eglin, who sat at the top of the table, heard that, and asked, "What is the matter with you there?" Myconius answered, "That young fellow there attempts to force me to drink." Then Eglin became very angry with the horseman; so that we thought that he would beat him, he spoke very sharply to him: "Thou miserable fellow, wilt thou force an old man to drink?" and the like. Thereupon he asked Myconius, "Dear sir, who are you?" "My name is Oswald Myconius." "Were you not once schoolmaster at St. Peter's in Basle?" "Yes." The cadet said, "My dear sir, then you were my

preceptor: had I minded you then I should have become an honest man; whereas at present I can scarcely say what I am." They then went on drinking immoderately. The cadet Wolf, however, had not taken any part whatever in the quarrel.

When Eglin had had enough, he then laid himself down with his elbows on the table. Then his father began to scold him grievously, as if he had committed the greatest crime. After supper Myconius and I went to bed: they however drank more before they went to bed, and with singing and shouting made an abominable noise. Afterwards we heard that they had been about fourteen days in Zurich, and, with those who felt rather joy than sorrow, had assisted at the funeral of Zuinglius, and others who had been killed. Next morning, as we were going over the Melifield, Myconius said to me, "How did you like the education of those noblemen yesterday? To make another person drink till he is sick is no shame; but to lay the elbows a little on the table deserves all that cursing and scolding!" When we had arrived in Basle, Myconius went to Dr. Oporinus, but I to the college. Several days after, Myconius was to preach the council-sermon. I do not know whether he had been told of it or not. When I came to him he was still in bed; I said, "Father, get up; you are to preach." "What," replied he, "must I preach?" raised himself up quickly, and turned to me with these words: "Tell me what I shall preach." "I do not know," I said. He continued, "I am determined you shall tell me." Thereupon I proposed to him to show in his sermon whence and wherefore the misfortune came that had befallen us. He required me to make a note of it on a slip of paper. That I did, and gave him my little Testament, into which he laid the slip of paper, and so entered the pulpit, and expounded the question to the learned people who had assembled to hear him, as one who had never before preached a sermon. They were however all so surprised at his sermon, that I heard amongst others, Dr. Grynäus say to a student of the name of Sultzer, after the sermon, "O Simon, let us pray to God that *that* man may be spared to us, for that man CAN teach." So then he was received as preacher at St. Alban's. I accompanied him again

to Zurich, and then went back again to Basle to my studies. After he had received his honorable dismissal he came with his wife to Basle, and my wife also came with him. When however he began to preach at St. Alban's, so many people went to him to church, that it was determined to elect him, in place of Dr. Œcolompadius, to the office of Antistes, or chief pastor, of which situation Mr. Thomas Gyrenfalk had hitherto done the duties. Immediately I got the professorship of the Greek language in the Pædagogium, and lectured upon Ceporins' Grammar, and Lucian's Dialogues: but Oporinus received the professorship of poetry. Not long after, there was an attack of an infectious disease, and Dr. Heerwag's corrector of the press, Jacob Rubert, mine and Oporinus's beloved friend, died; thereupon Dr. Sultzer came for a while in his stead into Dr. Heerwag's service: but when he saw that the work rather hindered than helped him in his studies, he persuaded me to undertake it. I was indeed fearful that it would be too much for me; but Dr. Heerwag never ceased to press me, until I complied with his request. This business I attended to for four years, with much trouble and labor; for there never was a burden taken off my shoulders but another was laid on in its place.

CHAPTER VII

MASTER THOMAS TURNS PRINTER

In the meantime it happened, that at the diet at Sitten, in St. Gall, it was resolved to call me to the situation of chief teacher; and the captain, "Simon in Alben," received a command to write to me, and tell me to come. It was Christmas-time that the resolution was passed, the execution was delayed till Shrovetide. Now, at that time, there was one Herbert, provost in the lower college: he had been first at Basle, and then went to Freiburg, where he gave out that he could not hold out any longer among the heretics in Basle. After that he came again to Basle, where they were unwilling to receive him, unless he assured them on oath that he was devoted heartily to the Reformed confession. This oath he swore at once, and said he could not endure the idolatrous doings at Freiburg. This man had boarders from St. Gall,

from whom he learned that they wished to have me there as teacher. As I had to superintend Dr. Heerwag's printing-office, while he was in Frankfort at the fair, and therefore could not immediately obey the call I had received, Herbert made use of this circumstance, and traveled to Sitten to the bishop, whom he informed falsely that I would not come; for that I had said, that I should not like to plunge into the midst of idolatry; and also that I was in the habit of eating meat on forbidden days, and the like. The bishop readily believed it; for I was already suspected by him as to my religion: so Herbert was received. When he came again to Basle I went to him into the college, and asked him, "What have you been doing in St. Gall?" (for I already knew of the matter.) He answered, that he had had private business. Then I said, "You have had the business of a rogue, and a wicked fellow. You have no doubt slandered me; but I will also go there, and if you have lied about me I will convict you of your wickedness." I really took the journey to St. Gall, for I had private business besides. When I came to Visp, the bishop was just then there for the purpose of confirming. I also met the captain, Simon, who had a house in Visp, and visited him. At first he expressed his dissatisfaction that I had not come at the right time, and told me that on that account another had been already accepted. He also told me what crooked artifices Herbert had employed with the bishop, and how, only the day before, he had written and sent a messenger to say that I was coming, and that they should not believe me. The captain finished with these words: "Well! the priests have chosen for themselves a teacher, and him they shall have."

I would gladly have waited on the bishop, but could not manage it till he came to Gusten. There he gave me an audience, and as I entered said, "Thomas, while Esau was following the chase Jacob took his blessing away." I answered, "Has then your princely Grace only one blessing?" Then he bade me welcome, and said that he had been informed that I would not come, also that I was suspected as to my faith; and that at Basle I was in the habit of eating meat on forbidden days. Thereupon I answered, "Yes, my lord, and he that has told that of me has also eaten meat

often enough on forbidden days;" which was true, for we had very often dined at Dr. Phrygius's when the Doctor invited me, and the little man came to see what he could get. When I said that, there were three canons standing by, and the governor, Anthony Venetz; and they intimated that if that was the case with the little man, they would let him go about his business and take me. But I said, "No; for then between two stools he should fall to the ground, and I have a good service already;" so I went back to Basle.

And here it occurs to me, that some time before, my faithful and dear friend Henry Billing, son of the Burgomaster in Basle, required of me to take a journey with him into the country of the confederacy, and then he would go with me into St. Gall. We went therefore first to Shaffhousen, Constance; after that to Lindau, where he had business; and from thence to St. Gall, Toggenburg, Rapperschwyl, Zuge, Schweitz, and Uri. We were treated with great respect, when it was known that we were from Basle. After that we went into the valley of Urseron to Realp; but when, in the evening, Henry saw the mountains he was terrified, and hesitated about crossing the mountain on the morrow. He was so east down, that the landlady said, "If the Baslers are all so faint-hearted, they will not go to war with the St. Gallians. I am a feeble woman, yet I would take the child to-morrow by the hand and go with him over the mountains." Henry did not sleep much during the night. We had engaged a strong Alpine guide to show us the way. He took a staff over his shoulder, went forward in the snow, and sang so loud that the mountains echoed again. When, however, he slipped a little in the plain, because it was pretty dark, and Henry saw him fall, he would not go a single step farther, but said, "Do you go to St. Gall, but I will go back to Basle." But I would not separate from him in the wilds, but determined to accompany him out again. That made me so spiritless that we conversed but little together that day. We came again to Uri, and from thence to the lake. There a little wind arose, so that Henry was very much afraid, and said to the boatman, "Get ashore, I will not sail any further." The boatman said, "There is no danger." But Henry behaved himself so outrageously that

we were obliged to get to land not far from the place where William Tell sprang on shore. We came to a little village where we slept on straw. In the morning we went to Berkenried, then to Unterwalden, and over the Brünig into the valley of Hasli. Then I said to him, "Now you have a good road to Thun, and from thence to Berne and Basle." So we parted, and I went over the Grimsel to St. Gall. When I came to Visp, Captain Simon was there, who was very favorably inclined towards me. He was Master of Arts of Cologne, had read Cicero's Officia at the academy at Basle; afterwards, had business ten years in Rome with the Pope, and was well versed in the Latin language. He said to me, "I will take the bath at Briegen to cure the gout; bathe with me, and I will pay the costs for you." Then I went with him; for the bath is not half a mile distant from Visp. At first several of us had to carry him into the bath; but when he had bathed about two hours he could walk out on two crutches. There came thither also the captain of the guards of the Duke of Milan, who had physicked away nine hundred ducats on one leg without being any the better: he also bathed, and in three days his ankle recovered, and remained well from that hour. That I saw with my own eyes, and other things besides; so that I could relate wonders enough concerning it. The bath did me uncommon good, except that I lost all appetite, and could scarcely eat anything but rye bread; neither could I drink any wine, for it was too strong for me. I complained of that to the host, captain Peter Oweling, who was a wonderfully fine man, and had also studied in Milan, and said to him, "Oh! if you only had sour wine." He ordered wine for me from Morrill, which was dreadfully sour; for it is there very wild, and is the highest wine that grows in that country. When the wine came, the host said to me, "Platter, that wine I will make you a present of." It was about two saum. He then gave me a pretty crystal glass, which held nearly a measure of wine: with that I went into the cellar, and drank the greatest draught that I think I had ever swallowed in my life before, for I had been a long time very thirsty, because I drank nothing but warm bath water, and there was also an eruption in my skin. When I had taken that draught I lost

all wish for any more of that wine; but my appetite for eating and drinking had returned again. Captain Simon received many presents in the bathing place, and amongst others seventy and odd pheasants, of which I brought some feathers to Basle. As I had no opportunity to send letters to Basle, and remained away nine weeks, they said that I had certainly perished on the mountain. When the bath cure was over I went again to Basle, and became, as above, corrector of the press to Dr. Heerwag, and professor at the Pædagogium. Afterwards I bought, in partnership with Dr. Oporinus, Balthasar Ruch, and Ruprecht Winter, the printing establishment of Andrew Cratander, and became also a master-printer. That trade I followed several years with much sorrow and trouble, particularly on account of the debts I had to contract, because I had no property of my own to advance. One day, as Oporinus and I were still professors, it happened that the town secretary invited me into his house, and asked me how it was that the university did not rightly prosper. I said, "Methinks that there are too many professors; for there are often more of them than students. It would be enough if there were four celebrated men, who must however be well remunerated, and four with inferior salary; that would be eight persons; if each were to read industriously only one lecture a day, there would be students enough." Then he said, "What shall we do with our Baslers?" I said, "If you will attend to that, and not rather care for the youth, then I can advise nothing more, I have always had the idea that the Baslers should be preferred if they can be found; but if not, then the best that can be had ought to be taken, in order that youth may be assisted." This advice was at once followed, with respect to me and Dr. Oporinus; for, as we had engaged in the printing, it was expected either that we should give up the printing, and apply ourselves to the professorship, or else give up the professorship. The latter happened; for we were so deeply engaged in that trade that we could not have given it up without great loss.

CHAPTER VIII

MASTER THOMAS BECOMES PROFESSOR AGAIN—DIES

I THEREFORE went on with the printing, and had a bad time of it, as also my wife and children; for the children were often obliged to fold paper till their little fingers bled. But yet my circumstances were improved; for, with the printing alone, I was able to gain 200 florins a year, improve my printing-office and household furniture; and always found, when I wanted it, people who advanced me money. Notwithstanding, through various circumstances, I got tired of my business after some time; and I was also requested from various quarters to become schoolmaster again: for in a few years they had had several schoolmasters, and the school had almost entirely fallen into decay. One day I came to Mr. Rudolph Frey; he was chief deputy, and constable in the town. He said, "Pray become schoolmaster; by so doing you will oblige the council, and serve God and the world." Dr. Grynæus said to me, "Become schoolmaster! there is no more heavenly office! there is nothing I would rather be, if only I needed not to say a thing twice over." They went on persuading me, until at last I consented. I got a salary of 200 florins, of which I had to pay 100 to the assistants, and thus turned professor again; but had to get through a great deal of disputing with the university, because they did not wish me to be independent, and to read lectures, the right to which they claimed for themselves exclusively. When my wife and I had attained a considerable age, a dreadful sickness came which spared no age, and also seized us both. But our heavenly Father allowed us to remain yet a little longer here below on earth. The Lord grant us grace that it may serve to the glory of God and salvation of our souls! Amen! And to the glory of God I cannot conceal, that during the whole of my sickness I did not experience the least pain; although my wife and others had to bear great torment. That also I ascribe to the mercy of God! May He deliver us all from everlasting torment, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Now I have, according to your desire, dear son Felix, written the beginning and progress of my life up to the present

time, as well as I could remember it after so many years; but certainly not *all,* for who would be able to do that? for I have often been in great danger on the mountains and waters, as on the lakes of Constance and Lucerne, and others also on the Rhine; likewise on land in Poland, Hungary, Silesia, Meissen, Swabia, and Bavaria, where I in my youth (besides what is noted in this book) suffered very much; so that I often thought, How is it possible that I am still alive, and can stand or walk so long a time, and have neither broken nor injured a limb? God protected me by His angels; and however mean my beginning, and however full of danger my life has been, I have notwithstanding, as you see, arrived at a tolerably comfortable position; for although I had as good as nothing of private property, and my wife possessed nothing, still in time we have arrived at this point, that I, by great application to business, have acquired, in the town of Basle, four houses, with tolerable furniture: also, through the blessing of God, possess an estate with house and farm, besides the official residence at the school; while at first I had not a hut in Basle to afford me refuge. And, notwithstanding my mean descent, yet God has granted me the honor of having been now thirty-and-one years professor in the head school next the university, in the far-famed city of Basle, and of having instructed the child of many an honorable man, of whom many have become doctors, or otherwise learned men: several, and indeed not a few, of the nobility, who now possess and rule over land and people, and others who sit on the judgment seat, and in the council. Also, at all times, I have had many boarders, both of noblemen and other people of consequence, who speak well of me, and show me all manner of kindness; so that the worshipful town of Zurich, and other places, have sent me presents of their wine of honor. Likewise, in Strasburg, eleven doctors have appeared to my honor, because I brought up my dear brother Simon, who is preceptor of the second class there. At Sitten, when they sent me the wine of the city, the curate said, "This wine, the city of Sitten sends to our dear countryman, Thomas Platter, as to a father of the children of the province of St. Gall." What shall I then say of thee also, Felix, of thy honor and prosperity, that God has granted thee the

honor, that thou hast already lived long and happily with thy wife, and hast been known to princes and lords, noblemen and commons. This all, dear Felix, thou wilt acknowledge and own, ascribing nothing to thyself, but giving God alone honor and glory all thy life long: thus thou wilt attain to everlasting life.

Written by Thomas Platter, the 14th of February, 1573, the seventy-third year of my age.

God grant me a happy end, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

END OF THOMAS PLATTER'S NARRATIVE

To this narrative is added the following colophon:

In the year 1582, the 26th January, my dear father died happily. Almighty God grant that he may rise again joyfully at the coming of our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

DR. FELIX PLATTER.

EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH

EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH

SOVEREIGN OF GERMANY, AUSTRIA, SPAIN AND THE NETHERLANDS, THE POLITICAL HEAD OF EUROPE DURING THE REFORMATION PERIOD

1500-1558

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

In most striking contrast to the autobiography of the peasant Platter is that of the Emperor Charles V. Charles was the chief sovereign of his time, the ruler of more countries than have ever been united under the sway of a single monarch in any age since the long past days of Roman world-dominion. Charles had it more nearly in his power to check the vast religious movement started by Luther, to check it or to aid it, than had any other man. Previous reformers had antagonized the Church in earlier days and had been crushed. That Luther was not similarly destroyed was due in part at least to the hesitant character of the Emperor Charles.

The autobiographical fragment that has come down to us in the mighty Emperor's own handwriting is therefore of special interest as revealing his mind and character. The reader should look particularly to the brief introductory note which Charles seems to have added in a most characteristic moment of religious indecision. Should he write, or shouldn't he? Should he destroy what he had written? Will God punish him either way, and for what? Imagine such a man with the responsibility of a whole world and an entire age placed upon his indecisive shoulders!

Charles begins his narrative not with his childhood but with the beginning of his reign. He became king of Spain in 1516, and was elected emperor of Germany in 1519 on the death of his grandfather the aged Emperor Maximilian. He was thus the chief ruler of Europe before he was of age, and was indeed only just over twenty when he presided at the Diet of Worms and condemned Luther and upheld Rome. The autobiography ceases abruptly in 1548 at a moment when Charles was temporarily successful over his chief political rivals, the rulers of France and England.

Charles sought all his life to reunite Germany under Catholicism.

Disappointed in this and in almost every one of the secret schemes of statecraft he had planned, he became a thoroughly disappointed man, distrusting every one around him. He finally resigned all his crowns and in 1556 retired to the life of a penitent in a Spanish monastery. There he died in 1558.

HISTORY OF MY REIGN

THIS history is that which I composed in French, when we were traveling on the Rhine, and which I finished at Augsburg. It is not such as I could wish it, but God knows that I did not do it out of vanity, and, if he has been offended at it, my offense must be attributed rather to ignorance than to malice. Similar things have often provoked his anger: I should not like this to rouse his ire against me! In these circumstances, as in others, reasons will not be wanting to him. May he moderate his anger, and deliver me from the dilemma in which I see myself!

I was on the point of throwing the whole into the fire; but, as I hope, if God gives me life to arrange this history in such guise that he shall not find himself ill served therein, and that it may not run the risk of being lost here, I send it to you that you may have it kept down there, and that it may not be opened until[1] . . .

I, THE KING.

I

AFTER the death of King Philip, there were at intervals various wars in the States of Flanders, which we call the Netherlands. One of those wars was that undertaken by the Emperor Maximilian, in concert with King Henry of England, against Louis, King of France. By the prudence, as well as by the habitual bravery of the Emperor, the French were defeated while endeavoring to relieve Terouane. After the capture of that city, siege was laid to Tournay, which, shortly afterward, also surrendered. The result was, that the Archduke Charles, grandson of the Emperor, proceeded to Tournay, which was then in the hands of King Henry, and

[1] This introductory note breaks off abruptly in this fashion. It was added apparently during the haste and confusion in which Charles fled from Innsbruck at the time when he was suddenly attacked there and nearly entrapped by his daring foes.

to Lille, where he had his first interview with the same King, and where, among other things, his emancipation was discussed and resolved upon.

This took place in the year 1515, during which he was immediately recognized as Lord of the said States of Flanders. Shortly afterward the same archduke sent ambassadors to King Francis of France, who at the same period had inherited that kingdom, on the death of King Louis. These ambassadors negotiated and concluded peace. In the same year his Majesty visited a portion of the States of Flanders, and while making that visit there arrived at the Hague, in Holland, M. de Vendôme, sent by the King of France to ratify that peace. That portion of his States which he had not time to visit this year, was visited by him in the following year, 1516, and he held his first chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece at Brussels. This was the year of the death of the Catholic King; and, dating from that moment, the archduke assumed the title of King.

At the same period he recovered, not without some resistance, his domains in Friesland: then the King of France, on the occasion of his recent accession, expressed a desire to open other negotiations with his Majesty, which took place at Noyou, at the same time and in the same year. The King of France sent the Seigneur d'Orval to ratify what had been newly agreed upon. His Majesty remained in the Netherlands until September 8, 1517, upon which day he embarked at Flushing for Spain, and he left for the first time, in his absence, Margaret, his aunt, governor of his States.

This same year his Majesty, maintaining the peace concluded in France, and the friendship of the King of England, embarked, as already stated, at Flushing, crossed the ocean, and for the first time saw Spain, where his sojourn was to be prolonged till 1520. Continuing his journey to Tordesillas, he went to kiss the hands of the Queen his mother, and, starting from thence, he proceeded to Mojados, where he met the infant Don Ferdinand, his brother, whom he welcomed with great fraternal love. At this time Cardinal Fray Francis Ximenes, whom the Catholic King had instituted governor of his kingdoms, died. Continuing his journey, his Majesty arrived at Valladolid, where he assembled the Cortes of the

kingdoms of Castile; and he was recognized as King conjointly with the Queen his mother.

At this time the King of France intimated to his Majesty a certain intention and wish to go to war with the King of England, to recover, he said, the town of Tournay, which, as has been seen, had been captured. To which his Majesty replied in terms in keeping with the conventions he had concluded with the two kings. This reply, though moderate, just, and reasonable, was interpreted in such guise that the King of France felt insulted, and, shortly afterward, he commenced war. On the other hand, the English monarch did not display the gratitude which such a reply deserved. For soon the two kings came to an agreement, and formed an alliance, taking little into account the conventions which had been concluded between them and the Catholic King. In consequence of this agreement and this alliance, the town of Tournay was restored to the French.

At this time, that is to say, in the year 1518, his Majesty and the infant his brother left Valladolid for Saragossa, and during this journey he parted company with the infant at Aranda, who, leaving that town, embarked at Santander, going by sea to Flanders, where he was received by Madam his aunt. His Majesty continued his journey to Saragossa, where, in the same manner, he convoked the Cortes and was recognized as King.

In the year 1519 his Majesty assembled the Cortes at Barcelona, where the same ceremony took place. On his way he learned the death of the Emperor Maximilian, his grandfather; and, while holding the Cortes, the news reached him of his election to the Empire, which Duke Frederick, Count Palatine, was charged to announce to him. From thence he left for Corunna, to embark to receive the imperial crown at Aix-la-Chapelle.

His Majesty embarked at Corunna, leaving as governor Cardinal de Tortosa, to whom he afterward gave as adjuncts the constable and the admiral of Castille, Don Inigo de Velasco, and Don Frederick Henriquez. Having crossed the ocean a second time, he landed for the first time in England, where he had his second interview with the King, and, despite what has been said above, a closer alliance was negotiated and

concluded with the said King. From thence he crossed over to his States of Flanders, where he was received by Madam his aunt and by the infant his brother. This was the first return of his Majesty to his States of Flanders: a third interview was the result, at Gravelines and at Calais, between the Emperor and King Henry of England. He then continued his journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was crowned. He again appointed Margaret his aunt governor of Flanders; he also left his brother the infant there, and held his first Diet at Worms. This is the first time that he visited Germany and the Rhine. About this time the heretical doctrines of Luther in Germany and the Communidades in Spain began to manifest themselves.

His Majesty, being at the said Diet, sent for his brother, who from thence went to marry the sister of King Louis of Hungary, according to what had been settled by the Emperor Maximilian.

During the same Diet, Robert de la Mark commenced hostilities. This act had its origin in the reply, mentioned above, which in 1518 the Catholic King Charles had addressed from Valladolid to the King of France. Not only could that King not conceal his mortification and little satisfaction it gave him, but it gradually increased, especially when the Catholic King was elected Emperor.

He was continually making complaints and such unreasonable proposals, and in such exorbitant terms, that the Emperor could neither accept them nor condescend to notice them. From this reason and from other practices, and other communications which the King of France entertained in Italy and in Spain with the Communidades, war commenced in 1521 between his Majesty and the King of France, in which Robert de la Mark lost the greater portion of his domains, which were taken from him by Count Henry of Nassau, then captain-general of the army. These wars lasted till 1525. For this reason the Emperor was obliged to close the Diet at Worms. By so acting, he rather did what he could than what he wished and had resolved to do, and he left to oppose those hostilities.

His Majesty returned by the Rhine, into his States of Flanders for the second time. At this period the Communidades were suppressed in Spain, and the French beaten and driven

out of the Kingdom of Navarre, which they had occupied in like manner as they had established themselves at Fontarabia. All these things occurred before the close of the year. At this time the King of France sent an army into Lombardy. It laid siege to Paria, which was defended by the Marquis Frederick of Mantua. An army having been assembled, in virtue of the league entered into by the Emperor with Pope Leo and the Venetians, the French were driven out of the Duchy of Milan. Prosper Colonna was chief of the army of the league; and, in virtue of the same league, the Duchy of Milan was given to Duke Francis Sforza.

At the same time, by the Emperor's orders, the Count of Nassau laid siege to the town of Tournay, which was surrendered by the French to his Majesty, who had occupied it since they received it from the King of England, into whose power it had previously fallen. The army of the King of France again attempted, in 1522, to reënter the Duchy of Milan, but Prosper Colonna and the army of the league made so valiant a resistance that the French lost the battle of Bicocca. The capture of Genoa followed.

The Emperor, for the third time, leaving the government of Flanders to his aunt, embarked at Calais, and, for the second time, visited England, where he had his fourth interview with the King. Having remained there some days, he embarked at Southampton, crossed the ocean for the third time, and arrived a second time in Spain, where he again went to kiss the hands of his mother the Queen, and where he remained till 1529. At the very time of his arrival, Pope Adrian, who had been elected on the death of Pope Leo, embarked at Barcelona for Rome. His Majesty continued his journey to Valladolid, where he assembled the Cortes to complete the reconciliation of past differences, excepting a few of the more culpable from the general pardon granted to all those who had offended him.

In the year 1523, during the war with France, the Emperor entertained certain communications and certain correspondence with Duke Charles of Bourbon, who felt himself injured by some acts of injustice done toward him. This is why he entered the service of his imperial Majesty. The Emperor proceeding to Pampeluna with an army to invade France, gave

the command of it to Don Inigo de Velasco, constable of Castile, who penetrated into the kingdom, and who on his return recaptured Fontarabia.

This achieved, the Emperor returned in 1524 to the Kingdom of Toledo. He was taken ill with fever, which he got rid of early in the following year, 1525. At this time the King of France laid siege to Paria, which was held by Antonio de Leyra, and, in the battle fought in front of that city, the King was made prisoner by the Duke of Bourbon, captain-general of the Emperor; Charles de Launoy, his viceroy at Naples, and Don Francis d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescaria, his principal captains. The King was taken by the viceroy of Naples into Spain to Madrid, where he fell sick, and the Emperor went to pay him a visit. This is the first time they met.

While the Emperor was in the said city of Madrid, peace was negotiated and concluded with the said King, and his marriage with the Queen-widow of Portugal, Eleanor, sister of the Emperor. At the same time the Duke of Bourbon also arrived, who returned soon to Milan, having been invested with that State by his Majesty.

In 1526 the Emperor left Toledo for Seville, where he married. On his journey he received the news of the death of his sister, the Queen of Denmark. In the same city of Seville he was visited by his brother-in-law, the infant Don Louis of Portugal, who accompanied the Empress, his sister. This was the first time his Majesty saw the said infant. At the same time he set at liberty the King of France, receiving in exchange two of his sons as hostages, conformable to the conditions of the conventions made at Madrid. The latter shortly afterward renewed the war, and his imperial Majesty received a message of defiance at Grenada, consequent upon a league concluded between Pope Clement, who had been elected on the demise of Adrian, the Kings of France and of England, and the signoria of Venice. His Majesty sent a reply to that defiance.

In the same city the news reached the Emperor that his brother-in-law, King Louis of Hungary, had been defeated by the Turks and had perished. This is why his Majesty convoked the general Cortes of all his kingdoms of Castile, to concert measures to remedy such a state of things, and to

organize the necessary means of defense against the Turks. His Majesty was in this city, in 1527, when his son Philip, Prince of Spain, was born. About the same time, and in the same city, he received the news that the army raised by the Duke of Bourbon had entered Rome, after an assault, in which the said duke was killed, and that Pope Clement was shut up in the fort of St. Angelo. A guard was placed in the fort by the Prince of Orange, who, after the death of the Duke of Bourbon, took command of the army.

The Pope remained in the said fortress until, having come to terms with the army, he was by his Majesty's orders set at liberty.

At the same time, in the city of Burgos, the Emperor received a message of defiance from the Kings of France and of England, under the pretext of the detention of Pope Clement. His Majesty replied that there were no grounds for such an act, as the Pope had already been liberated; and that the fact of the detention of the Pope ought to be reproached less to the Emperor than to those who had compelled him to raise for his defense so many soldiers who did not obey him well.

All this having taken place, his Majesty returned to Madrid, where he convoked the Cortes of the kingdoms of Castile, where his son Philip was recognized prince of the said kingdoms. In the year 1528, his Majesty, on his way to Valladolid, experienced a first attack of gout. He received the news that an army sent by the King of France into Italy, under the pretext of delivering Pope Clement (who, as has already been said, had been liberated,) had advanced to invade and attack the Kingdom of Naples; that it had already conquered a large portion of it, and had laid siege to the capital, into which the army which was before Rome had withdrawn.

In that army were the Prince of Orange, Don Alphonso d'Avalos, the Marquis du Guast, Alarcon, who had occupied the castle of St. Angelo, and Don Hugo de Moncada, who was in the said city of Naples, happening to be there at the time of the death of the viceroy Charles de Launoy; and as each laid claim to the supreme command, they were not on very good terms with each other. Nevertheless they performed their duty so well that, with God's blessing, the said kingdom and capital were defended, and the French army vanquished

and routed. During this siege, Don Hugo de Moncada attacked the galleys belonging to the squadron of Prince Doria; but Hugo de Moncada was killed, and most of his galleys captured.

His Majesty, conformably to the resolution he had taken, proceeded to Monzon to hold the Cortes of the three kingdoms of Aragon. This done, he returned to Madrid, where the Empress was residing, who had given birth to the infanta Doña Maria, her first daughter. Soon after envoys arrived from Prince Doria, who, from certain reasons and bad treatment he had received, offered to join his Majesty with his galleys and with those he had captured at Naples. His Majesty willingly accepted the offer, which was most welcome to him, and indispensable for the success of the plans he had in view.

From this city the Emperor proceeded to Toledo; and in this town he charged the Empress to govern in his absence all his Spanish dominions, which he resolved to leave, animated by the desire of counteracting as much as possible the errors in Germany which, owing to the wars he had been engaged in, he had only been able to remedy imperfectly. He also wished, by resisting the attacks incessantly directed against him on the Italian side, at the same time to assume the crowns which he had not yet received, and finally to be in a better position to oppose the Turk, who, it was said, was advancing against Christendom.

From these various motives the Emperor left the city of Toledo for Barcelona, where Prince Doria shortly afterward arrived with his galleys. Here he got his fleet into order so as to embark, as already stated, and have himself crowned in Italy, despite the league already mentioned which had been formed against his Majesty, and which, at the same moment, was beginning to break up: for, while he was still at Barcelona, negotiations were set on foot between Pope Clement and his Majesty. Here the news came that M. de Saint Pol had been defeated in the States of Milan, and that he was the prisoner of Antonio de Leyra, governor of those States. At the same time, his aunt Margaret was negotiating at Cambray a peace with the Queen Regent of France, mother of the King. This done, his Majesty embarked and set sail with his whole fleet, landing for the first time in Italy. While cruising along

the French coast, he received the report that peace had been concluded; but he only received the confirmation of it on his arrival at Savona. He consequently sent Seigneur de la Chaulx, one of his household, from Genoa to ratify it. From Genoa he proceeded farther into Italy, where he learned that the Turks had entered Hungary and laid siege to Vienna. This led to the first interview between Pope Clement and the Emperor at Bologna, where his Majesty experienced a second attack of gout.

II

At Bologna the Emperor was informed that the Empress had given birth to a second son, Ferdinand, whose death was announced to him the following year at Augsburg. To be more free to oppose the Turks and to leave Italy tranquil, he assumed the crowns that belonged to him, in the said city of Bologna.

He concluded peace with the Venetians, and again entrusted the States of Milan to Francesco Sforza. After a long war waged by the Pope and his Majesty against the Florentines, in which the Prince of Orange, who was already viceroy of Naples, fulfilled the functions of captain-general, the house of the Medici was reëstablished in Florence, and Duke Alexander invested with that State. In this expedition the Prince of Orange was killed. He was replaced in his command by Don Ferdinand de Gonzaga, and in the government of Naples by Cardinal Caracciolo, until his Majesty should decree otherwise.

Meantime so valiant a resistance was made by the King his brother, and by those who were with him at Vienna, that the Turk, as well from this reason as from the information he received of the great preparations that were being made to oppose him, thought fit to withdraw. At the same time the Emperor asked his Holiness to convoke and assemble a general council, as most important and necessary to remedy what was taking place in Germany, and the errors which were being propagated throughout Christendom. To this effect his Holiness appointed a legate to attend the Diet at Augsburg, and there to adopt all such resolutions as might seem best suited for such an object.

These matters settled, the Emperor, taking leave of the Pope, left Bologna to proceed to the Diet which he had convoked at Augsburg. Here he was joined by the Pope's legate, to consider the remedies for the said errors, and at the same time to provide for and obviate the evils which were feared on the part of the Turk. The Emperor, passing through Mantua and the territories of Venice, arrived at Trent, and in Germany for the second time. During this voyage he met the King his brother, and they proceeded together to the said Diet of Augsburg, where good measures were concerted against the Turk, which were afterward carried out at Ratisbon. At this time he entered into negotiations with the electors. As the Emperor, because of the great kingdoms and large domains which God had given to him, could not prolong his sojourn in the empire as long as he desired and was suitable, the question of the election of his brother as King of the Romans was brought forward.

On the closing of the Diet they all started together, and for the third time the Emperor visited the Rhine, following it up to Cologne. It was here that, owing to the plague prevailing at Frankfort, the election of the King, his brother, as King of the Romans was concluded on the proposition of his Majesty. From the said city of Cologne the Emperor proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle to crown the said King. This being done, the King and the electors commenced treating their private interests, and the Emperor returned a third time into his States of Flanders, to put things into order there, as well on account of his long absence as in consequence of the death of Margaret, his aunt, the news of which reached him on his journey down the Rhine. So as to place everything in the best order, he entrusted the management and direction of affairs to his sister, the Queen of Hungary.

This having been all settled and completed, he made a tour through his States, visiting a portion of his domains. It was with the assistance and in company of the said Queen that he took all the measures that appeared to him most suitable and most necessary. Among other things he held a third chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, at Tournay.

At the commencement of this year the Emperor, leaving for the first time the Queen of Hungary, his sister, in the

government of the said States of Flanders, started the fourth time for the Rhine, so as to enter Germany a third time, as well as to see whether he could not hit upon some means of putting a stop to the heresies that were spreading there as to oppose the invasion of the Turk, who, as was announced, was preparing to invade Germany with a great army. For this purpose the Emperor convoked an imperial Diet at Ratisbon, to carry into execution what had been agreed upon, as has already been said, at Augsburg. During this journey, while out hunting, he had a fall from his horse, and hurt his leg; erysipelas having ensued, he suffered from it the whole time he was at Ratisbon. He also experienced a third attack of gout. His nephew, the Prince of Denmark, died in the same city.

While his Majesty was thus laid up, the Diet discussed what remedy could be applied to the state of religious matters, and the certain news arrived of the advance of the Turk, with the object mentioned above. For this reason, his Majesty, conjointly with the King of the Romans, his brother, appealed to the States of the empire, who showed themselves full of zeal in the performance of their duty. Religious matters were therefore left aside, as there was no time to discuss them, and they were left in their actual state. Such an army was assembled by the empire, as well as by their majesties the Emperor and the King of the Romans, that the Turk, who wished to besiege Vienna, where the Emperor and the King of the Romans had anticipated him with their troops, finding that a portion of his troops which had advanced on different points, had been routed by Count Frederick Palatine, the general of the imperial army, resolved to beat a retreat, which resolve he carried out near Neustadt. In fact, the Turk, having crossed the Drave and the Save, returned to Constantinople with great loss and damage to his followers. From this moment his power was no longer so much feared.

In the same summer, by the Emperor's orders, Prince Doria attacked the maritime possessions of the Turk; he captured the town of Coron in the Morea, where he left a garrison; he captured, moreover, many other places, and did great destruction.

The Emperor, seeing that at this moment there was nothing

more to be done against the Turk; that the season was too far advanced to reconquer Hungary, and that the plague was devastating the army, resolved to dismiss all his troops, so as to avoid needless expense. This was done without disorder. Only the Italians, whom his Majesty had resolved to leave in Austria, for the defense of that State, excited by some evil-intentioned persons, mutinied without any motive, and returned home. Nevertheless, the Emperor, prosecuting his plans, soon set out to visit Italy a second time; and from thence Spain, which he had a great desire to do, as he had been absent four years from the Empress, his wife. He also desired, on his journey through Italy, to have a second interview with Pope Clement, as well to consider the convocation of the council to remedy the state of religious matters as to concert resistance to the Turk, and also to secure peace and tranquillity in Italy. His Majesty, continuing his journey through Friuli, arrived at Bologna, where he saw his Holiness a second time, without, however, so much result from the interview as his Majesty had expected; and he left for Genoa, where he shortly afterward embarked.

The Emperor for the third time crossed the sea, and, touching Spain for the third time, disembarked at Barcelona, where the Empress, with the Prince of Spain and the infanta Doña Maria, her children, were waiting to receive him. Having remained in that town for some days, the Emperor proceeded to Monzon, to hold the Cortes of his three kingdoms of Aragon. As soon as the Cortes was over, their majesties started for and arrived at Toledo, in the year 1534. Here another Cortes was held, after which their majesties proceeded to Valladolid, where, in regular course of time, she was delivered of a son. From thence, owing to the plague prevailing there, they proceeded to Palencia, where the Emperor experienced a fourth attack of the gout. In the same year he left that city for Madrid, and spent the winter in the Kingdom of Toledo. At this period was conceived and prepared the expedition to Tunis, which, that very summer, Barbarossa had conquered with a large Turkish army.

His Majesty, leaving for the second time the Empress, who was enceinte, in charge of all his kingdoms of Spain, left Madrid and arrived at Barcelona, to start on the expedition

to Tunis. For this object he assembled, in the said city of Barcelona, a great number of vessels-of-war, some sent by the King of Portugal, his brother-in-law, others from Malaga, and from other points of the Spanish coast. Here also arrived the galleys of Prince Doria, his Majesty's lord high admiral. When all these vessels were assembled, as well as the seigneurs, gentlemen and nobles, the gentlemen of the court, and the military and naval officers, the Emperor embarked for the third time at Barcelona, for Tunis. While the Emperor was occupied with these matters, the infant Don Louis of Portugal, his brother-in-law, having learned that the expedition undertaken by his Majesty was directed against the infidels, being a high-minded Christian prince, he joined the expedition at Barcelona, where the Emperor still was, accompanied by many of the leading personages of the Kingdom of Portugal. This is the second time they met. The Emperor received him, and treated him, during the whole duration of the expedition, as a brother ought to treat a brother, and to the best of his means.

All the preparations having been completed, they embarked in the spring; having set sail, they were driven by stress of weather to Majorca, where the Emperor arrived for the first time with his whole fleet, and then to Minorca, where he also arrived for the first time. From thence, steering toward Sardinia, where he also touched for the first time, he there found all his officers, ships, and men, who had made the island a chief point of rendezvous. Here he was joined by six galleys, sent by Pope Paul, who had been elected Pope on the death of Clement.

This junction having taken place, they all sailed from the island of Sardinia, first recommending themselves to God, by whose favor and grace they hoped before daybreak to touch the African coast. In the morning the Emperor, with his galleys, discerned the land, and he awaited the ships that were behindhand at Port Farino. Then, after having made a reconnaissance as to best point for landing, he, for the first time, set foot on African soil, with his whole army, commanded by General Marquis du Guast. After being delayed by some skirmishes, he besieged Goulette for some days with heavy artillery, and finally carried it by storm.

At this time the Emperor received the news that the Empress had given birth to the infanta Doña Juana, her second daughter. A few days afterward, leaving Goulette, and the fleet well provided for, he advanced toward Tunis with his infantry and cavalry and some pieces of artillery. While advancing, Barbarossa made a sortie from Tunis with a large body of Moors on horse and foot, supported by numerous artillery, and attacked the Emperor between some pits and swamps, where he had halted to rest his army.

The Emperor took possession of the ground, and compelled the enemy to withdraw, with the loss of their artillery and of a portion of their troops. His Majesty also suffered some loss on his side. On the same day Barbarossa beat a retreat toward Tunis.

At daybreak next morning, the Emperor drew up his army in order of battle, and advanced against the said city of Tunis, and neither Barbarossa nor his men could prevent him forcing an entrance with his army. After having sacked the town and liberated the Christian slaves, he restored it to King Hassan, and having returned to La Goulette, which he fortified, he embarked with the intention of taking the city of Africa.[1] He was prevented from doing so by contrary winds. Leaving Calybia, which is also on the coast of Africa, he again made sail, and landed for the first time in Sicily. Having held an assembly there, and having given suitable orders for the welfare of that kingdom, where he left Don Ferdinand de Gonzaga as viceroy, he crossed the straits of Messina and proceeded to Naples, via Calabria.

This was his third visit to Italy. During this journey he had a fifth attack of the gout, at four different intervals. While at Naples, the Emperor convoked an assembly, in which he discussed the affairs of the kingdom. Here he received news of the death of the Queen of England, of the Prince of Piedmont, who was in Spain, and of Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan.

Meantime Francis, King of France, commenced a third war, with a view to seize the States of the Duke of Savoy. This compelled his imperial Majesty to leave Naples as soon as possible, to take the necessary measures to meet that invasion.

[1] Mehedia, the ancient Aphrodisium.

The Emperor visited Rome, where he had his first interview with his Holiness Pope Paul, as much with a view to negotiate peace, for which propositions had been made to him, as to induce him, should it not be concluded, to take the part of the Duke of Savoy, who, beside being a vassal of the empire, was married to his sister-in-law and cousin-german, the infanta Doña Beatrice of Portugal. All these matters were discussed at Rome, and led to various negotiations, but did not end in anything. A correspondence ensued, which the Emperor declined to reply to, as beneath his notice. He therefore resolved to follow up his plans. Having made all possible arrangements, and desirous of finding the most suitable means to restore to the Duke of Savoy the greater portion of his estates, of which he had been forcibly despoiled, he left a portion of his army near Turin and advanced another army through the Netherlands, the command of which he entrusted to the Count of Nassau, so as to alarm and do harm to the enemy. Finally he accompanied the remainder of his troops, the command of which he gave to Antonio de Leyra, and advanced as far as Aix, in Provençe.

This was the first time he entered France with an army. However, as the season was far advanced, and it was necessary to oppose an attack from the enemy, he withdrew with his whole army to Nice. From thence he proceeded to Genoa, where he dismissed and sent home all that portion of his army which was superfluous or useless. He took care to provide for the safety of the frontiers of Piedmont, of Montferrat, and of the State of Milan, of which he appointed the Marquis du Guast governor and captain-general. He then embarked at Genoa, and returned to Barcelona. This was his fourth visit to Spain.

The Emperor proceeded by post to Tordesillas, where the Queen, his mother, and the Empress, his wife, were residing. From thence he went to a Valladolid, where he convoked the Cortes. For the sixth time he experienced a severe attack of the gout. He received the news that Duke Alexander de Medici had been treacherously killed, and he conferred the State of Florence upon Duke Cosmo de Medici. At this time the infant Don Louis of Portugal came to Valladolid to visit his Majesty and the Empress. It was the third visit which

he paid to their majesties. A few days afterward the Emperor, leaving the Empress enceinte, proceeded to Monzon, where he convoked the ordinary Cortes. At this time the King of France, with troops hastily levied, invaded Flanders, and successively took Hesdin and Saint Pol, which latter town was soon recaptured by assault by an army assembled by the Queen of Hungary, commanded by General Count de Buren. At the same time this army took Montreuil, and defeated Annibal, who was endeavoring to throw provisions into Terouane, then besieged. Nevertheless, the city was relieved, the siege raised, and Montreuil abandoned.

The King of France, finding that the lands of the Duke of Savoy, which he had conquered in Piedmont, were wanting in provisions, and hard pressed by the Imperialists, and that, moreover, he had no means of coming to their support unless he could get rid of the resistance he encountered in Flanders, proposed a general armistice, which the Emperor had some difficulty in accepting, as he was aware of the sad condition of the territory which the King of France occupied in Piedmont. It resulted from these negotiations that the Emperor, having been informed of the sad condition of the said lands, and knowing that his forces were such as to render it impossible for them to receive succor, and from other reasons, concluded a general armistice with the said King, excepting only Piedmont. It happened, however, that the King of France sent so many men and troops into Piedmont that those lands were succored.

The Cortes being closed, the Emperor returned by post to Valladolid, to see the Empress, who had just been brought to bed of her fourth son, the infant Don Juan, who died shortly afterward. Almost at the same time died the infanta Doña Beatrice of Portugal, Duchess of Savoy. The Empress suffered much after her confinement, and since then until the day of her death was in very bad health. While the Emperor was at Monzon, negotiations for peace were opened between his Majesty and the King of France. The result was a conference between their respective ambassadors, which were, on the Emperor's side, Covos, grand commander of Léon, and M. de Granvelle, and on the King's side, the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Constable of France; and as there were some hopes

of an interview between their majesties, the Emperor posted back to Barcelona to see what the negotiations had led to. However, Pope Paul, observing that no conclusion had been come to, wished to interfere, offering to proceed in person to Nice, while the Emperor should go to Villafranca, and the King of France to Antibes, to which the Emperor agreed, because he was always inclined toward peace.

Meantime the Emperor visited Perpignan and the frontier of Rousillon; on his return he found his brother-in-law, the infant Don Louis of Portugal. This prince, from his good inclinations and a desire to work in the service of God and to do good, had proceeded to Barcelona in all haste to see if he could be of any service in helping to the conclusion of peace. He was welcomed and entertained by his Majesty in the most hospitable manner. But, considering that the journey to Nice had already been agreed upon, and that his Holiness wished to act as a mediator in this matter, his Majesty thought that it was more advisable the infant should not leave Barcelona. He therefore returned. This was the fourth visit to his Majesty.

As already stated, the Emperor had posted to Barcelona; and there, conformable to his intention of seeing what would ensue from these conferences, he embarked for Nice. While he was yet at Barcelona, negotiations for an armistice had been opened between his Majesty and the King of France, and the Emperor thought there was no inconvenience in doing so, as he was going to Nice to treat for peace. He therefore gave his assent on the point of embarking, and sent his ratification, although he had not yet received that of the King, because he could not have been informed of it in time.

At the same time a report was spread that a Turkish fleet was proceeding eastward, and with the purpose of preventing this journey to Nice. His Majesty having arrived at Pomègues, near Marseilles, discerned some lateen sails coming eastward. The Emperor, aware that a short time previously the King of France had sent some of his galleys in that direction, and fancying that the vessels seen were of that number, made the usual signals to them, so as to enter into conversation, and ascertain what news they had of the Turkish

fleet. But the said galleys either did not or would not understand the signals; and as they knew nothing of the armistice, and were enemies, they opened fire upon the galleys of the Emperor, and by hard rowing endeavored to reach the French coast.

His Majesty, perceiving this, ordered his galleys to give chase, and captured four of them in the open sea; but he did not follow those that had gained the land. The Emperor severely reproached the captains of the galleys which he had captured for the fault which they had committed, and informed the governor of the province of this mistake, and of the disorder which had ensued, making him acquainted, moreover, with the armistice which had been concluded at Barcelona, of which the governor had not received any intimation. Agreeable to this truce, the Emperor restored the four captured galleys, and shortly afterward he received the ratification of the same by the King of France.

III

The Emperor continued his journey to Nice, where he had a second interview with his Holiness, and, after having kissed his feet, he discussed with him the different negotiations for peace with the King of France, who had also arrived at Saint Laurent. However, the conclusion of a truce was all that was effected, and various motives led to it.

The Emperor being at Villafranca, near Nice, and desirous of seeing the most Christian Queen his sister, as it was a long time since he had seen her, that princess, anxious to conciliate and comply with the wishes of the Emperor her brother and of the King her husband, proceeded to Villafranca with Madame la Dauphine, the actual Queen,[1] Madame Margaret,[2] and many other ladies and high personages of France.

As she found the time she spent with him extremely short, she returned a second time with a less numerous suite, and passed one night in the same city. The Queen having left, and the armistice having been concluded, the Emperor accompanied his Holiness as far as Genoa, where he experienced his seventh attack of the gout. This was his fifth visit to

[1] Catherine di Medici.
[2] Margaret, daughter of Francis I, afterward Duchess of Savoy.

Italy. At this time the Pope, the Emperor, and the Signoria of Venice concluded an offensive league against the Turk, after which his Majesty embarked at Genoa to return to Spain.

As it had been agreed that an interview should take place between his Majesty and the King of France, his Majesty announced that on his return he should cruise along the French coast and stop at the port of Aigues-Mortes. The King at once, in a small boat, paid the Emperor a visit on board his galley, and the latter, in return for so great an act of courtesy, and to show equal confidence, paid a visit to the King in the town of Aigues-Mortes. He stopped there till the following day, well treated and feasted by the King, who, not satisfied with the courtesy he had already shown to the Emperor, insisted upon accompanying the Emperor in his gig, with his two sons, Monsieur le Dauphin and Monsieur d'Orléans, other princes of the blood, and high personages, to his galley. They all went on board, and great compliments were exchanged on all sides, and various propositions were made, and the result was (as from the said visits and armistice) a great continuation of good-friendship and greater confidence. This was the second time that his imperial Majesty saw the King of France, and the first time that he set foot in that kingdom as a friend.

The Emperor again set sail, and returned for the fifth time to Spain. He landed at Barcelona and left for Valladolid, where he found the Empress much better than when he left her, but still indisposed. To put into execution the league which he had concluded, he for a second time convoked the General Cortes of all his kingdoms of Castile at Toledo, where their majesties were residing, and where the support and assistance were discussed which it was possible and suitable to grant.

In the same year a great dearth prevailed in Sicily. It was here principally that the fleet had to procure its provisions; and, although the Emperor was quite prepared on his part, the Pope and the Venetians were of the opinion that it was not to be thought of to carry out this year the projected enterprise, and the contributions from the Cortes demanded by his Majesty were ceased to be levied. It, however, happened

that his Holiness and the Signoria of Venice, deeming that it was not advisable to allow the year to pass by without doing something, united their fleets and sent them to oppose and fight the Turk by sea as well as by land. The result of this expedition was the capture of Castel-Nuovo.[3]

The sufferings of the Empress continued, and her malady made daily progress, especially since it was ascertained that she was again enceinte: the Emperor remained the greater part of the year 1539 at Toledo. The state of the Empress grew worse, and having given birth to a fifth son it pleased God to call her unto himself, and it may be held for certain that he did so in his great mercy. This death caused great sorrow to every one, especially to the Emperor, who ordered everything to be done that is customary and suitable under such circumstances.

Since the interview at Aigues-Mortes, negotiations had continued without interruption for the conclusion of a satisfactory and permanent peace between the Emperor and the King of France. As it happened that at this period certain innovations commenced to show themselves in Flanders, from which his Majesty had been absent since the year 1531, he deemed that his absence might be an obstacle to the remedy which those evils required, and gave rise to other and still greater ones. The Emperor had lost his companion; he was animated by a great desire to do everything that was possible to obtain a good result and the conclusion of peace; and although he felt that the prince his son was still much too young to govern in his absence and to replace the Empress in her functions, and despite the other inconveniences which were represented to him and brought to his notice, he hearkened only to the good and sincere intention he had to do good, and to fulfill his duties toward his subjects so as to prevent them suffering greater inconveniences and giving rise to more scandals.

He was also desirous of bringing to a conclusion certain matters which he had left in suspension in Germany. He had formed the design of embarking at Barcelona for Italy; but at the same time the King of France sent him many pressing invitations to visit his kingdom, offering all security and a

[3] Castel-Nuovo, in Dalmatia, at the mouths of Cattaro.

hearty welcome, while on the contrary he would have been much grieved had his Majesty shown any mistrust or acted otherwise. The Emperor therefore decided on taking his departure from Spain, leaving for the first time the government of his kingdoms to the prince his son, despite his youth.

At the end of this year the Emperor put this resolution into execution, and, on the word and the promise of the King of France (with whom a truce had been concluded at Villafranca, near Nice), he passed through his kingdom, where his Majesty was fêted and well received. This was the third interview between their majesties, the third time that his Majesty set foot in France, and the second time that he entered the kingdom as a friend.

The Emperor visited Flanders for the fourth time. Here he took the most prompt measures possible to put a stop to the disorders which had sprung up there.

He commenced the fortress of Ghent, assembled the estates, and visited the greater portion of the domains. During this visit he experienced at the Hague, in Holland, an eighth attack of gout, and conformably to the intention he entertained, and to the desire which had always animated him to conclude a good peace, he offered to the King of France, immediately he had arrived in the said States, such favorable conditions that he was surprised to find they were not accepted and the desired peace not concluded.

Some time previously Count Charles of Egmont had died, after having for many years ruled the Duchy of Gueldres, which, however, did not belong to him. More than that, he had seized upon every opportunity to develop and increase his power, and at various periods he had attempted to get possession of Friesland, Overyssel, and Gröningen, from which he was always driven back by the imperialists, and which territories were in the peaceful possession of his Majesty.

Not content with this, he made war against the Bishop of Utrecht, who was a prince of the empire, and took the town of Utrecht from him by force. As soon as the Emperor heard of this, to whom the bishop had sued for assistance (an obligation to which he was bound as lord of the fief), and it was all the stronger, as it was necessary to maintain tranquillity in the Netherlands, he concerted measures with the bishop,

and came to his assistance in such guise that the said Count Charles of Egmont was driven out of Utrecht by the imperial troops. The Emperor, who proceeded there in person shortly afterward, ordered a new fortress to be constructed there, and for this purpose obtained from the Pope and from the empire all the necessary acts and ratifications.

After the death of Charles of Egmont, Duke William of Clèves seized upon the government of the Duchy of Gueldres, asserting a claim to it. His imperial Majesty, seeing how matters stood, and how he consequently ought to and could act, made him offers, the conditions of which were such that they ought reasonably to have been accepted. But, at the request, and through the intrigues of France (the French were dissatisfied, although without grounds, with the terms of the peace, which were not conformable to their wishes and designs), the duke, who, moreover, was young and followed the counsel of his mother, would not accept them.

The Emperor having thus achieved all that was to be done in the States of Flanders, and having convoked a Diet at Ratisbon, where he wished distinctly to show his claims relative to the Duchy of Gueldres, resolved to leave for the said Diet, as already, while in Spain, he had opened negotiations on the subject with the States of the empire. The King of the Romans came to visit his brother in Flanders, and the deputies of the empire assembled at Worms to deliberate upon this question. The Emperor finding that all was not quite settled in the Netherlands, requested the King his brother to remain there during his absence, and he also charged M. de Granvelle and his other ministers to push on matters while he was attending the said Diet. However, as this assembly at Worms, and the negotiations which took place, did not lead to the result which he had anticipated, everything was reserved for the future Diet of Ratisbon.

The Emperor, leaving for the second time the government of the Netherlands to the care of the Queen of Hungary, proceeded to the Diet at Ratisbon, for the first time passing through the State of Luxembourg. This was the Emperor's fourth visit to Germany. He had convoked this Diet chiefly to establish concord and to effect a remedy in the state of religious affairs. After various debates, the Emperor ob-

served that the princes of the empire had not attended this Diet, and that they were still far from a conclusion, and still more so from the means of execution which ought to be adopted; moreover, the report was current that the Turk intended to invade Austria, and no order had been given to oppose that invasion and to take the necessary measures of defense.

Already, before this news was received, the Emperor, from various reasons which actuated him, had on his return to Spain made great naval preparations for an expedition to Algeria. He therefore left Ratisbon before he was fully informed of the invasion of the Turk, and started for Italy to embark, and commence the said enterprise. This was his Majesty's sixth visit there. Immediately on his arrival, positive news was received that the Turk was making great preparations to invade Hungary. From this reason the Emperor proceeded to Lucca, where he had his third interview with Pope Paul to arrange the means for organizing a defense against the Turk. But finding that this interview and these negotiations led to no result, he proceeded to Spezzia, a port in the Gulf of Genoa, to wait there until his fleet was in perfect readiness.

Already the equipment and preparations for this fleet had occupied more time than was necessary; and although the season was almost passed, nevertheless, as the outlays incurred could not be turned to any other account, and from other reasons which, as already said, actuated the Emperor, considering that weather is in the hands of God, he embarked at the said port of Spezzia for Corsica, which he saw for the first time, and from thence for Algiers, touching at the island of Sardinia, at Majorca, and at Minorca, for the second time. This was the eighth time that he crossed the Mediterranean, and the second time that he landed in Africa. During this journey the weather was seasonable. The Spanish fleet also arrived, and after a few skirmishes, when the troops were already suitably posted to attack the town, and provided with everything that was necessary to open their batteries, so fierce a tempest arose on sea that many vessels perished and the army on land also suffered considerably.

Nevertheless the men mutually assisted each other, and the

best order possible was organized, as well to resist the fury of the sea as the attacks of the enemy by land. Finally the annoyances became so great that the Emperor deemed it the wisest plan to relinquish the expedition and put to sea. But this could not be done immediately, as the tempest had not subsided. He was therefore obliged to march twenty miles by land, to cross two large rivers, so as to reach Cape Matafous, where he reëmbarked.

The whole time the army was on land (it remained there twelve days before reëmbarking) it suffered from great want of provisions, because, as already said, the weather was so boisterous that nothing could be got from the ships. After those twelve days the Emperor set sail during a great storm, and was compelled to touch at Bougie. The winds were so contrary, and he was retained so long that he and his troops suffered much from the scarcity of provisions; and the evils would have been still greater had the fine weather not returned. The tempest was so fierce that every one sought shelter where best he could, and many ships were driven in directions quite contrary to where they wished to go. Nevertheless the troops recovered so well that, without so much loss as might have been expected from such weather, they all returned to the appointed rendezvous. The Emperor dismissed the superfluous men and those least wanted, and the others returned to their garrisons. The Emperor, having embarked at Bougie, arrived with fair weather at Majorca for the third time, from whence Prince Doria returned to Genoa with his galleys, after passing by Barcelona.

The Emperor, with the Spanish galleys, touched for the first time at Irica; for the ninth time he navigated the Mediterranean. He arrived at Carthagena: this was his sixth visit to Spain. He then continued his route as far as Ocaña, where he met his children, the Prince of Spain and the infantas.

In the commencement of the year 1542, the Emperor proceeded to Valladolid, to hold the Cortes of the Kingdom of Castile. Here he experienced a ninth attack of gout, and at the monastery of La Mejorada he suffered from it generally in nearly all his limbs. At this time negotiations were on foot for the marriage of the prince his son with the infanta

Doña Maria of Portugal, and of Prince Juan of Portugal with the infanta Doña Juana, second daughter of his Majesty.

As soon as the Cortes had terminated, the Emperor, although unwell, proceeded as quickly as he could, passing through Navarre, to hold the Cortes of the three kingdoms of Aragon at Monzon, with the intention of returning as soon as possible to Germany to provide some remedy for the affairs of religion, and to recover by all means in his power the Duchy of Gueldres, which belonged to him. The King of France, however, seeing the bad success which had attended the Emperor in his enterprise against Algiers, and fancying that the outlays he had been put to must have drained his finances, commenced by making a small complaint, and the Emperor replied to him by offering all the justifications to which he was bound by the conditions of the truce concluded at Nice.

The King of France nevertheless transmitted to him from all parts the assurance that he had not the slightest intention of going to war with him; but he suddenly attacked the Emperor in the Netherlands, Martin Van Rossem commencing operations in Gueldres, M. d'Orléans in Luxembourg, and M. de Vendôme in the States of Flanders and in Artois. Moreover, he ordered his son the Dauphin to lay siege to Perpignan, and proceeded himself as far as Narbonne to stimulate the enterprise. Nevertheless, by the grace of God, the Emperor, and those who had the management of his affairs, set things so well in order, and organized so able a defense, that this time the said King did nothing of importance.

At this period Pope Paul, not satisfied with having issued a bull, which was a testimony of his good-will, but which had scarcely any other effect, convoked a general council at Trent, and at the same time sent his legates to his Majesty and to the King of France, not only to invite them and to exhort them to peace, but also to restrain them by ecclesiastical censure if they would not obey his behest to conclude a truce.

This happened, as already said, at the period his Majesty was attacked and when the French were repulsed on all sides and compelled to withdraw. His imperial Majesty, seeing with what intentions his Holiness wished to effect a peace between their majesties, and that thereby his imperial

Majesty would have been mulcted and dispossessed of all that had been taken from him by a sudden and unexpected invasion, did not think it either equitable or suitable to accept such propositions of peace; but he felt indignant, and obliged to reconquer what belonged to him, and to show his resentment for such an injury. The Emperor, therefore, rejected the said propositions, and would not hearken to them at all. He somewhat dryly dismissed the legate, who had addressed him in a tone without that respect which was due to his Majesty. He, however, still protested that he was, as he always had been, inclined to treat for peace, provided that the adverse party was governed by reason and provided that the peace was sure and suitable to the service of God and to the welfare of Christianity.

The Cortes of Aragon having terminated, the Emperor left for Barcelona. He had sent the prince his son from Monzon to Saragossa, that he should be recognized prince of that kingdom; from thence his Majesty proceeded with him to Barcelona, where he was also recognized. Having passed through Valencia, where the same ceremonial was observed, the Emperor took the direction of Alcala to see his daughters. Here the affiance *per verba de futuro* of his daughter the infanta Doña Juana took place with Prince Don Juan of Portugal, according to what had been agreed upon. This done, the Emperor proceeded to Madrid, which city he left as soon as he could, because he much desired, according to his first intention, to return to Germany.

In fact he had convoked a Diet at Nüremberg, to discuss defensive measures against the Turk, and matters of religion. The King his brother and M. de Granvelle proceeded there, in the name of his Majesty, with many others of his ministers whom he had sent there. The Emperor, having terminated all that he had to do in the kingdoms of Spain, commenced his journey, having left for the second time the prince his son governor of the said kingdoms. He therefore left Madrid, and arrived at Barcelona, which city he would willingly have left earlier, but various obstacles prevented his embarking before May 1st, and in consequence of storms and boisterous weather he was not able to gain the open sea till the nineteenth of that month, when the weather was still unsettled and

doubtful. When off Pomègues, near Marseilles, some French galleys sallied out and commenced skirmishing, supported by the land batteries; but they were so ably responded to that they were compelled to retreat, and place themselves under the protection of the artillery on shore. The Emperor, not wishing any delay, continued his journey to Genoa. This was the tenth time he crossed the Mediterranean, and the seventh time he landed in Italy.

IV

While passing in front of Nice the Emperor learned that the galleys of France wished to capture the castle of that town, and, while his Majesty was landing at Genoa, Prince Doria approached with his galleys to watch the movements of those of France. Observing that they came with the intention of executing the project attributed to them, he attacked them so briskly that he captured four of them. At this period his Majesty learned that Barbarossa was expected with a large fleet to support the King of France.

This Barbarossa arrived later, remained at Toulon during the whole time the war against the Emperor lasted, and returned without having performed any act of importance. His Majesty proceeded to Busseto, where he was joined by his Holiness, as much to discuss the affairs of Germany as to see if there were no possible means of concluding a peace. This was the Emperor's fourth interview with Pope Paul, and he experienced a tenth attack of gout. A few days afterward, perceiving how little good resulted from this interview, he continued his journey toward Germany, where he found himself for the fifth time.

As the Diet had not been long sitting, and the Emperor, in a time so replete with troubles, did not see any chance of regulating and discussing the affairs of religion, he continued his journey as far as Spires, where he made all the necessary preparations to enter the campaign with a good army, at the head of which he placed Don Ferdinand de Gonzaga. He was desirous of resenting the injuries and damage perpetrated by the King of France, who had penetrated into the territory of Hainault as far as Binche, and had taken Landrecies, which he was fortifying. He was also compelled to

do so by the war waged against him by Duke William of Clèves, who had taken up arms at the instigation of the King of France, and in concert with him. On his way, the Emperor heard of the defeat and rout of the duke's troops at Heinsburg.

Nevertheless his Majesty, on his arrival at Spires, wished, the better to justify himself, to propose to the electors, who had assembled on the banks of the Rhine, to treat with the said Duke of Clèves by means of a pacific arrangement as regarded the Duchy of Gueldres. This proposal did not meet with a good reception, and the only plan left for him was to reassemble his army and advance with it (this was the sixth time he was on the Rhine) as far as Bonn, from whence he took the direction of Duren. Having there made a reconnoissance of the ground, he established his batteries, bombarded the town, and carried it by storm. The Prince of Orange then came up with his army from the Netherlands. The two armies having united, and Duren having been captured, as already stated, with other possessions and lands appertaining to the Duchy of Gueldres, as also to the Duchy of Clèves and of Juliers, his Majesty took the direction of Ruremond, which immediately surrendered, and from thence he advanced in the direction of Venloo. And as Duke Henry of Brunswick arrived as a friend of the said Duke of Clèves, the Emperor demonstrated and exposed to him his error, exhorting him to renounce it.

At this time the mother of the Duke of Clèves died. This latter recognized the bad counsel he had received, and the wisest men of the States of Gueldres also entreated him to withdraw from the danger he was in, and follow better advice; he did so, and came and threw himself at the feet of his Majesty, confessing his fault and asking pardon. He handed over and restored the whole State of Gueldres to the Emperor. But the Emperor, considering that the error of the duke originated rather in his youth than from any evil inclination or wish to do evil, ordered the towns and localities taken from him in other territories to be restored to him. Not content with what he had done, and seeing the duke's repentance, and how well he persevered in his good intentions, he took his marriage into hand; in fact he gave him in marriage his

niece, a daughter of the King of the Romans. This marriage increased the obligations of the said duke toward his Majesty, and the love of his Majesty for that prince. At the commencement of the spring, the King of France, to be the first in the field, and to be enabled to oppose superior forces to the Emperor, brought forth two armies destined to wage war in the Netherlands. A portion of one of these armies, in which the King was present in person, occupied Landrecies, and the other portion established itself in the neighborhood while the fortifications were strengthened.

The two sons of the King had meantime marched on Binche, from whence they were driven back with loss, without having accomplished anything. Finally M. de Orléans joined the other army, which was at Luxembourg. This town, not being in a state of defense, had surrendered, and had been fortified by the French. At the same time happened what has already been related before of the war, that the Duke of Clèves, at the instigation of the same King, had commenced in Brabant. The Emperor, having put an end to that war of Clèves, and having taken possession of Gueldres, as already stated, left, suffering from the gout, Venloo for Diest, where the Estates of the Netherlands were assembled. They granted him a large subsidy, on the footing of the one granted to him the preceding year. This was the fifth visit of his Majesty to the Netherlands. The King of France, apprised of all these facts, withdrew with his troops into his kingdom, after having fortified Landrecies.

This done, the Emperor, leaving under the walls of Landrecies the army which was in the Netherlands, with the gendarmerie which the King of England had sent to him in virtue of conventions which had been concluded, ordered the army which he had with him to march, as also that which had arrived from England, as far as Guise. But as the season was already advanced, and the weather inclement, he soon ordered it back to join that before Landrecies. The Emperor, although suffering much from the gout, left Diest to attend the siege; and knowing that the King of France was assembling new troops to relieve the besieged, he did not wish to be absent from his armies. He therefore established his quarters at Avesnes, although, as already stated, suffering from

the gout, and he remained there until the troops sent to the succor of the garrison of Landrecies had withdrawn. This was his tenth attack of the gout.

The King of France, knowing that his troops were in danger and in want of provisions, proceeded with his army to Château-Cambrésis, from whence he sent a heavy body of cavalry to reconnoiter the ground, so as to attempt to succor the garrison of Landrecies. To prevent this the armies of the Emperor formed a junction, and made such a resistance that this cavalry did not attain its object and had little subject of congratulation. It is true that during this time some French knights, with sacks of gunpowder and a small supply of provisions, of which the besieged stood much in need, succeeded in entering Landrecies at a point where there was no obstacle, which rallied the besieged a little. As the season was advanced and the weather bad, and as, moreover, the chief object of the Emperor, when he ordered his army in France to besiege Landrecies, was to compel the King to give battle, he ordered his army to decamp, and approached France.

On the same day the Emperor, still unwell and carried in a litter, left Avesnes and passed the night at Quesnoy. From thence he rejoined his army, which had already taken up a position opposite that of the King of France. On the following morning his Majesty, leaving his quarters, advanced with all his men within cannon range of the enemy, close to the King's camp, and offered him battle. A few skirmishes and discharges of artillery took place on both sides, and finally a bold charge against the French, who had the worst of it and they thought it advisable not again to leave their entrenchments. The Emperor, finding they would not come out, advanced with his army close up to the enemy's camp.

The following day was passed in skirmishing: at nightfall the King withdrew with his army and retreated as far as Guise. The Emperor, through the negligence of his scouts, was ignorant of this retreat until the following day; the result was that he could not come up with the King and his army. He advanced as far as a wood or thicket, to a distance of three leagues, but he could not, owing to the disorder of his matchlock-men (who, most of them, were followed or accompanied

by more baggage than soldiers ought to have), attempt to cross the wood with his army. A few light cavalry and match-lock-men and a disorderly few traversed the thicket. M. le Dauphin observed it, and having collected his French gendarmes he turned round and charged his pursuers. The latter sought refuge in the thicket, and then returned to the infantry. It may easily be believed that, if the Emperor had had his match-lock-men, with whom he could have passed through the thicket in safety, he might have attained in part the object of his desires; but as nothing else was to be done on this day, and as it was already late, he left the thicket and established his quarters in the very camp and on the very spot which the King of France had left. He arrived there at one hour after midnight.

The Emperor remained some days at Château-Cambrésis, to see if he could not undertake something against his enemy. But the latter resolved to disband his army at once, and sent the troops back to their garrisons. The Emperor, considering also that the festival of All Saints had already passed, determined to do likewise; and consequently he proceeded to Cambray, and from thence to Brussels, where he was taken ill (not from the gout), and was laid up during the rest of the year. At the end of this same year the Princess of Spain, the infanta Doña Maria of Portugal, was, conformably to the engagements which had been made, taken to Castile, and handed over to the Prince of Spain and Salamanca, where their nuptials were solemnized, after having been contracted *per verba de presenti.*

The Emperor, leaving the Queen of Hungary, his sister, for the third time governor of the Netherlands, left Brussels, and for the sixth time went up the Rhine as far as Spires. This was also the sixth time that he entered Germany, where he had convoked a Diet with a view to explain to the electors of the empire the causes which had induced him to undertake the Gueldres expedition and to march against the King of France, causes which have been briefly given above, but which were more developed in the proposition then made. And seeing that at this moment there did not appear any likelihood of the Turk advancing against Christendom, and that it was also impossible to do anything in matters of religion, or to

discuss any important affairs, he demanded a subsidy against the King of France, who had seized upon various towns and lands of the empire, and who daily accomplished or negotiated things to its great detriment. This having been well considered and fully appreciated, all granted good aid to his imperial Majesty.

While the Emperor was on his way to Spires, Pope Paul sent Cardinal Farnese to his Majesty, under color and pretext of making representations to him and of endeavoring to treat for peace. The Emperor, well aware that these were empty words and sheer pretext, would not allow himself to be caught, nor relinquish the plans and pursuit of the enterprise which he had commenced to recover the territory, of which he had been despoiled. Thus he soon dismissed the said cardinal, declaring that he was always willing to negotiate for a sincere, good, and permanent peace. Then, supported and strengthened by the aid he had received from the empire, he commenced reassembling his army.

Meantime the Emperor received the news that the army which he had in Italy had been defeated near Carignano. It was a bad time and under bad circumstances. Whatever might come of it, having previously learned that the city of Luxembourg, although carefully fortified, was short of provisions, and that the King of France was endeavoring to throw supplies into it, he ordered, in all haste, Don Ferdinand de Gonzaga, to whom he had intrusted the command of his army, to prevent any supplies reaching that city. This general, with a small body of men, performed his mission so well that the city shortly surrendered.

The Emperor soon reënforced his army in such guise that his said captain-general captured in a few days many towns and strongholds on the French frontier, on the Lorraine side, and laid siege to Saint Dizier. On his part, the Emperor left Spires and passed through Metz, to join him with the remainder of the army. This was the fourth time that his Majesty entered France, and the second time as an enemy. Fire was opened against Saint Dizier, the assault given, and the town captured in a few days. At this siege the Prince of Orange was struck by a cannon-ball in the trenches, and died shortly afterward.

According to what had been agreed upon between his Majesty and the King of England, the said King had come in person with a large army to molest and attack the Kingdom of France, and his Majesty had also sent to him the forces he had promised by the said convention, under the orders of M. de Buren. The said King had stopped at the siege of Boulogne and of Montreuil; and during the long lapse of time, during which his Majesty was before Saint Dizier, the King of France had leisure to assemble his whole army, and to garrison the greater portion of the frontiers of his kingdom. The Emperor, taking all this into consideration, observing, moreover, that he had not at his command as sufficient a supply of provisions as he required, and that the season was far advanced, soon afterward abandoned any ulterior enterprise.

V

The Emperor, considering that it was a long time that he had been carrying on war, and that there did not remain any leader of importance who could take the field against him, resolved to disband his troops, and wished to terminate what remained to be done by friendly measures, and by a general conference of the Deputies of the Empire. He resolved upon the convocation of a Diet, and for that purpose he left for Halle in Saxony, where he was received with complete obedience. During this journey a deputation arrived from the inhabitants of Bohemia, requesting from the Emperor, and also from the King his brother, the necessary troops and means to pacify that kingdom; this the Emperor granted at a later period.

Before the departure of the Emperor from Wittenberg, certain conditions or offers of reconciliation and "amende honorable" had been proposed by the Electors of Saxony and of Brandenberg, in the name of the Landgrave of Hesse; but the Emperor rejected them, because they were of too general a nature and offered little importance or guarantee. Another document was then submitted to him, which, after having been approved by the same Electors and by the Landgrave, was examined by the Emperor, who accepted it to content all parties. The conditions having been ratified by

all parties concerned, the Landgrave of Hesse waited upon his Majesty in the town of Halle, where he admitted his error, and did act of obedience as he ought to do. The Emperor ordered his general to keep the Landgrave guarded, which, according to the stipulations, he ought and had a right to do. And although then and afterwards the said Landgrave and the Electors have pretended that the Emperor acted wrongly, by giving to the document signed an interpretation conformable to his own wishes, it cannot, nevertheless, be denied, that the Emperor could not have acted otherwise than he did, and that what he did was in keeping with the convention.

A great number of princes and towns of the North, who had adhered to the Smalcald League, and who had taken part in its wars, admitting their error, now tendered their submission to the Emperor; and the other cities, which had not joined the League, and had not taken part in the wars, sent deputies to do the due and customary homage and tender submission.

As is often the case with soldiers who, as soon as they are unemployed, feel the want of doing something, it happened that as the Emperor had no work for them, they mutinied amongst themselves, nation against nation, and differences arose which it was no easy task to settle. Nevertheless, the Emperor regulated all, and established such good order that, having found the time and means to separate them, he assigned them different habitations, so that all the differences and all the causes of disturbance vanished. Having done this, the Emperor started for Nüremberg, and, according to the intentions spoken of above, he convoked a Diet at Augsburg.

After these two great victories, which God, in his boundless goodness, designed to grant to the Emperor, he received from various countries a great number of embassies, and some brought him expressions of congratulation, which by no means came from the heart. In fact, the machinations which were then discovered, before and afterward; the agitation which manifested itself at Naples; the conspiracy of Count Fiesco at Genoa; the isolated movements, caused perhaps by foreign intrigue, which broke out at Sienna, and other events already mentioned, sufficed to indicate the exist-

ence of a wish and attempt to disturb and prevent the accomplishment of so good a work, and at the same time the prosperity of the Emperor's affairs.

There were some persons who abstained from taking a greater share in events, despairing of success. But later they were so sorry for it that, in endeavoring to find a remedy, they destroyed what they had done and established, and matters changed to this point that they were obliged to modify their designs and dissimulate their wishes. If those persons are not such as they ought to be, may God remedy it, as He has done for the past, by regulating matters in such guise that their desires shall not be accomplished.

All this having been done, the Emperor left Nüremberg, where he had an attack of the jaundice. He had almost recovered, when, having continued his journey as far as Augsburg, he had a relapse, and he was so weakened by it that he suffered from it a long time after his arrival. Before he was perfectly convalescent, he made his proposition to the Diet, to take into consideration a remedy for the affairs which were brought before it, and which all tended to the service of God, to the welfare, tranquillity, and union of Germany, and to its defense against whosoever should dare to attack it. The Diet had already commenced its sittings when the King of the Romans arrived, who had succeeded in subjecting Bohemia to obedience to him. The Queen dowager of Hungary arrived a little later at the same city of Augsburg, on divers matters upon which she had to settle at this time. After the jaundice, the Emperor had an attack of the gout; and although it was not so general as his previous attacks, he suffered from it at various intervals and divers parts, so that it lasted till the spring of 1548. This was his fourteenth attack; and, in the spring, to hasten his convalescence, he took a concoction of China-wood.

During the Imperial Diet of Augsburg various hostile machinations were set on foot, tending to prevent the good results alluded to higher up. In this same Diet the Emperor succeeded in inducing the States of the Empire to submit to the Council, which he had always claimed, as stated previously, ever since 1529. But at the moment when that council convoked at Trent was called upon to exert the high-

est influence, Pope Paul, by a *motu proprio* wished to transfer it to Bologna, and convoke it himself, God knows with what intentions. The Emperor, seeing the great evils that might arise therefrom, opposed it, and consequently prevented it, insisting so strongly that the said council remained at Trent.

The Emperor had recovered from the jaundice, and one day, whilst out hunting with a view to regain strength, he received certain news from Placentia, which informed him that, in consequence of the severity of Duke Peter Louis, son of the said Pope Paul, and the hardships he inflicted upon the inhabitants, they had risen against him, and having taken possession of the town, they offered to hand it over to whomsoever offered them the most favorable conditions. The governor of the State of Milan accepted, in the name of his Majesty, the propositions made to him, before any one could enter the Duchy of Placentia. The Emperor, from the reasons mentioned, and also to preserve and guard the rights of the Empire, ratified and confirmed that treaty.

Despite all this, and despite the machinations alluded to above, suitable measures were taken at the Diet of Augsburg, to attain the object of its meeting; and, as regards religion, a regulation was adopted, which was to be observed until the Council at Trent should have pronounced itself.

At the same time the German soldiers who formed the Emperor's bodyguard mutinied. This produced more scandal than danger, as, on investigating the cause of the mutiny, it was found that it was to be attributed to the interests of some isolated individuals rather than to the ill-will of the soldiers.

The Diet adopted all the resolutions that it could, and as it had been sitting a long time the Emperor on the advice of the King his brother, and of the said Estates, addressed to it a good proposition; the Diet then broke up, and the members returned home.

Before the departure of the King, the Emperor's brother, their majesties agreed upon the marriage of the eldest daughter of the Emperor with the eldest son of the King his brother, who assumed the title of the King of Bohemia; and as the Emperor entertained the intention and the desire to

send for his son, the Prince of Spain, that he might visit his States and make the acquaintance of his vassals, he begged the King his brother, and the King his son-in-law, to proceed to Spain, for the marriage of the said son-in-law, and that he should remain there in the name of the Emperor, to govern those kingdoms during the absence of the Prince his son; to which they consented. Thus the said King of Bohemia left Augsburg, and passing through Italy, embarked at Genoa, landed at Barcelona, and from thence posted to Valladolid, where the nuptials were celebrated. The King of the Romans also left shortly afterwards to look after his interests; the Emperor remained a few days longer to complete what still remained to be done.

After arranging all his affairs, the Emperor took his departure from Augsburg, after leaving two thousand Spanish troops in garrison in three strongholds of Würtemberg and after having withdrawn the troops which had been sent to Augsburg. Having thus provided for the welfare and good order of public affairs, he took the road to Ulm, from which city he also withdrew the garrison, taking a portion of it with him. He then took the direction of Spires, by the Rhine to Cologne. This was the ninth time that he made this journey, and the eighth time he visited the Netherlands.

The Emperor found the Queen his sister at Louvain, from which city he proceeded to Brussels, to look after his own affairs as well as to attend to those of his States of the Netherlands.

END OF THE "HISTORY OF MY REIGN"

BENVENUTO CELLINI

BENVENUTO CELLINI

THE WORLD-FAMED ARTIST AND ADVENTURER

1500-1571

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Extreme as the panegyric may seem, the "Life of Cellini," as written by himself in the pure and unsophisticated idiom of the Florentine people, surpasses every book in Italian literature for the delight it affords the reader. It is also the most complete and lively source of information regarding manners, customs, ways of feeling and modes of acting in the Sixteenth Century. From the pages of these memoirs the brilliant Genius of the Renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, blazes forth. Cellini touched the life of his time at more points than any person who has left a record of his ideas and deeds. He was the foremost goldsmith of his age, a sculptor, an eager traveler, something of a poet, a reckless bravo, and a courtier and companion of princes.

Those familiar with the period of Cellini can best appreciate the extraordinary vividness and fidelity of the artist's delineation of his contemporaries as they pass in parade before the vision. With the utmost *sang froid* he has dramatized great folk and humble citizens, giving us a gallery of character that would be difficult to equal in any novelist outside of Balzac. He introduces us to princes and popes, thieves and paupers, with like insouciance. We come to know his fine ladies and foolish courtesans equally well. Among others, he has added to our conception of Clement VII, Paul III, Francis the First of France, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo de' Medici.

Vain, ostentatious, self-laudatory and self-engrossed as Cellini undoubtedly was, he nevertheless stands before us in an attractive light. He captivates our fancy and holds our admiration despite his manifold faults so lightly held and confessed. Almost merrily, he relates his murders, and feels that God understands and even sanctions them. With nonchalance he seduces a maid, and goes on his way untroubled. But we must remember that he is the child of his time and country, of which Charles Reade commented shrewdly when he said that the morals of Florence during the Renaissance might be understood from the fact that

they called an assassin a "brave man" and a prostitute a "courteous person."

The charm of Cellini's autobiography lies perhaps in its unsophisticated narration of action and passion, and in its healthy attitude toward life. Cellini does not brood on the riddle of existence, nor meditate on the enigma of his soul. He works, enjoys, suffers, loves and hates without analysis. Baretti sums up eloquently the impression left on the mind by Cellini's unsurpassed self-portrait: "He has painted himself as brave as a French grenadier, as vindictive as a viper, superstitious to the last degree, full of eccentricity and caprice; a pleasant companion among friends, but not susceptible of affectionate attachments; rather loose in sexual relations, a bit of a traitor without being aware of it; slightly tainted with spite and envy, a braggart and vain without suspecting himself to be such; a madcap who firmly believed he was wise, circumspect, and prudent. Fully persuaded that he was a hero, he dashed this picture of himself upon the canvas without a thought of composition or reflection, just as his fiery and rapid fancy prompted. We derive from it something of the same pleasure which we feel in contemplating a terrible wild beast who cannot get near enough to hurt us."

Whether we agree or not with this criticism, we cannot help but admit the fascination of the memoirs. Nearly the whole of the narrative was dictated to a young amanuensis by Cellini. Here and there he added portions in his own hand. The manuscript was circulated among friends and frequently copied. It was first printed in 1730.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

BOOK FIRST

I

All men of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence, or which may properly resemble excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hand; but they ought not to attempt so fine an enterprise till they have passed the age of forty. This duty occurs to my own mind, now that I am traveling beyond the term of fifty-eight years, and am in Florence, the city of my birth. Many untoward things can I remember, such as happen to all who live upon our earth; and from those adversities I am now more free than at any previous period of my career—nay, it seems to me that I enjoy greater content of soul and health of body than ever I did in

bygone years. I can also bring to mind some pleasant goods and some inestimable evils, which, when I turn my thoughts backward, strike terror in me, and astonishment that I should have reached this age of fifty-eight, wherein, thanks be to God, I am still traveling prosperously forward.

II

It is true that men who have labored with some show of excellence, have already given knowledge of themselves to the world; and this alone ought to suffice them; I mean the fact that they have proved their manhood and achieved renown. Yet one must needs live like others; and so in a work like this there will always be found occasion for natural bragging, which is of divers kinds, and the first is that a man should let others know he draws his lineage from persons of worth and most ancient origin.

I am called Benvenuto Cellini, son of Maestro Giovanni, son of Andrea, son of Cristofano Cellini; my mother was Madonna Elisabetta, daughter to Stefano Granacci; both parents citizens of Florence. It is found written in chronicles made by our ancestors of Florence, men of old time and of credibility, even as Giovanni Villani writes, that the city of Florence was evidently built in imitation of the fair city of Rome; and certain remnants of the Colosseum and the Baths can yet be traced. These things are near Santa Croce. The Capitol was where is now the Old Market. The Rotonda is entire, which was made for the temple of Mars, and is now dedicated to our Saint John. That thus it was, can very well be seen, and cannot be denied, but the said buildings are much smaller than those of Rome. He who caused them to be built, they say, was Julius Cæsar, in concert with some noble Romans, who, when Fiesole had been stormed and taken, raised a city in this place, and each of them took in hand to erect one of these notable edifices.

Julius Cæsar had among his captains a man of highest rank and valor, who was called Fiorino of Cellino, which is a village about two miles distant from Monte Fiascone. Now this Fiorino took up his quarters under the hill of Fiesole, on the ground where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, and for the convenience of the troops. All those

soldiers and others who had to do with the said captain, used then to say: "Let us go to Fiorenze;" as well because the said captain was called Fiorino, as also because the place he had chosen for his quarters was by nature very rich in flowers. Upon the foundation of the city, therefore, since this name struck Julius Cæsar as being fair and apt, and given by circumstance, and seeing furthermore that flowers themselves bring good augury, he appointed the name of Florence for the town. He wished besides to pay his valiant captain this compliment; and he loved him all the more for having drawn him from a very humble place, and for the reason that so excellent a man was a creature of his own. The name that learned inventors and investigators of such etymologies adduce, as that Florence is flowing at the Arno, cannot hold; seeing that Rome is flowing at the Tiber, Ferrara is flowing at the Po, Lyons is flowing at the Saone, Paris is flowing at the Seine, and yet the names of all these towns are different, and have come to them by other ways.

Thus then we find; and thus we believe that we are descended from a man of worth. Furthermore, we find that there are Cellinis of our stock in Ravenna, that most ancient town of Italy, where too are plenty of gentle folk. In Pisa also there are some, and I have discovered them in many parts of Christendom.

III

My ancestors dwelt in Val d' Ambra, where they owned large estates, and lived like little lords, in retirement, however, on account of the then contending factions. They were all men devoted to arms and of notable bravery. In that time one of their sons, the younger, who was called Cristofano, roused a great feud with certain of their friends and neighbors. Now the heads of the families on both sides took part in it, and the fire kindled seemed to them so threatening that their houses were like to perish utterly; the elders upon this consideration, in concert with my own ancestors, removed Cristofano; and the other youth with whom the quarrel began was also sent away. They sent their young man to Siena. Our folk sent Cristofano to Florence; and there they bought for him a little house in Via Chiara, close to the convent of S. Orsola,

and they also purchased for him some very good property near the Ponte a Rifredi. The said Cristofano took wife in Florence, and had sons and daughters; and when all the daughters had been portioned off, the sons, after their father's death, divided what remained. The house in Via Chiara with some other trifles fell to the share of one of the said sons, who had the name of Andrea. He also took wife, and had four male children. The first was called Girolamo, the second Bartolommeo, the third Giovanni, who was afterwards my father, and the fourth Francesco. This Andrea Cellini was very well versed in architecture, as it was then practiced, and lived by it as his trade. Giovanni, who was my father, paid more attention to it than any of the other brothers. And since Vitruvius says, amongst other things, that one who wishes to practice that art well must have something of music and good drawing, Giovanni, when he had mastered drawing, began to turn his mind to music, and together with the theory learned to play most excellently on the viol and the flute; and being a person of studious habits, he left his home but seldom.

They had for neighbor in the next house a man called Stefano Granacci, who had several daughters, all of them of remarkable beauty. As it pleased God, Giovanni noticed one of these girls who was named Elisabetta; and she found such favor with him that he asked her in marriage. The fathers of both of them being well acquainted through their close neighborhood, it was easy to make this match up; and each thought that he had very well arranged his affairs. First of all, the two good old men agreed upon the marriage; then they began to discuss the dowry, which led to a certain amount of friendly difference; for Andrea said to Stefano: "My son Giovanni is the stoutest youth of Florence, and of all Italy to boot, and if I had wanted earlier to have him married, I could have procured one of the largest dowries which folk of our rank get in Florence;" whereupon Stefano answered: "You have a thousand reasons on your side; but here am I with five daughters and as many sons, and when my reckoning is made, this is as much as I can possibly afford." Giovanni, who had been listening a while unseen by them, suddenly broke in and said: "Oh, my father, I have sought and

loved that girl, and not their money. Ill luck to those who seek to fill their pockets by the dowry of their wife! As you have boasted that I am a fellow of such parts, do you not think that I shall be able to provide for my wife and satisfy her needs, even if I receive something short of the portion you would like to get? Now I must make you understand that the woman is mine, and you may take the dowry for yourself." At this Andrea Cellini, who was a man of rather awkward temper, grew a trifle angry; but after a few days Giovanni took his wife, and never asked for other portion with her.

They enjoyed their youth and wedded love through eighteen years, always greatly desiring to be blessed with children. At the end of this time Giovanni's wife miscarried of two boys through the unskillfulness of the doctors. Later on she was again with child, and gave birth to a girl, whom they called Cosa, after the mother of my father.[1] At the end of two years she was once more with child; and inasmuch as those longings to which pregnant women are subject, and to which they pay much attention, were now exactly the same as those of her former pregnancy, they made their minds up that she would give birth to a female as before, and agreed to call the child Reparata, after the mother of my mother. It happened that she was delivered on a night of All Saints, following the feast-day, at half-past four precisely, in the year 1500.[2]

The midwife, who well knew that they were expecting a girl, after she had washed the baby and wrapped it in the fairest white linen, came softly to my father Giovanni and said: "I am bringing you a fine present, such as you did not anticipate." My father, who was a true philosopher, was walking up and down, and answered: "What God gives me is always dear to me;" and when he opened the swaddling clothes he saw with his own eyes the unexpected male child. Joining together the palms of his old hands, he raised them with his eyes to God, and said: "Lord, I thank Thee with my whole heart; this gift is very dear to me; let him be Wel-

[1] Cosa is Florentine for Niccolosa.

[2] The hour is reckoned, according to the old Italian fashion, from sunset of one day to sunset of the next—twenty-four hours.

come." All the persons who were there asked him joyfully what name the child should bear. Giovanni would make no other answer than "Let him be Welcome—Benvenuto;"[3] and so they resolved, and this name was given me at Holy Baptism, and by it I still am living with the grace of God.

My father began teaching me to play upon the flute and sing by note; but notwithstanding I was of that tender age when little children are wont to take pastime in whistles and such toys, I had an inexpressible dislike for it, and played and sang only to obey him. My father in those times fashioned wonderful organs with pipes of wood, spinets the fairest and most excellent which then could be seen, viols and lutes and harps of the most beautiful and perfect construction. He was an engineer, and had marvelous skill in making instruments for lowering bridges and for working mills, and other machines of that sort. In ivory he was the first who wrought really well. But after he had fallen in love with the woman who was destined to become my mother—perhaps what brought them together was that little flute, to which indeed he paid more attention than was proper—he was entreated by the fifers of the Signory to play in their company. Accordingly he did so for some time to amuse himself, until by constant importunity they induced him to become a member of their band. Lorenzo de' Medici and Piero his son, who had a great liking for him, perceived later on that he was devoting himself wholly to the fife, and was neglecting his fine engineering talent and his beautiful art. So they had him removed from that post. My father took this very ill, and it seemed to him that they had done him a great despite. Yet he immediately resumed his art, and fashioned a mirror, about a cubit in diameter, out of bone and ivory, with figures and foliage of great finish and grand design. The mirror was in the form of a wheel. In the middle was the looking-glass; around it were seven circular pieces, on which were the Seven Virtues, carved and joined of ivory and black bone. The whole mirror, together with the Virtues, was placed in equilibrium, so that when the wheel turned, all the Virtues moved, and they had weights at their feet which kept them upright. Possessing some acquaintance with the Latin tongue, he put

[3] Benvenuto means Welcome.

a legend in Latin round his looking-glass, to this effect—"Whithersoever the wheel of Fortune turns, Virtue stands firm upon her feet."

A little while after this he obtained his place again among the fifers. Although some of these things happened before I was born, my familiarity with them has moved me to set them down here. In those days the musicians of the Signory were all of them members of the most honorable trades, and some of them belonged to the greater guilds of silk and wool; and that was the reason why my father did not disdain to follow this profession, and his chief desire with regard to me was always that I should become a great performer on the flute. I for my part felt never more discontented than when he chose to talk to me about this scheme, and to tell me that, if I liked, he discerned in me such aptitudes that I might become the best man in the world.

IV

When my father spoke to me in the way I have above described, I entreated him to let me draw a certain fixed number of hours in the day; all the rest of my time I would give to music, only with the view of satisfying his desire. Upon this he said to me: "So then, you take no pleasure in playing?" To which I answered, "No;" because that art seemed too base in comparison with what I had in my own mind. My good father, driven to despair by this fixed idea of mine, placed me in the workshop of Cavaliere Bandinello's father, who was called Michel Agnolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and a master excellent in that craft. He had no distinction of birth whatever, but was the son of a charcoal seller. This is no blame to Bandinello, who has founded the honor of the family—if only he had done so honestly! However that may be, I have no cause now to talk about him. After I had stayed there some days, my father took me away from Michel Agnolo, finding himself unable to live without having me always under his eyes. Accordingly, much to my discontent, I remained at music till I reached the age of fifteen. If I were to describe all the wonderful things that happened to me up to that time, and all the great dangers to my own life which I ran, I should astound my readers; but, in order to avoid

prolixity, and having very much to relate, I will omit these incidents.

When I reached the age of fifteen, I put myself, against my father's will, to the goldsmith's trade with a man called Antonio, son of Sandro, known commonly as Marcone the goldsmith. He was a most excellent craftsman and a very good fellow to boot, high-spirited and frank in all his ways. My father would not let him give me wages like the other apprentices; for having taken up the study of this art to please myself, he wished me to indulge my whim for drawing to the full. I did so willingly enough; and that honest master of mine took marvelous delight in my performances. He had an only son, a bastard, to whom he often gave his orders, in order to spare me. My liking for the art was so great, or, I may truly say, my natural bias, both one and the other, that in a few months I caught up to the good, nay, the best young craftsmen in our business, and began to reap the fruits of my labors. I did not, however, neglect to gratify my good father from time to time by playing on the flute or cornet. Each time he heard me, I used to make his tears fall accompanied with deep-drawn sighs of satisfaction. My filial piety often made me give him that contentment, and induced me pretend that I enjoyed the music too.

V

At that time I had a brother, younger by two years, a youth of extreme boldness and fierce temper. He afterwards became one of the great soldiers in the school of that marvelous general Giovannino de' Medici, father of Duke Cosimo. The boy was about fourteen, and I two years older. One Sunday evening, just before nightfall, he happened to find himself between the gate San Gallo and the Porta a Pinti; in this quarter he came to duel with a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts. They both had swords; and my brother dealt so valiantly that, after having badly wounded him, he was upon the point of following up his advantage. There was a great crowd of people present, among whom were many of the adversary's kinsfolk. Seeing that the thing was going ill for their own man, they put hand to their slings, a stone from one of which hit my poor brother in the head. He fell to the

ground at once in a dead faint. It so chanced that I had been upon the spot alone, and without arms; and I had done my best to get my brother out of the fray by calling to him: "Make off; you have done enough." Meanwhile, as luck would have it, he fell, as I have said, half dead to earth. I ran up at once, seized his sword, and stood in front of him, bearing the brunt of several rapiers and a shower of stones. I never left his side until some brave soldiers came from the gate San Gallo and rescued me from the raging crowd; they marveled much, the while, to find such valor in so young a boy.

Then I carried my brother home for dead, and it was only with great difficulty that he came to himself again. When he was cured, the Eight, who had already condemned our adversaries and banished them for a term of years, sent us also into exile for six months at a distance of ten miles from Florence. I said to my brother: "Come along with me;" and so we took leave of our poor father; and instead of giving us money, for he had none, he bestowed on us his blessing. I went to Siena, wishing to look up a certain worthy man called Maestro Francesco Castoro. On another occasion, when I had run away from my father, I went to this good man, and stayed some time with him, working at the goldsmith's trade until my father sent for me back. Francesco, when I reached him, recognized me at once, and gave me work to do. While thus occupied, he placed a house at my disposal for the whole time of my sojourn in Siena. Into this I moved, together with my brother, and applied myself to labor for the space of several months. My brother had acquired the rudiments of Latin, but was still so young that he could not yet relish the taste of virtuous employment, but passed his time in dissipation.

VI

The Cardinal de' Medici, who afterward became Pope Clement VII., had us recalled to Florence at the entreaty of my father. A certain pupil of my father's, moved by his own bad nature, suggested to the Cardinal that he ought to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play well from a great master there. The name of this master was Antonio, and he

was in truth a worthy man in the musician's art. The Cardinal said to my father that, if he sent me there, he would give me letters of recommendation and support. My father, dying with joy at such an opportunity, sent me off; and I being eager to see the world, went with good grace.

When I reached Bologna, I put myself under a certain Maestro Ercole del Piffero, and began to earn something by my trade. In the meantime I used to go every day to take my music-lesson, and in a few weeks made considerable progress in that accursed art. However, I made still greater in my trade of goldsmith; for the Cardinal having given me no assistance, I went to live with a Bolognese illuminator who was called Scipione Cavalletti (his house was in the street of our Lady del Baraccan); and while there I devoted myself to drawing and working for one Graziadio, a Jew, with whom I earned considerably.

At the end of six months I returned to Florence, where that fellow Pierino, who had been my father's pupil, was greatly mortified by my return. To please my father, I went to his house and played the cornet and the flute with one of his brothers, who was named Girolamo, several years younger than the said Piero, a very worthy young man, and quite the contrary of his brother. On one of those days my father came to Piero's house to hear us play, and in ecstasy at my performance exclaimed: "I shall yet make you a marvelous musician against the will of all or any one who may desire to prevent me." To this Piero answered, and spoke the truth: "Your Benvenuto will get much more honor and profit if he devotes himself to the goldsmith's trade than to this piping." These words made my father so angry, seeing that I too had the same opinion as Piero, that he flew into a rage.

VII

All this while I worked as a goldsmith, and was able to assist my good father. His other son, my brother Cecchino, had, as I said before, been instructed in the rudiments of Latin letters. It was our father's wish to make me, the elder, a great musician and composer, and him, the younger, a great and learned jurist. He could not, however, put force upon the inclinations of our nature, which directed me to the arts

of design, and my brother, who had a fine and graceful person, to the profession of arms.

VIII

All the while I was at Florence, I studied the noble manner of Michel Agnolo, and from this I have never deviated. About that time I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo, and grandson of Fra Lippo Lippi, that most excellent painter. Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities of Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm; and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy. At that time I fashioned a silver bas-relief of the size of a little child's hand. It was intended for the clasp to a man's belt; for they were then worn as large as that. I carved on it a knot of leaves in the antique style, with figures of children and other masks of great beauty. This piece I made in the workshop of one Francesco Salimbene; and on its being exhibited to the trade, the goldsmiths praised me as the best young craftsman of their art.

There was one Giovan Battista, surnamed Il Tasso, a wood-carver, precisely of my own age, who one day said to me that if I was willing to go to Rome, he should be glad to join me. Now we had this conversation together immediately after dinner; and I being angry with my father for the same old reason of the music, said to Tasso: "You are a fellow of words, not deeds." He answered: "I too have come to anger with my mother; and if I had cash enough to take me to Rome, I would not turn back to lock the door of that wretched little workshop I call mine." To these words I replied that if that was all that kept him in Florence I had money enough in my pockets to bring us both to Rome. Talking thus and walking onwards, we found ourselves at the gate San Piero Gattolini without noticing that we had got there; whereupon I said: "Friend Tasso, this is God's doing

that we have reached this gate without either you or me noticing that we were there; and now that I am here, it seems to me that I have finished half the journey." And so, being of one accord, we pursued our way together, saying, "Oh, what will our old folks say this evening?" We then made an agreement not to think more about them till we reached Rome. So we tied our aprons behind our backs, and trudged almost in silence to Siena. When we arrived at Siena, Tasso said (for he had hurt his feet) that he would not go farther, and asked me to lend him money to get back. I made answer: "I should not have enough left to go forward; you ought indeed to have thought of this on leaving Florence; and if it is because of your feet that you shirk the journey, we will find a return horse for Rome, which will deprive you of the excuse." Accordingly I hired a horse; and seeing that he did not answer, I took my way toward the gate of Rome. When he knew that I was firmly resolved to go, muttering between his teeth, and limping as well as he could, he came on behind me very slowly and at a great distance. On reaching the gate, I felt pity for my comrade, and waited for him, and took him on the crupper, saying: "What would our friends speak of us to-morrow, if, having left for Rome, we had not pluck to get beyond Siena?" Then the good Tasso said I spoke the truth; and as he was a pleasant fellow, he began to laugh and sing; and in this way, always singing and laughing, we traveled the whole way to Rome. I had just nineteen years then, and so had the century.

When we reached Rome, I put myself under a master who was known as Il Firenzuola. His name was Giovanni, and he came from Firenzuola in Lombardy, a most able craftsman in large vases and big plate of that kind. I showed him part of the model for the clasp which I had made in Florence at Salimbene's. It pleased him exceedingly; and turning to one of his journeymen, a Florentine called Giannotto Giannotti, who had been several years with him, he spoke as follows: "This fellow is one of the Florentines who know something, and you are one of those who know nothing." Then I recognized the man, and turned to speak with him; for before he went to Rome, we often went to draw together, and had been very intimate comrades. He was so

put out by the words his master flung at him, that he said he did not recognize me or know who I was; whereupon I got angry, and cried out: "O Giannotto, you who were once my friend—for have we not been together in such and such places, and drawn, and ate, and drunk, and slept in company at your house in the country? I don't want you to bear witness on my behalf to this worthy man, your master, because I hope my hands are such that without aid from you they will declare what sort of a fellow I am."

IX

When I had thus spoken, Firenzuola, who was a man of hot spirit and brave, turned to Giannotto, and said to him: "You vile rascal, aren't you ashamed to treat a man who has been so intimate a comrade with you in this way?" And with the same movement of quick feeling, he faced round and said to me: "Welcome to my workshop; and do as you have promised; let your hands declare what man you are."

X

At the end of two years, upon my father's entreaty, I returned to Florence, and put myself once more under Francesco Salimbene, with whom I earned a great deal, and took continual pains to improve in my art. I renewed my intimacy with Francesco di Filippo; and though I was too much given to pleasure, owing to that accursed music, I never neglected to devote some hours of the day or night to study. At that time I fashioned a silver heart's key *(chiavaquore)*, as it was then called. This was a girdle three inches broad, which used to be made for brides, and was executed in half relief with some small figures in the round. It was a commission from a man called Raffaello Lapaccini. I was very badly paid; but the honor which it brought me was worth far more than the gain I might have justly made by it. Having at this time worked with many different persons in Florence, I had come to know some worthy men among the goldsmiths, as, for instance, Marcone, my first master; but I also met with others reputed honest, who did all they could to ruin me, and robbed me grossly. When I perceived this, I left their company, and held them for thieves and black-

guards. One of the goldsmiths, called Giovanbattista Sogliani, kindly accommodated me with part of his shop, which stood at the side of the New Market near the Landi's bank. There I finished several pretty pieces, and made good gains, and was able to give my family much help. This roused the jealousy of the bad men among my former masters, who were called Salvadore and Michele Guasconti. In the guild of the goldsmiths they had three big shops, and drove a thriving trade. On becoming aware of their evil will against me, I complained to certain worthy fellows, and remarked that they ought to have been satisfied with the thieveries they practiced on me under the cloak of hypocritical kindness. This coming to their ears, they threatened to make me sorely repent of such words; but I, who knew not what the color of fear was, paid them little or no heed.

XI

It chanced one day that I was leaning against a shop of one of these men, who called out to me, and began partly reproaching, partly bullying. I answered that had they done their duty by me, I should have spoken of them what one speaks of good and worthy men; but as they had done the contrary, they ought to complain of themselves and not of me. While I was standing there and talking, one of them, named Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, having perhaps been put up to it by them, lay in wait till a beast of burden went by. It was a load of bricks. When the load reached me, Gherardo pushed it so violently on my body that I was very much hurt. Turning suddenly round and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on the temple that he fell down, stunned, like one dead. Then I faced round to his cousins, and said: "That's the way to treat cowardly thieves of your sort;" and when they wanted to make a move upon me, trusting to their numbers, I, whose blood was now well up, laid hands to a little knife I had, and cried: "If one of you comes out of the shop, let the other run for the confessor, because the doctor will have nothing to do here." These words so frightened them that not one stirred to help their cousin. As soon as I had gone, the fathers and sons ran to the Eight, and declared that I had assaulted them in their shops with sword in hand, a

thing which had never yet been seen in Florence. The magistrates had me summoned. I appeared before them; and they began to upbraid and cry out upon me—partly, I think, because they saw me in my cloak, while the others were dressed like citizens in mantle and hood; but also because my adversaries had been to the houses of those magistrates, and had talked with all of them in private, while I, inexperienced in such matters, had not spoken to any of them, trusting in the goodness of my cause. I said that, having received such outrage and insult from Gherardo, and in my fury having only given him a box on the ear, I did not think I deserved such a vehement reprimand. I had hardly time to finish the word box, before Prinzivalle della Stufa, who was one of the Eight, interrupted me by saying: "You gave him a blow, and not a box, on the ear." The bell was rung and we were all ordered out, when Prinzivalle spoke thus in my defense to his brother judges: "Mark, sirs, the simplicity of this poor young man, who has accused himself of having given a box on the ear, under the impression that this is of less importance than a blow; whereas a box on the ear in the New Market carries a fine of twenty-five crowns, while a blow costs little or nothing. He is a young man of admirable talents, and supports his poor family by his labor in great abundance; I would to God that our city had plenty of this sort, instead of the present dearth of them."

XII

At Siena I waited for the mail to Rome, which I afterwards joined; and when we passed the Paglia, we met a courier carrying news of the new Pope, Clement VII. Upon my arrival in Rome, I went to work in the shop of the master-goldsmith Santi. He was dead; but a son of his carried on the business. He did not work himself, but entrusted all his commissions to a young man named Lucagnolo from Iesi, a country fellow, who while yet a child had come into Santi's service. This man was short but well proportioned, and was a more skillful craftsman than any one whom I had met with up to that time; remarkable for facility and excellent in design. He executed large plate only; that is to say, vases of the utmost beauty, basins, and such pieces. Having put

myself to work there, I began to make some candelabra for the Bishop of Salamanca, a Spaniard. They were richly chased, so far as that sort of work admits. A pupil of Raffaello da Urbino called Gian Francesco, and commonly known as Il Fattore, was a painter of great ability; and being on terms of friendship with the Bishop, he introduced me to his favor, so that I obtained many commissions from that prelate, and earned considerable sums of money.

XIII

SINCE I am writing my life, I must from time to time diverge from my profession in order to describe with brevity, if not in detail, some incidents which have no bearing on my career as artist. On the morning of Saint John's Day I happened to be dining with several men of our nation, painters, sculptors, goldsmiths, amongst the most notable of whom was Rosso and Gianfrancesco, the pupil of Raffaello. I had invited them without restraint or ceremony to the place of our meeting; and they were all laughing and joking, as is natural when a crowd of men come together to make merry on so great a festival. It chanced that a light-brained swaggering young fellow passed by; he was a soldier of Rienzo da Ceri, who, when he heard the noise that we were making, gave vent to a string of opprobrious sarcasms upon the folk of Florence. I, who was the host of those great artists and men of worth, taking the insult to myself, slipped out quietly without being observed, and went up to him. I ought to say that he had a punk of his there, and was going on with his stupid ribaldries to amuse her. When I met him, I asked if he was the rash fellow who was speaking evil of the Florentines. He answered at once: "I am that man." On this I raised my hand, struck him in the face, and said: "And I am *this* man." Then we each of us drew our swords with spirit; but the fray had hardly begun when a crowd of persons intervened, who rather took my part than not, hearing and seeing that I was in the right.

On the following day a challenge to fight with him was brought me, which I accepted very gladly, saying that I expected to complete this job far quicker than those of the other art I practiced. So I went at once to confer with a fine

old man called Bevilacqua, who was reputed to have been the first sword of Italy, because he had fought more than twenty serious duels and had always come off with honor. This excellent man was a great friend of mine; he knew me as an artist, and had also been concerned as intermediary in certain ugly quarrels between me and others. Accordingly, when he had learned my business, he answered with a smile: "My Benvenuto, if you had an affair with Mars, I am sure you would come out with honor, because through all the years that I have known you, I have never seen you wrongfully take up a quarrel." So he consented to be my second, and we repaired with sword in hand to the appointed place; but no blood was shed, for my opponent made the matter up, and I came with much credit out of the affair. I will not add further particulars; for though they would be very interesting in their own way, I wish to keep both space and words for my art, which has been my chief inducement to write as I am doing, and about which I shall have only too much to say.

XIV

At that time, while I was still a young man of about twenty-three, there raged a plague of such extraordinary violence that many thousands died of it every day in Rome. Somewhat terrified at this calamity, I began to take certain amusements, as my mind suggested, and for a reason which I will presently relate. I had formed a habit of going on feast-days to the ancient buildings, and copying parts of them in wax or with the pencil; and since these buildings are all ruins, and the ruins house innumerable pigeons, it came into my head to use my gun against these birds. So then, avoiding all commerce with people, in my terror of the plague, I used to put a fowling-piece on my boy Pagolino's shoulder, and he and I went out alone into the ruins; and oftentimes we came home laden with a cargo of the fattest pigeons. I did not care to charge my gun with more than a single ball; and thus it was by pure skill in the art that I filled such heavy bags. I had a fowling-piece which I had made myself; inside and out it was as bright as any mirror. I also used to make a very fine sort of powder, in doing which I discovered secret processes, beyond any which have yet been found; and on

this point, in order to be brief, I will give but one particular, which will astonish good shots of every degree. This is, that when I charged my gun with powder weighing one-fifth of the ball, it carried two hundred paces point-blank. It is true that the great delight I took in this exercise bid fair to withdraw me from my art and studies; yet in another way it gave me more than it deprived me of, seeing that each time I went out shooting I returned with greatly better health, because the open air was a benefit to my constitution. My natural temperament was melancholy, and while I was taking these amusements, my heart leapt up with joy, and I found that I could work better and with far greater mastery than when I spent my whole time in study and manual labor. In this way my gun, at the end of the game, stood me more in profit than in loss.

XV

The plague went dragging on for many months, but I had as yet managed to keep it at bay; for though several of my comrades were dead, I survived in health and freedom. Now it chanced one evening that an intimate comrade of mine brought home to supper a Bolognese prostitute named Faustina. She was a very fine woman, but about thirty years of age; and she had with her a little serving-girl of thirteen or fourteen. Faustina belonging to my friend, I would not have touched her for all the gold in the world; and though she declared she was madly in love with me, I remained steadfast in my loyalty. But after they had gone to bed, I stole away the little serving-girl, who was quite a fresh maid, and woe to her if her mistress had known of it! The result was that I enjoyed a very pleasant night, far more to my satisfaction than if I had passed it with Faustina. I rose upon the hour of breaking fast, and felt tired, for I had traveled many miles that night, and was wanting to take food, when a crushing headache seized me; several boils appeared on my left arm, together with a carbuncle which showed itself just beyond the palm of the left hand where it joins the wrist. Everybody in the house was in a panic; my friend, the cow and the calf, all fled. Left alone there with my poor little prentice, who refused to abandon me, I felt stifled at the heart,

and made up my mind for a certainty I was a dead man.

Just then the father of the lad went by, who was physician to the Cardinal Iacoacci, and lived as member of that prelate's household. The boy called out: "Come, father, and see Benvenuto; he is in bed with some trifling indisposition." Without thinking what my complaint might be, the doctor came up at once, and when he had felt my pulse, he saw and felt what was very contrary to his own wishes. Turning round to his son, he said: "O traitor of a child, you've ruined me; how can I venture now into the Cardinal's presence?" His son made answer: "Why, father, this man my master is worth far more than all the cardinals in Rome." Then the doctor turned to me and said: "Since I am here, I will consent to treat you. But of one thing only I warn you, that if you have enjoyed a woman, you are doomed." To this I replied: "I did so this very night." He answered: "With whom, and to what extent?" I said: "Last night, and with a girl in her earliest maturity." Upon this, perceiving that he had spoken foolishly, he made haste to add: "Well, considering the sores are so new, and have not yet begun to stink, and that the remedies will be taken in time, you need not be too much afraid, for I have good hopes of curing you." When he had prescribed for me and gone away, a very dear friend of mine, called Giovanni Rigogli, came in, who fell to commiserating my great suffering and also my desertion by my comrade, and said: "Be of good cheer, my Benvenuto, for I will never leave your side until I see you restored to health." I told him not to come too close, since it was all over with me. Only I besought him to be so kind as to take a considerable quantity of crowns, which were lying in a little box near my bed, and when God had thought fit to remove me from this world, to send them to my poor father, writing pleasantly to him, in the way I too had done, so far as that appalling season of the plague permitted. My beloved friend declared that he had no intention whatsoever of leaving me, and that come what might, in life or death, he knew very well what was his duty toward a friend. And so we went on by the help of God: and the admirable remedies which I had used began to work a great improvement, and I soon came well out of that dreadful sickness.

XVI

THE plague had by this time almost died out, so that the survivors, when they met together alive, rejoiced with much delight in one another's company. This led to the formation of a club of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, the best that were in Rome; and the founder of it was a sculptor with the name of Michel Agnolo. He was a Sienese and a man of great ability, who could hold his own against any other workman in that art; but, above all, he was the most amusing comrade and the heartiest good fellow in the universe. Of all the members of the club, he was the eldest, and yet the youngest from the strength and vigor of his body. We often came together; at the very least twice a week. I must not omit to mention that our society counted Giulio Romano, the painter, and Gian Francesco, both of them celebrated pupils of the mighty Raffaello da Urbino.

After many and many merry meetings, it seemed good to our worthy president that for the following Sunday we should repair to supper in his house, and that each one of us should be obliged to bring with him his crow (such was the nickname Michel Agnolo gave to women in the club), and that whoso did not bring one should be sconced by paying a supper to the whole company. Those of us who had no familiarity with women of the town, were forced to purvey themselves at no small trouble and expense, in order to appear without disgrace at that distinguished feast of artists. I had reckoned upon being well provided with a young woman of considerable beauty, called Pantasilea, who was very much in love with me; but I was obliged to give her up to one of my dearest friends, called Il Bachiacca, who on his side had been, and still was, over head and ears in love with her. This exchange excited a certain amount of lover's anger, because the lady, seeing I had abandoned her at Bachiacca's first entreaty, imagined that I held in slight esteem the great affection which she bore me. In course of time a very serious incident grew out of this misunderstanding, through her desire to take revenge for the affront I had put upon her; whereof I shall speak hereafter in the proper place.

Well, then, the hour was drawing nigh when we had to pre-

sent ourselves before that company of men of genius, each with his own crow; and I was still unprovided; and yet I thought it would be stupid to fail of such a madcap bagatelle; but what particularly weighed upon my mind was that I did not choose to lend the light of my countenance in that illustrious sphere to some miserable plume-plucked scarecrow. All these considerations made me devise a pleasant trick, for the increase of merriment and the diffusion of mirth in our society.

Having taken this resolve, I sent for a stripling of sixteen years, who lived in the next house to mine; he was the son of a Spanish coppersmith. This young man gave his time to Latin studies, and was very diligent in their pursuit. He bore the name of Diego, had a handsome figure, and a complexion of marvelous brilliancy; the outlines of his head and face were far more beautiful than those of the antique Antinous: I had often copied them, gaining thereby much honor from the works in which I used them. The youth had no acquaintances, and was therefore quite unknown; dressed very ill and negligently; all his affections being set upon those wonderful studies of his. After bringing him to my house, I begged him to let me array him in the woman's clothes which I had caused to be laid out. He readily complied, and put them on at once, while I added new beauties to the beauty of his face by the elaborate and studied way in which I dressed his hair. In his ears I placed two little rings, set with two large and fair pearls; the rings were broken; they only clipped his ears, which looked as though they had been pierced. Afterwards I wreathed his throat with chains of gold and rich jewels, and ornamented his fair hands with rings. Then I took him in a pleasant manner by one ear, and drew him before a great looking-glass. The lad, when he beheld himself, cried out with a burst of enthusiasm: "Heavens! is that Diego?" I said: "That is Diego, from whom until this day I never asked for any kind of favor; but now I only beseech Diego to do me pleasure in one harmless thing; and it is this—I want him to come in those very clothes to supper with the company of artists whereof he has often heard me speak." The young man, who was honest, virtuous, and wise, checked his enthusiasm, bent

his eyes to the ground, and stood for a short while in silence. Then with a sudden move he lifted up his face and said: "With Benvenuto I will go; now let us start."

I wrapped his head in a large kind of napkin, which is called in Rome, a summer-cloth; and when we reached the place of meeting, the company had already assembled, and everybody came forward to greet me. Michel Agnolo had placed himself between Giulio and Giovan Francesco. I lifted the veil from the head of my beauty; and then Michel Agnolo, who, as I have already said, was the most humorous and amusing fellow in the world, laid his two hands, the one on Giulio's and the other on Gian Francesco's shoulders, and pulling them with all his force, made them bow down, while he, on his knees upon the floor, cried out for mercy, and called to all the folk in words like these: "Behold ye of what sort are the angels of paradise! for though they are called angels, here shall ye see that they are not all of the male gender." Then with a loud voice he added:

"Angel beauteous, angel best,
Save me thou, make thou me blest."

Upon this my charming creature laughed, and lifted the right hand and gave him a papal benediction, with many pleasant words to boot. So Michel Agnolo stood up, and said it was the custom to kiss the feet of the Pope and the cheeks of angels; and having done the latter to Diego, the boy blushed deeply, which immensely enchanced his beauty.

When this reception was over, we found the whole room full of sonnets, which every man of us had made and sent to Michel Agnolo. My lad began to read them, and read them all aloud so gracefully, that his infinite charms were heightened beyond the powers of language to describe. Then followed conversation and witty sayings, on which I will not enlarge, for that is not my business; only one clever word must be mentioned, for it was spoken by that admirable painter Giulio, who, looking round with meaning in his eyes on the bystanders, and fixing them particularly upon the women, turned to Michel Agnolo and said: "My dear Michel Agnolo, your nickname of crow very well suits those ladies to-day, though I vow they are somewhat less fair than crows

by the side of one of the most lovely peacocks which fancy could have painted."

When the banquet was served and ready, and we were going to sit down to table, Giulio asked leave to be allowed to place us. This being granted, he took the women by the hand, and arranged them all upon the inner side, with my fair in the center; then he placed all the men on the outside and me in the middle, saying there was no honor too great for my deserts. As a background to the women, there was spread an espalier of natural jasmines in full beauty, which set off their charms, and especially Diego's, to such great advantage, that words would fail to describe the effect. Then we all of us fell to enjoying the abundance of our host's well-furnished table. The supper was followed by a short concert of delightful music, voices joining in harmony with instruments; and forasmuch as they were singing and playing from the book, my beauty begged to be allowed to sing his part. He performed the music better than almost all the rest, which so astonished the company that Giulio and Michel Agnolo dropped their earlier tone of banter, exchanging it for well-weighed terms of sober heartfelt admiration.

After the music was over, a certain Aurelio Ascolano, remarkable for his gift as an improvisatory poet, began to extol the women in choice phrases of exquisite compliment. While he was chanting, the two girls who had my beauty between them never left off chattering. One of them related how she had gone wrong; the other asked mine how it had happened with her, and who were her friends, and how long she had been settled in Rome, and many other questions of the kind. It is true that, if I chose to describe such laughable episodes, I could relate several odd things which then occurred through Pantasilea's jealousy on my account; but since they form no part of my design, I pass them briefly over. At last the conversation of those loose women vexed my beauty, whom we had christened Pomona for the nonce; and Pomona, wanting to escape from their silly talk, turned restlessly upon her chair, first to one side and then to the other. The female brought by Giulio asked whether she felt indisposed. Pomona answered, yes, she thought she was a month or so with child; this gave them the opportunity of feeling

her body and discovering the real sex of the supposed woman. Thereupon they quickly withdrew their hands and rose from table, uttering such gibing words as are commonly addressed to young men of eminent beauty. The whole room rang with laughter and astonishment, in the midst of which Michel Agnolo, assuming a fierce aspect, called out for leave to inflict on me the penance he thought fit. When this was granted, he lifted me aloft amid the clamor of the company, crying: "Long live the gentleman! long live the gentleman!" and added that this was the punishment I deserved for having played so fine a trick. Thus ended that most agreeable supper-party, and each of us returned to his own dwelling at the close of day.

XVII

THE whole world was now in warfare. Pope Clement had sent to get some troops from Giovanni de' Medici, and when they came, they made such disturbances in Rome, that it was ill living in open shops. On this account I retired to a good snug house behind the Banchi, where I worked for all the friends I had acquired. Since I produced few things of much importance at that period, I need not waste time in talking about them. I took much pleasure in music and amusements of the kind. On the death of Giovanni de' Medici in Lombardy, the Pope, at the advise of Messer Jacopo Salviati, dismissed the five bands he had engaged; and when the Constable of Bourbon knew there were no troops in Rome, he pushed his army with the utmost energy up to the city. The whole of Rome upon this flew to arms. I happened to be intimate with Alessandro, the son of Piero del Bene, who, at the time when the Colonnesi entered Rome, had requested me to guard his palace. On this more serious occasion, therefore, he prayed me to enlist fifty comrades for the protection of the said house, appointing me their captain, as I had been when the Colonnesi came. So I collected fifty young men of the highest courage, and we took up our quarters in his palace, with good pay and excellent appointments.

Bourbon's army had now arrived before the walls of Rome, and Alessandro begged me to go with him to reconnoiter. So we went with one of the stoutest fellows in our company;

and on the way a youth called Cecchino della Casa joined himself to us. On reaching the walls by the Campo Santo, we could see that famous army, which was making every effort to enter the town. Upon the ramparts where we took our station, several young men were lying killed by the besiegers; the battle raged there desperately, and there was the densest fog imaginable. I turned to Alessandro and said: "Let us go home as soon as we can, for there is nothing to be done here; you see the enemies are mounting, and our men are in flight." Alessandro, in a panic, cried: "Would God that we had never come here!" and turned in maddest haste to fly. I took him up somewhat sharply with these words: "Since you have brought me here, I must perform some action worthy of a man;" and directing my arquebuse where I saw the thickest and most serried troop of fighting men, I aimed exactly at one whom I remarked to be higher than the rest: the fog prevented me from being certain whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then I turned to Alessandro and Cecchino, and bade them discharge their arquebuses, showing them how to avoid being hit by the besiegers. When we had fired two rounds apiece, I crept cautiously up to the wall, and observing among the enemy a most extraordinary confusion, I discovered afterwards that one of our shots had killed the Constable of Bourbon; and from what I subsequently learned, he was the man whom I had first noticed above the heads of the rest.

Quitting our position on the ramparts, we crossed the Campo Santo, and entered the city by St. Peter's; then coming out exactly at the church of Santo Agnolo, we got with the greatest difficulty to the great gate of the castle; for the generals Renzo di Ceri and Orazio Baglioni were wounding and slaughtering everybody who abandoned the defense of the walls. By the time we had reached the great gate, part of the foemen had already entered Rome, and we had them in our rear. The castellan had ordered the portcullis to be lowered, in order to do which they cleared a little space, and this enabled us four to get inside. On the instant that I entered, the captain Pallone de' Medici claimed me as being of the Papal household, and forced me to abandon Alessandro, which I had to do, much against my will. I as-

cended to the keep, and at the same instant Pope Clement came in through the corridors into the castle; he had refused to leave the palace of St. Peter earlier, being unable to believe that his enemies would effect their entrance into Rome. Having got into the castle in this way, I attached myself to certain pieces of artillery, which were under the command of a bombardier called Giuliano Fiorentino. Leaning there against the battlements, the unhappy man could see his poor house being sacked, and his wife and children outraged; fearing to strike his own folk, he dared not discharge the cannon, and flinging the burning fuse upon the ground, he wept as though his heart would break, and tore his cheeks with both his hands. Some of the other bombardiers were behaving in like manner; seeing which, I took one of the matches, and got the assistance of a few men who were not overcome by their emotions. I aimed some swivels and falconets at points where I saw it would be useful, and killed with them a good number of the enemy. Had it not been for this, the troops who poured into Rome that morning, and were marching straight upon the castle, might possibly have entered it with ease, because the artillery was doing them no damage. I went on firing under the eyes of several cardinals and lords, who kept blessing me and giving me the heartiest encouragement. In my enthusiasm I strove to achieve the impossible; let it suffice that it was I who saved the castle that morning, and brought the other bombardiers back to their duty. I worked hard the whole of that day; and when the evening came, while the army was marching into Rome through the Trastevere, Pope Clement appointed a great Roman nobleman named Antonio Santacroce to be captain of all the gunners. The first thing this man did was to come to me, and having greeted me with the utmost kindness, he stationed me with five fine pieces of artillery on the highest point of the castle, to which the name of the Angel specially belongs. This circular eminence goes round the castle, and surveys both Prati and the town of Rome. The captain put under my orders enough men to help in managing my guns, and having seen me paid in advance, he gave me rations of bread and a little wine, and begged me to go forward as I had begun. I was perhaps more inclined

by nature to the profession of arms than to the one I had adopted, and I took such pleasure in its duties that I discharged them better than those of my own art. Night came, the enemy had entered Rome, and we who were in the castle (especially myself, who have always taken pleasure in extraordinary sights) stayed gazing on the indescribable scene of tumult and conflagration in the streets below. People who were anywhere else but where we were, could not have formed the least imagination of what it was. I will not, however, set myself to describe that tragedy, but will content myself with continuing the history of my own life and the circumstances which probably belong to it.

XVIII

During the course of my artillery practice, which I never intermitted through the whole month passed by us beleaguered in the castle, I met with a great many very striking accidents, all of them worthy to be related. But since I do not care to be too prolix, or to exhibit myself outside the sphere of my profession, I will omit the larger part of them, only touching upon those I cannot well neglect, which shall be the fewest in number and the most remarkable. The first which comes to hand is this: Messer Antonio Santacroce had made me come down from the Angel, in order to fire on some houses in the neighborhood, where certain of our besiegers had been seen to enter. While I was firing, a cannon shot reached me, which hit the angle of a battlement, and carried off enough of it to be the cause why I sustained no injury. The whole mass struck me in the chest and took my breath away. I lay stretched upon the ground like a dead man, and could hear what the bystanders were saying. Among them all, Messer Antonio Santacroce lamented greatly, exclaiming: "Alas, alas! we have lost the best defender that we had." Attracted by the uproar, one of my comrades ran up; he was called Gianfrancesco, and was a bandsman, but was far more naturally given to medicine than to music. On the spot he flew off, crying for a stoop of the very best Greek wine. Then he made a tile red-hot, and cast upon it a good handful of wormwood; after which he sprinkled the Greek wine; and when the wormwood was well soaked, he laid it on my

breast, just where the bruise was visible to all. Such was the virtue of the wormwood that I immediately regained my scattered faculties. I wanted to begin to speak, but could not; for some stupid soldiers had filled my mouth with earth, imagining that by so doing they were giving me the sacrament; and indeed they were more like to have excommunicated me, since I could with difficulty come to myself again, the earth doing me more mischief than the blow. However, I escaped that danger, and returned to the rage and fury of the guns, pursuing my work there with all the ability and eagerness that I could summon.

Pope Clement, by this, had sent to demand assistance from the Duke of Urbino, who was with the troops of Venice; he commissioned the envoy to tell his Excellency that the Castle of S. Angelo would send up every evening three beacons from its summit, accompanied by three discharges of the cannon thrice repeated, and that so long as this signal was continued, he might take for granted that the castle had not yielded. I was charged with lighting the beacons and firing the guns for this purpose; and all this while I pointed my artillery by day upon the places where mischief could be done. The Pope, in consequence, began to regard me with still greater favor, because he saw that I discharged my functions as intelligently as the task demanded. Aid from the Duke of Urbino never came; on which, as it is not my business, I will make no further comment.

XIX

While I was at work upon that diabolical task of mine, there came from time to time to watch me some of the cardinals who were invested in the castle; and most frequently the Cardinal of Ravenna and the Cardinal de' Gaddi. I often told them not to show themselves, since their nasty red caps gave a fair mark to our enemies. From neighboring buildings, such as the Torre de' Bini, we ran great peril when they were there; and at last I had them locked off, and gained thereby their deep ill-will. I frequently received visits also from the general, Orazio Baglioni, who was very well affected toward me. One day while he was talking with me, he noticed something going forward in a drinking-

place outside the Porta di Castello, which bore the name of Baccanello. This tavern had for sign a sun painted between two windows, of a bright red color. The windows being closed, Signor Orazio concluded that a band of soldiers were carousing at table just between them and behind the sun. So he said to me: "Benvenuto, if you think that you could hit that wall an ell's breadth from the sun with your demi-cannon here, I believe you would be doing a good stroke of business, for there is a great commotion there, and men of much importance must probably be inside the house." I answered that I felt quite capable of hitting the sun in its center, but that a barrel full of stones, which was standing close to the muzzle of the gun, might be knocked down by the shock of the discharge and the blast of the artillery. He rejoined: "Don't waste time, Benvenuto. In the first place, it is not possible, where it is standing, that the cannon's blast should bring it down; and even if it were to fall, and the Pope himself was underneath, the mischief would not be so great as you imagine. Fire, then, only fire!" Taking no more thought about it, I struck the sun in the center, exactly as I said I should. The cask was dislodged, as I predicted, and fell precisely between Cardinal Farnese and Messer Jacopo Salviati. It might very well have dashed out the brains of both of them, except that just at that very moment Farnese was reproaching Salviati with having caused the sack of Rome, and while they stood apart from one another to exchange opprobrious remarks, my gabion fell without destroying them. When he heard the uproar in the court below, good Signor Orazio dashed off in a hurry; and I, thrusting my neck forward where the cask had fallen, heard some people saying: "It would not be a bad job to kill that gunner!" Upon this I turned two falconets toward the staircase, with mind resolved to let blaze on the first man who attempted to come up. The household of Cardinal Farnese must have received orders to go and do me some injury; accordingly I prepared to receive them, with a lighted match in hand. Recognizing some who were approaching, I called out: "You lazy lubbers, if you don't pack off from there, and if but a man's child among you dares to touch the staircase, I have got two cannon loaded, which will blow you into powder.

Go and tell the Cardinal that I was acting at the order of superior officers, and that what we have done and are doing is in defense of the priests, and not to hurt them." They made away; and then came Signor Orazio Baglioni, running. I bade him stand back, else I'd murder him; for I knew very well who he was. He drew back a little, not without a certain show of fear, and called out: "Benvenuto, I am your friend!" To this I answered: "Sir, come up, but come alone, and then come as you like." The general, who was a man of mighty pride, stood still a moment, and then said angrily: "I have a good mind not to come up again, and to do quite the opposite of that which I intended toward you." I replied that just as I was put there to defend my neighbors, I was equally well able to defend myself too. He said that he was coming alone; and when he arrived at the top of the stairs, his features were more discomposed than I thought reasonable. So I kept my hand upon my sword, and stood eyeing him askance. Upon this he began to laugh, and the color coming back into his face, he said to me with the most pleasant manner: "Friend Benvenuto, I bear you as great love as I have it in my heart to give; and in God's good time I will render you proof of this. Would to God that you had killed those two rascals; for one of them is the cause of all this trouble, and the day perchance will come when the other will be found the cause of something even worse." He then begged me, if I should be asked, not to say that he was with me when I fired the gun; and for the rest bade me be of good cheer. The commotion which the affair made was enormous, and lasted a long while. However, I will not enlarge upon it further, only adding that I was within an inch of revenging my father on Messer Jacopo Salviati, who had grievously injured him, according to my father's frequent complaints. As it was, unwittingly I gave the fellow a great fright. Of Farnese I shall say nothing here, because it will appear in its proper place how well it would have been if I had killed him.

XX

I PURSUED my business of artilleryman, and every day performed some extraordinary feat, whereby the credit and the

favor I acquired with the Pope was something indescribable. There never passed a day but what I killed one or another of our enemies in the besieging army. On one occasion the Pope was walking round the circular keep, when he observed a Spanish Colonel in the Prati; he recognized the man by certain indications, seeing that this officer had formerly been in his service; and while he fixed his eyes on him, he kept talking about him. I, above by the Angel, knew nothing of all this, but spied a fellow down there, busying himself about the trenches with a javelin in his hand; he was dressed entirely in rose-color; and so, studying the worst that I could do against him, I selected a gerfalcon which I had at hand; it is a piece of ordnance larger and longer than a swivel, and about the size of a demi-culverin. This I emptied, and loaded it again with a good charge of fine powder mixed with the coarser sort; then I aimed it exactly at the man in red, elevating prodigiously, because a piece of that caliber could hardly be expected to carry true at such a distance. I fired, and hit my man exactly in the middle. He had trussed his sword in front, for swagger, after a way those Spaniards have; and my ball, when it struck him, broke upon the blade, and one could see the fellow cut in two fair halves. The Pope, who was expecting nothing of this kind, derived great pleasure and amazement from the sight, both because it seemed to him impossible that one should aim and hit the mark at such a distance, and also because the man was cut in two, and he could not comprehend how this should happen. He sent for me, and asked about it. I explained all the devices I had used in firing; but told him that why the man was cut in halves, neither he nor I could know. Upon my bended knees I then besought him to give me the pardon of his blessing for that homicide; and for all the others I had committed in the castle in the service of the Church. Thereat the Pope, raising his hand, and making a large open sign of the cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated, or should ever perpetrate, in the service of the Apostolic Church. When I left him, I went aloft, and never stayed from firing to the utmost of my power; and few were the shots of mine that missed their mark. My drawing, and my fine studies in

my craft, and my charming art of music, all were swallowed up in the din of that artillery; and if I were to relate in detail all the splendid things I did in that infernal work of cruelty, I should make the world stand by and wonder. But, not to be too prolix, I will pass them over. Only I must tell a few of the most remarkable, which are, as it were, forced in upon me.

To begin then: pondering day and night what I could render for my own part in defense of Holy Church, and having noticed that the enemy changed guard and marched past through the great gate of Santo Spirito, which was within a reasonable range, I thereupon directed my attention to that spot; but, having to shoot sideways, I could not do the damage that I wished, although I killed a fair percentage every day. This induced our adversaries, when they saw their passage covered by my guns, to load the roof of a certain house one night with thirty gabions, which obstructed the view I formerly enjoyed. Taking better thought than I had done of the whole situation, I now turned all my five pieces of artillery directly on the gabions, and waited till the evening hour, when they changed guard. Our enemies, thinking they were safe, came on at greater ease and in a closer body than usual; whereupon I set fire to my blow-pipes. Not merely did I dash to pieces the gabions which stood in my way; but, what was better, by that one blast I slaughtered more than thirty men. In consequence of this maneuver, which I repeated twice, the soldiers were thrown into such disorder, that being, moreover, encumbered with the spoils of that great sack, and some of them desirous of enjoying the fruits of their labor, they oftentimes showed a mind to mutiny and take themselves away from Rome. However, after coming to terms with their valiant captain, Gian di Urbino, they were ultimately compelled, at their excessive inconvenience, to take another road when they changed guard. It cost them three miles of march, whereas before they had but half a mile. Having achieved this feat, I was entreated with prodigious favors by all the men of quality who were invested in the castle. This incident was so important that I thought it well to relate it, before finishing the history of things outside my art, the which is the

real object of my writing: forsooth, if I wanted to ornament my biography with such matters, I should have far too much to tell. There is only one more circumstance which, now that the occasion offers, I propose to record.

XXI

I SHALL skip over some intervening circumstances, and tell how Pope Clement, wishing to save the tiaras and the whole collection of the great jewels of the Apostolic Camera, had me called, and shut himself up together with me and the Cavalierino in a room alone. This Cavalierino had been a groom in the stable of Filippo Strozzi; he was French, and a person of the lowest birth; but being a most faithful servant, the Pope had made him very rich, and confided in him like himself. So the Pope, the Cavaliere, and I, being shut up together, they laid before me the tiaras and jewels of the regalia; and his Holiness ordered me to take all the gems out of their gold settings. This I accordingly did; afterwards I wrapt them separately up in bits of paper, and we sewed them into the linings of the Pope's and the Cavaliere's clothes. Then they gave me all the gold, which weighed about two hundred pounds, and bade me melt it down as secretly as was able. I went up to the Angel, where I had my lodging, and could lock the door so as to be free from interruption. There I built a little draught-furnace of bricks, with a largish pot, shaped like an open dish, at the bottom of it; and throwing the gold upon the coals, it gradually sank through and dropped into the pan. While the furnace was working, I never left off watching how to annoy our enemies; and as their trenches were less than a stone's-throw right below us, I was able to inflict considerable damage on them with some useless missiles, of which there were several piles, forming the old munition of the castle. I chose a swivel and a falconet, which were both a little damaged in the muzzle, and filled them with the projectiles I have mentioned. When I fired my guns, they hurtled down like mad, occasioning all sorts of unexpected mischief in the trenches. Accordingly I kept these pieces always going at the same time that the gold was being melted down; and a little before vespers I noticed

some one coming along the margin of the trench on mule-back. The mule was trotting very quickly, and the man was talking to the soldiers in the trenches. I took the precaution of discharging my artillery just before he came immediately opposite; and so, making a good calculation, I hit my mark. One of the fragments struck him in the face; the rest were scattered on the mule, which fell dead. A tremendous uproar rose up from the trench; I opened fire with my other piece, doing them great hurt. The man turned out to be the Prince of Orange, who was carried through the trenches to a certain tavern in the neighborhood, whither in a short while all the chief folk of the army came together.

When Pope Clement heard what I had done, he sent at once to call for me, and inquired into the circumstance. I related the whole, and added that the man must have been of the greatest consequence, because the inn to which they carried him had been immediately filled by all the chiefs of the army, so far at least as I could judge. The Pope, with a shrewd instinct, sent for Messer Antonio Santacroce, the nobleman who, as I have said, was chief and commander of the gunners. He bade him order all us bombardiers to point our pieces, which were very numerous, in one mass upon the house, and to discharge them all together upon the signal of an arquebuse being fired. He judged that if we killed the generals, the army, which was already almost on the point of breaking up, would take to flight. God perhaps had heard the prayers they kept continually making, and meant to rid them in this manner of those impious scoundrels.

We put our cannon in order at the command of Santacroce, and waited for the signal. But when Cardinal Orsini became aware of what was going forward, he began to expostulate with the Pope, protesting that the thing by no means ought to happen, seeing they were on the point of concluding an accommodation, and that if the generals were killed, the rabble of the troops without a leader would storm the castle and complete their utter ruin. Consequently they could by no means allow the Pope's plan to be carried out. The poor Pope, in despair, seeing himself assassinated both inside the castle and without, said that he left them to arrange it.

On this, our orders were countermanded; but I, who chafed against the leash, when I knew that they were coming round to bid me stop from firing, let blaze one of my demi-cannons, and struck a pillar in the courtyard of the house, around which I saw a crowd of people clustering. This shot did such damage to the enemy that it was like to have made them evacuate the house. Cardinal Orsini was absolutely for having me hanged or put to death; but the Pope took up my cause with spirit. The high words that passed between them, though I well know what they were, I will not here relate, because I make no profession of writing history. It is enough for me to occupy myself with my own affairs.

XXII

After I had melted down the gold, I took it to the Pope, who thanked me cordially for what I had done, and ordered the Cavalierino to give me twenty-five crowns, apologizing to me for his inability to give me more. A few days afterwards the articles of peace were signed. I went with three hundred comrades in the train of Signor Orazio Baglioni toward Perugia; and there he wished to make me captain of the company, but I was unwilling at the moment, saying that I wanted first to go and see my father, and to redeem the ban which was still in force against me at Florence. Signor Orazio told me that he had been appointed general of the Florentines; and Sir Pier Maria del Lotto, the envoy from Florence, was with him, to whom he specially recommended me as his man.

In course of time I came to Florence in the company of several comrades. The plague was raging with indescribable fury. When I reached home, I found my good father, who thought either that I must have been killed in the sack of Rome, or else that I should come back to him a beggar. However, I entirely defeated both these expectations; for I was alive, with plenty of money, a fellow to wait on me, and a good horse. My joy on greeting the old man was so intense, that, while he embraced and kissed me, I thought that I must die upon the spot. After I had narrated all the devilries of that dreadful sack, and had given him a good quantity of crowns which I had gained by my soldiering,

and when we had exchanged our tokens of affection, he went off to the Eight to redeem my ban. It so happened that one of those magistrates who sentenced me, was now again a member of the board. It was the very man who had so inconsiderately told my father he meant to march me out into the country with the lances. My father took this opportunity of addressing him with some meaning words, in order to mark his revenge, relying on the favor which Orazio Baglioni showed me.

Matters standing thus, I told my father how Signor Orazio had appointed me captain, and that I ought to begin to think of enlisting my company. At these words the poor old man was greatly disturbed, and begged me for God's sake not to turn my thoughts to such an enterprise, although he knew I should be fit for this or yet a greater business, adding that his other son, my brother, was already a most valiant soldier, and that I ought to pursue the noble art in which I had labored so many years and with such diligence of study. Although I promised to obey him, he reflected, like a man of sense, that if Signor Orazio came to Florence, I could not withdraw myself from military service, partly because I had passed my word, as well as for other reasons. He therefore thought of a good expedient for sending me away, and spoke to me as follows: "Oh, my dear son, the plague in this town is raging with immitigable violence, and I am always fancying you will come home infected with it. I remember, when I was a young man, that I went to Mantua, where I was very kindly received, and stayed there several years. I pray and command you, for the love of me, to pack off and go thither; and I would have you do this to-day rather than to-morrow."

XXIII

On the entreaty of my brother and sister, I remained at Florence, though my own inclination led me to return to Rome. The dear friend, also, who had helped me in some of my earlier troubles, as I have narrated (I mean Piero, son of Giovanni Landi)—he too advised me to make some stay in Florence; for the Medici were in exile, that is to say, Signor Ippolito and Signor Alessandro, who were afterwards respectively Cardinal and Duke of Florence; and he judged

it would be well for me to wait a short time and see what happened.

At that time there arrived in Florence a Sienese, called Girolamo Marretti, who had lived long in Turkey and was a man of lively intellect. He came to my shop, and commissioned me to make a golden medal to be worn in the hat. The subject was to be Hercules wrenching the lion's mouth. While I was working at this piece, Michel Agnolo Buonarroti came oftentimes to see it. I had spent infinite pains upon the design, so that the attitude of the figure and the fierce passion of the beast were executed in quite a different style from that of any craftsman who had hitherto attempted such groups. This, together with the fact that the special branch of art was totally unknown to Michel Agnolo, made the divine master give such praises to my work that I felt incredibly inspired for further effort. However, I found little else to do but jewel-setting; and though I gained more thus than in any other way, yet I was dissatisfied, for I would fain have been employed upon some higher task than that of setting precious stones.

Just then I met with Federigo Ginori, a young man of a very lofty spirit. He had lived some years in Naples, and being endowed with great charms of person and presence, had been the lover of a Neapolitan princess. He wanted to have a medal made, with Atlas bearing the world upon his shoulders, and applied to Michel Agnolo for a design. Michel Agnolo made this answer: "Go and find out a young goldsmith named Benvenuto; he will serve you admirably, and certainly he does not stand in need of sketches by me. However, to prevent your thinking that I want to save myself the trouble of so slight a matter, I will gladly sketch you something; but meanwhile speak to Benvenuto, and let him also make a model; he can then execute the better of the two designs." Federigo Ginori came to me, and told me what he wanted, adding thereto how Michel Agnolo had praised me, and how he had suggested I should make a waxen model while he undertook to supply a sketch. The words of that great man so heartened me, that I set myself to work at once with eagerness upon the model; and when I had finished it, a painter who was intimate with Michel Agnolo, called Giuliano

Bugiardini, brought me the drawing of Atlas. On the same occasion I showed Giuliano my little model in wax, which was very different from Michel Agnolo's drawing; and Federigo, in concert with Bugiardini, agreed that I should work upon my model. So I took it in hand, and when Michel Agnolo saw it, he praised me to the skies. This was a figure, as I have said, chiseled on a plate of gold; Atlas had the heaven upon his back, made out of a crystal ball, engraved with the zodiac upon a field of lapis-lazuli. The whole composition produced an indescribably fine effect; and under it ran the legend *Summa tulisse juvat.* Federigo was so thoroughly well pleased that he paid me very liberally. Aluigi Alamanni was at that time in Florence. Federigo Ginori, who enjoyed his friendship, brought him often to my workshop, and through this introduction we became very intimate together.

XXIV

Pope Clement had now declared war upon the city of Florence, which thereupon was put in a state of defense; and the militia being organized in each quarter of the town, I too received orders to serve in my turn. I provided myself with a rich outfit, and went about with the highest nobility of Florence, who showed a unanimous desire to fight for the defense of our liberties. Meanwhile the speeches which are usual upon such occasions were made in every quarter; the young men met together more than was their wont, and everywhere we had but one topic of conversation.

It happened one day, about noon, that a crowd of tall men and lusty young fellows, the first in the city, were assembled in my workshop, when a letter from Rome was put into my hands. It came from a man called Maestro Giacopino della Barca. His real name was Giacopo della Sciorina, but they called him della Barca in Rome, because he kept a ferry boat upon the Tiber between Ponte Sisto and Ponte Santo Agnolo. He was a person of considerable talent, distinguished by his pleasantries and striking conversation, and he had formerly been a designer of patterns for the cloth-weavers in Florence. This man was intimate with the Pope, who took great pleasure in hearing him talk. Being one day

engaged in conversation, they touched upon the sack and the defense of the castle. This brought me to the Pope's mind, and he spoke of me in the very highest terms, adding that if he knew where I was, he should be glad to get me back. Maestro Giacopo said I was in Florence; whereupon the Pope bade the man write and tell me to return to him. The letter I have mentioned was to the effect that I should do well if I resumed the service of Clement, and that this was sure to turn out to my advantage.

The young men who were present were curious to know what the letter contained; wherefore I concealed it as well as I could. Afterwards I wrote to Maestro Giacopo, begging him by no means, whether for good or evil, to write to me again. He however grew more obstinate in his officiousness, and wrote me another letter, so extravagantly worded, that if it had been seen, I should have got into serious trouble. The substance of it was that the Pope required me to come at once, wanting to employ me on work of the greatest consequence; also that if I wished to act aright, I ought to throw up everything, and not to stand against a Pope in the party of those hare-brained Radicals. This letter, when I read it, put me in such a fright, that I went to seek my dear friend Piero Landi. Directly he set eyes on me, he asked what accident had happened to upset me so. I told my friend that it was quite impossible for me to explain what lay upon my mind, and what was causing me this trouble; only I entreated him to take the keys I gave him, and to return the gems and gold in my drawers to such and such persons, whose names he would find inscribed upon my memorandum-book; next, I begged him to pack up the furniture of my house, and keep account of it with his usual loving-kindness; and in a few days he should hear where I was. The prudent young man, guessing perhaps pretty nearly how the matter stood, replied: "My brother, go your ways quickly; then write to me, and have no further care about your things." I did as he advised. He was the most loyal friend, the wisest, the most worthy, the most discreet, the most affectionate that I have ever known. I left Florence and went to Rome, and from there I wrote to him.

XXV

Upon my arrival in Rome, I found several of my former friends, by whom I was very well received and kindly entertained. No time was lost before I set myself to work at things which brought me profit, but were not notable enough to be described. There was a fine old man, a goldsmith, called Raffaello del Moro, who had considerable reputation in the trade, and was to boot a very worthy fellow. He begged me to consent to enter his workshop, saying he had some commissions of importance to execute, on which high profits might be looked for; so I accepted his proposal with good-will.

More than ten days had elapsed, and I had not presented myself to Maestro Giacopino della Barca. Meeting me one day by accident, he gave me a hearty welcome, and asked me how long I had been in Rome. When I told him I had been there about a fortnight, he took it very ill, and said that I showed little esteem for a Pope who had urgently compelled him to write three times for me. I, who had taken his persistence in the matter still more ill, made no reply, but swallowed down my irritation. The man, who suffered from a flux of words, began one of his long yarns, and went on talking, till at the last, when I saw him tired out, I merely said that he might bring me to the Pope when he saw fit. He answered that any time would do for him; and I, that I was always ready. So we took our way toward the palace. It was a Maundy Thursday; and when we reached the apartments of the Pope, he being known there and I expected, we were at once admitted.

The Pope was in bed, suffering from a slight indisposition, and he had with him Messer Jacopo Salviati and the Archbishop of Capua. When the Pope set eyes on me, he was exceedingly glad. I kissed his feet, and then, as humbly as I could, drew near to him, and let him understand that I had things of consequence to utter. On this he waved his hand, and the two prelates retired to a distance from us. I began at once to speak: "Most blessed Father, from the time of the sack up to this hour, I have never been able to confess or to communicate, because they refuse me absolu-

tion. The case is this. When I melted down the gold and worked at the unsetting of those jewels, your Holiness ordered the Cavalierino to give me a modest reward for my labors, of which I received nothing, but on the contrary he rather paid me with abuse. When then I ascended to the chamber where I had melted down the gold, and washed the ashes, I found about a pound and a half of gold in tiny grains like millet-seeds; and inasmuch as I had not money enough to take me home respectably, I thought I would avail myself of this, and give it back again when opportunity should offer.

Now I am most humbly here at the feet of your Holiness, who is the only true confessor. I entreat you to do me the favor of granting me indulgence, so that I may be able to confess and communicate, and by the grace of your Holiness regain the grace of my Lord God." Upon this the Pope, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, remembering perhaps his former trials, spoke as follows: "Benvenuto, I thoroughly believe what you tell me; it is in my power to absolve you of any unbecoming deed you may have done, and, what is more, I have the will. So, then, speak out with frankness and perfect confidence; for if you had taken the value of a whole tiara, I am quite ready to pardon you." Thereupon I answered: "I took nothing, most blessed Father, but what I have confessed; and this did not amount to the value of 140 ducats, for that was the sum I received from the Mint in Perugia, and with it I went home to comfort my poor old father." The Pope said: "Your father has been as virtuous, good, and worthy a man as was ever born, and you have not degenerated from him. I am very sorry that the money was so little; but such as you say it was, I make you a present of it, and give you my full pardon. Assure your confessor of this, if there is nothing else upon your conscience which concerns me. Afterwards, when you have confessed and communicated, you shall present yourself to me again, and it will be to your advantage."

When I parted from the Pope, Messer Giacopo and the Archbishop approached, and the Pope spoke to them in the highest terms imaginable about me; he said that he had confessed and absolved me; then he commissioned the Arch-

bishop of Capua to send for me and ask if I had any other need beyond this matter, giving him full leave to absolve me amply, and bidding him, moreover, treat me with the utmost kindness.

While I was walking away with Maestro Giacopino, he asked me very inquisitively what was the close and lengthy conversation I had had with his Holiness. After he had repeated the question more than twice, I said that I did not mean to tell him, because they were matters with which he had nothing to do, and therefore he need not go on asking me. Then I went to do what had been agreed on with the Pope; and after the two festivals were over, I again presented myself before his Holiness. He received me even better than before, and said: "If you had come a little earlier to Rome, I should have commissioned you to restore my two tiaras, which were pulled to pieces in the castle. These, however, with the exception of the gems, are objects of little artistic interest; so I will employ you on a piece of the very greatest consequence, where you will be able to exhibit all your talents. It is a button for my priest's cope, which has to be made round like a trencher, and as big as a little trencher, one-third of a cubit wide. Upon this I want you to represent God the Father in half-relief, and in the middle to set that magnificent big diamond, which you remember, together with several other gems of the greatest value. Caradosso began to make me one, but did not finish it; I want yours to be finished quickly, so that I may enjoy the use of it a little while. Go, then, and make me a fine model." He had all the jewels shown me, and then I went off like a shot to set myself to work.

XXVI

During the time when Florence was besieged, Federigo Ginori, for whom I made that medal of Atlas, died of consumption, and the medal came into the hands of Messer Luigi Alamanni, who, after a little while, took it to present in person to Francis, king of France, accompanied by some of his own finest compositions. The King was exceedingly delighted with the gift; whereupon Messer Luigi told his Majesty so much about my personal qualities, as well as my

art, and spoke so favorably, that the King expressed a wish to know me.

Meanwhile I pushed my model for the button forward with all the diligence I could, constructing it exactly of the size which the jewel itself was meant to have. In the trade of the goldsmiths it roused considerable jealousy among those who thought that they were capable of matching it. A certain Micheletto had just come to Rome; he was very clever at engraving cornelians, and was, moreover, a most intelligent jeweler, an old man and of great celebrity. He had been employed upon the Pope's tiaras; and while I was working at my model, he wondered much that I had not applied to him, being as he was a man of intelligence and of large credit with the Pope. At last, when he saw that I was not coming to him, he came to me, and asked me what I was about. "What the Pope has ordered me," I answered. Then he said: "The Pope has commissioned me to superintend everything which is being made for his Holiness." I only replied that I would ask the Pope, and then should know what answer I ought to give him. He told me that I should repent, and departing in anger, had an interview with all the masters of the art; they deliberated on the matter, and charged Michele with the conduct of the whole affair. As was to be expected from a person of his talents, he ordered more than thirty drawings to be made, all differing in their details, for the piece the Pope had commissioned.

Having already access to his Holiness's ear, he took into his counsel another jeweler, named Pompeo, a Milanese, who was in favor with the Pope, and related to Messer Traiano, the first chamberlain of the court; these two together, then, began to insinuate that they had seen my model, and did not think me up to a work of such extraordinary import. The Pope replied that he would also have to see it, and that if he then found me unfit for the purpose, he should look around for one who was fit. Both of them put in that they had several excellent designs ready; to which the Pope made answer, that he was very pleased to hear it, but that he did not care to look at them till I had completed my model; afterwards, he would take them all into consideration at the same time.

After a few days I finished my model, and took it to the Pope one morning, when Messer Traiano made me wait till he had sent for Micheletto and Pompeo, bidding them make haste and bring their drawings. On their arrival we were introduced, and Micheletto and Pompeo immediately unrolled their papers, which the Pope inspected. The draughtsmen who had been employed were not in the jeweler's trade, and therefore knew nothing about giving their right place to precious stones; and the jewelers, on their side, had not shown them how; for I ought to say that a jeweler, when he has to work with figures, must of necessity understand design, else he cannot produce anything worth looking at: and so it turned out that all of them had stuck that famous diamond in the middle of the breast of God the Father. The Pope, who was an excellent connoisseur, observing this mistake, approved of none of them; and when he had looked at about ten, he flung the rest down, and said to me, who was standing at a distance: "Now show me your model, Benvenuto, so that I may see if you have made the same mistake as those fellows." I came forward, and opened a little round box; whereupon one would have thought that a light from heaven had struck the Pope's eyes. He cried aloud: "If you had been in my own body, you could not have done it better, as this proves. Those men there have found the right way to bring shame upon themselves!" A crowd of great lords pressing round, the Pope pointed out the difference between my model and the drawings. When he had sufficiently commended it, the others standing terrified and stupid before him, he turned to me and said: "I am only afraid of one thing, and that is of the utmost consequence. Friend Benvenuto, wax is easy to work in; the real difficulty is to execute this in gold." To those words I answered without a moment's hesitation: "Most blessed Father, if I do not work it ten times better than the model, let it be agreed beforehand that you pay me nothing." When they heard this, the noblemen made a great stir, crying out that I was promising too much. Among them was an eminent philosopher, who spoke out in my favor: "From the fine physiognomy and bodily symmetry which I observe in this young man, I predict that he will accomplish what he says, and think

that he will even go beyond it." The Pope put in: "And this is my opinion also." Then he called his chamberlain, Messer Traiano, and bade him bring five hundred golden ducats of the Camera.

While we were waiting for the money, the Pope turned once more to gaze at leisure on the dexterous device I had employed for combining the diamond with the figure of God the Father. I had put the diamond exactly in the center of the piece; and above it God the Father was shown seated, leaning nobly in a sideways attitude, which made a perfect composition, and did not interfere with the stone's effect. Lifting his right hand, he was in the act of giving the benediction. Below the diamond I had placed three children, who, with their arms upraised, were supporting the jewel. One of them, in the middle, was in full relief, the other two in half-relief. All round I set a crowd of cherubs, in divers attitudes, adapted to the other gems. A mantle undulated to the wind around the figure of the Father, from the folds of which cherubs peeped out; and there were other ornaments besides which made a very beautiful effect. The work was executed in white stucco on a black stone. When the money came, the Pope gave it me with his own hand, and begged me in the most winning terms to let him have it finished in his own days, adding that this should be to my advantage.

XXVII

I TOOK the money and the model home, and was in the utmost impatience to begin my work. After I had labored diligently for eight days, the Pope sent word by one of his chamberlains, a very great gentleman of Bologna, that I was to come to him and bring what I had got in hand. On the way, the chamberlain, who was the most gentle-mannered person in the Roman court, told me that the Pope not only wanted to see what I was doing, but also intended to entrust me with another task of the highest consequence, which was, in fact, to furnish dies for the money of the Mint; and bade me arm myself beforehand with the answer I should give; in short, he wished me to be prepared, and therefore he had spoken. When we came into the presence, I lost no time in exhibiting the golden

plate, upon which I had as yet carved nothing but my figure of God the Father; but this, though only in the rough, displayed a grander style than that of the waxen model. The Pope regarded it with stupefaction, and exclaimed: "From this moment forward I will believe everything you say." Then loading me with marks of favor, he added: "It is my intention to give you another commission, which, if you feel competent to execute it, I shall have no less at heart than this, or more." He proceeded to tell me that he wished to make dies for the coinage of his realm, and asked me if I had ever tried my hand at such things, and if I had the courage to attempt them. I answered that of courage for the task I had no lack, and that I had seen how dies were made, but that I had not ever made any. There was in the presence a certain Messer Tommaso, of Prato, his Holiness's Datary; and this man, being a friend of my enemies, put in: "Most blessed Father, the favors you are showering upon this young man (and he by nature so extremely overbold) are enough to make him promise you a new world. You have already given him one great task, and now, by adding a greater, you are like to make them clash together." The Pope, in a rage, turned round on him, and told him to mind his own business. Then he commanded me to make the model for a broad doubloon of gold, upon which he wanted a naked Christ with his hands tied, and the inscription *Ecce Homo;* the reverse was to have a Pope and Emperor in the act together of propping up a cross which seemed to fall, and this legend: *Unus spiritus et una fides erat in eis.*

After the Pope had ordered this handsome coin, Bandinello the sculptor came up; he had not yet been made a knight; and, with his wonted presumption muffled up in ignorance, said: "For these goldsmiths one must make drawings for such fine things as that." I turned round upon him in a moment, and cried out that I did not want his drawings for my art, but that I hoped before very long to give his art some trouble by my drawings. The Pope expressed high satisfaction at these words, and turning to me said: "Go then, my Benvenuto, and devote yourself with spirit to my service, and do not lend an ear to the chattering of these silly fellows."

So I went off, and very quickly made two dies of steel; then I stamped a coin in gold, and one Sunday after dinner took the coin and the dies to the Pope, who, when he saw the piece, was astonished and greatly gratified, not only because my work pleased him excessively, but also because of the rapidity with which I had performed it. For the further satisfaction and amazement of his Holiness, I had brought with me all the old coins which in former times had been made by those able men who served Popes Giulio and Leo; and when I noticed that mine pleased him far better, I drew forth from my bosom a patent, in which I prayed for the post of stamp-master in the Mint. This place was worth six golden crowns a month, in addition to the dies, which were paid at the rate of a ducat for three by the Master of the Mint. The Pope took my patent and handed it to the Datary, telling him to lose no time in dispatching the business. The Datary began to put it in his pocket, saying: "Most blessed Father, your Holiness ought not to go so fast; these are matters which deserve some reflection." To this the Pope replied: "I have heard what you have got to say; give me here that patent." He took it, and signed it at once with his own hand; then, giving it back, added: "Now, you have no answer left; see that you dispatch it at once, for this is my pleasure; and Benvenuto's shoes are worth more than the eyes of all those other blockheads." So, having thanked his Holiness, I went back, rejoicing above measure, to my work.

XXVIII

My brother, at this period, was also in Rome, serving Duke Alessandro, on whom the Pope had recently conferred the Duchy of Penna. This prince kept in his service a multitude of soldiers, worthy fellows, brought up to valor in the school of that famous general Giovanni de' Medici; and among these was my brother, whom the Duke esteemed as highly as the bravest of them. One day my brother went after dinner to the shop of a man called Baccino della Croce in the Banchi, which all those men-at-arms frequented. He had flung himself upon a settee, and was sleeping. Just then the guard of the Bargello passed by; they were taking to prison a certain Captain Cisti, a Lombard, who had also been a member of

Giovanni's troop, but was not in the service of the Duke. The captain, Cattivanza degli Strozzi, chanced to be in the same shop; and when Cisti caught sight of him, he whispered: "I was bringing you those crowns I owed; if you want them, come for them before they go with me to prison." Now Cattivanza had a way of putting his neighbors to the push, not caring to hazard his own person. So, finding there around him several young fellows of the highest daring, more eager than apt for so serious an enterprise, he bade them catch up Captain Cisti and get the money from him, and if the guard resisted, overpower the men, provided they had pluck enough to do so.

The young men were but four, and all four of them without a beard. The first was called Bertino Aldobrandi, another Anguillotto of Lucca; I cannot recall the names of the rest. Bertino had been trained like a pupil by my brother; and my brother felt the most unbounded love for him. So then, off dashed the four brave lads, and came up with the guard of the Bargello—upwards of fifty constables, counting pikes, arquebuses, and two-handed swords. After a few words they drew their weapons, and the four boys so harried the guard, that if Captain Cattivanza had but shown his face, without so much as drawing, they would certainly have put the whole pack to flight. But delay spoiled all; for Bertino received some ugly wounds and fell; at the same time, Anguillotto was also hit in the right arm, and being unable to use his sword, got out of the fray as well as he was able. The others did the same. Bertino Aldobrandi was lifted from the ground seriously injured.

XXIX

While these things were happening, we were all at table; for that morning we had dined more than an hour later than usual. On hearing the commotion, one of the old man's sons, the elder, rose from table to go and look at the scuffle. He was called Giovanni; and I said to him: "For Heaven's sake, don't go! In such matters one is always certain to lose, while there is nothing to be gained." His father spoke to like purpose: "Pray, my son, don't go!" But the lad, without heeding any one, ran down the stairs. Reaching the

Banchi, where the great scrimmage was, and seeing Bertino lifted from the ground, he ran towards home, and met my brother Cecchino on the way, who asked what was the matter. Though some of the bystanders signed to Giovanni not to tell Cecchino, he cried out like a madman how it was that Bertino Aldobrandi had been killed by the guard. My poor brother gave vent to a bellow which might have been heard ten miles away. Then he turned to Giovanni: "Ah me! but could you tell me which of those men killed him for me?" Giovanni said, yes, that it was a man who had a big two-handed sword, with a blue feather in his bonnet. My poor brother rushed ahead, and having recognized the homicide by those signs, he threw himself with all his dash and spirit into the middle of the band, and before his man could turn on guard, ran him right through the guts, and with the sword's hilt thrust him to the ground. Then he turned upon the rest with such energy and daring, that his one arm was on the point of putting the whole band to flight, had it not been that, while wheeling round to strike an arquebusier, this man fired in self-defense, and hit the brave unfortunate young fellow above the knee of his right leg. While he lay stretched upon the ground, the constables scrambled off in disorder as fast as they were able, lest a pair to my brother should arrive upon the scene.

Noticing that the tumult was not subsiding, I too rose from table, and girding on my sword—for everybody wore one then—I went to the bridge of Sant' Agnolo, where I saw a group of several men assembled. On my coming up and being recognized by some of them, they gave way before me, and showed me what I least of all things wished to see, albeit I made mighty haste to view the sight. On the instant I did not know Cecchino, since he was wearing a different suit of clothes from that in which I had lately seen him. Accordingly, he recognized me first, and said: "Dearest brother, do not be upset by my grave accident; it is only what might be expected in my profession: get me removed from here at once, for I have but few hours to live." They had acquainted me with the whole event while he was speaking, in brief words befitting such occasion. So I answered: "Brother, this is the greatest sorrow and the greatest trial that could happen to me in the whole course of my life. But

be of good cheer; for before you lose sight of him who did the mischief you shall see yourself revenged by my hand." Our words on both sides were to the purport, but of the shortest.

XXX

THE guard was now about fifty paces from us; for Maffio, their officer, had made some of them turn back to take up the corporal my brother killed. Accordingly, I quickly traversed that short space, wrapped in my cape, which I had tightened round me, and came up with Maffio, whom I should most certainly have murdered, for there were plenty of people round, and I had wound my way among them. With the rapidity of lightning, I had half drawn my sword from the sheath, when Berlinghier Berlinghieri, a young man of the greatest daring and my good friend, threw himself from behind upon my arms; he had four other fellows of like kidney with him, who cried out to Maffio: "Away with you, for this man here alone was killing you!" He asked: "Who is he?" and they answered: "Own brother to the man you see there." Without waiting to hear more, he made haste for Torre di Nona; and they said: "Benvenuto, we prevented you against your will, but did it for your good; now let us go to succor him who must die shortly." Accordingly, we turned and went back to my brother, whom I had at once conveyed into a house. The doctors who were called in consultation, treated him with medicaments, but could not decide to amputate the leg, which might perhaps have saved him.

As soon as his wound had been dressed, Duke Alessandro appeared and most affectionately greeted him. My brother had not as yet lost consciousness; so he said to the Duke: "My lord, this only grieves me, that your Excellency is losing a servant than whom you may perchance find men more valiant in the profession of arms, but none more lovingly and loyally devoted to your service than I have been." The Duke bade him do all he could to keep alive; for the rest, he well knew him to be a man of worth and courage. He then turned to his attendants, ordering them to see that the brave young fellow wanted for nothing.

When he was gone, my brother lost blood so copiously, for nothing could be done to stop it, that he went off his head, and kept raving all the following night, with the exception that once, when they wanted to give him the communion, he said: "You would have done well to confess me before; now it is impossible that I should receive the divine sacrament in this already ruined frame; it will be enough if I partake of it by the divine virtue of the eyesight, whereby it shall be transmitted into my immortal soul, which only prays to Him for mercy and forgiveness." Having spoken thus, the host was elevated; but he straightway relapsed into the same delirious ravings as before, pouring forth a torrent of the most terrible frenzies and horrible imprecations that the mind of man could imagine; nor did he cease once all that night until the day broke.

When the sun appeared above our horizon, he turned to me and said: "Brother, I do not wish to stay here longer, for these fellows will end by making me do something tremendous, which may cause them to repent of the annoyance they have given me." Then he kicked out both his legs—the injured limb we had inclosed in a very heavy box—and made as though he would fling it across a horse's back. Turning his face round to me, he called out thrice—"Farewell, farewell!" and with the last word that most valiant spirit passed away.

At the proper hour, toward nightfall, I had him buried with due ceremony in the church of the Florentines; and afterwards I erected to his memory a very handsome monument of marble, upon which I caused trophies and banners to be carved. I must not omit to mention that one of his friends had asked him who the man was that had killed him, and if he could recognize him; to which he answered that he could, and gave his description. My brother, indeed, attempted to prevent this coming to my ears; but I got it very well impressed upon my mind, as will appear in the sequel.

XXXI

I WENT on applying myself with the utmost diligence upon the gold-work for Pope Clement's button. He was very eager to have it, and used to send for me two or three times a week,

in order to inspect it; and his delight in the work always increased. Often would he rebuke and scold me, as it were, for the great grief in which my brother's loss had plunged me; and one day, observing me more downcast and out of trim than was proper, he cried aloud: "Benvenuto, oh! I did not know that you were mad. Have you only just learned that there is no remedy against death? One would think that you were trying to run after him." When I left the presence, I continued working at the jewel and the dies for the Mint; but I also took to watching the arquebusier who shot my brother, as though he had been a girl I was in love with. The man had formerly been in the light cavalry, but afterwards had joined the arquebusiers as one of the Bargello's corporals; and what increased my rage was that he had used these boastful words: "If it had not been for me, who killed that brave young man, the least trifle of delay would have resulted in his putting us all to flight with great disaster."

When I saw that the fever caused by seeing him about was depriving me of sleep and appetite, and was bringing me by degrees to sorry plight, I overcame my repugnance to so low and not quite praiseworthy an enterprise, and made my mind up one evening to rid myself of the torment. The fellow lived in a house near a place called Torre Sanguigua, next door to the lodging of one of the most fashionable courtesans in Rome, named Signora Antea. It had just struck twenty-four, and he was standing at the house-door, with his sword in hand, having risen from supper. With great address I stole up to him, holding a large Pistojan dagger, and dealt him a back-handed stroke, with which I meant to cut his head clean off; but as he turned round very suddenly, the blow fell upon the point of his left shoulder and broke the bone. He sprang up, dropped his sword, half-stunned with the great pain, and took to flight. I followed after, and in four steps caught him up, when I lifted my dagger above his head, which he was holding very low, and hit him in the back exactly at the juncture of the nape-bone and the neck. The poniard entered this point so deep into the bone, that, though I used all my strength to pull it out, I was not able. For just at that moment four soldiers with drawn swords sprang out from Antea's lodging, and obliged me to set hand to my

own sword to defend my life. Leaving the poniard then, I made off, and fearing I might be recognized, took refuge in the palace of Duke Alessandro, which was between Piazza Navona and the Rotunda. On my arrival, I asked to see the Duke; who told me that, if I was alone, I need only keep quiet and have no further anxiety, but go on working at the jewel which the Pope had set his heart on, and stay eight days indoors. He gave this advice the more securely, because the soldiers had now arrived who interrupted the completion of my deed; they held the dagger in their hand, and were relating how the matter happened, and the great trouble they had to pull the weapon from the neck and head-bone of the man, whose name they did not know. Just then Giovan Bandini came up, and said to them: "That poniard is mine, and I lent it to Benvenuto, who was bent on revenging his brother." The soldiers were profuse in their expressions of regret at having interrupted me, although my vengeance had been amply satisfied.

More than eight days elapsed, and the Pope did not send for me according to his custom. Afterwards he summoned me through his chamberlain, the Bolognese nobleman I have already mentioned, who let me, in his own modest manner, understand that his Holiness knew all, but was very well inclined toward me, and that I had only to mind my work and keep quiet. When we reached the presence, the Pope cast so menacing a glance towards me, that the mere look of his eyes made me tremble. Afterwards, upon examining my work, his countenance cleared, and he began to praise me beyond measure, saying that I had done a vast amount in a short time. Then, looking me straight in the face, he added: "Now that you are cured, Benvenuto, take heed how you live." I, who understood his meaning, promised that I would. Immediately upon this, I opened a very fine shop in the Banchi, opposite Raffaello, and there I finished the jewel after the lapse of a few months.

XXXII

When I had nearly finished my piece, there happened that terrible inundation which flooded the whole of Rome. I waited to see what would happen; the day was well-nigh

spent, for the clocks struck twenty-two, and the water went on rising formidably. Now the front of my house and shop faced the Banchi, but the back was several yards higher, because it turned toward Monte Giordano; accordingly, bethinking me first of my own safety and in the next place of my honor, I filled my pockets with the jewels, and gave the gold-piece into the custody of my workmen, and then descended barefoot from the back-windows, and waded as well as I could until I reached Monte Cavallo. There I sought out Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, and Bastiano Veneziano, the painter. To the former I confided the precious stones, to keep in safety: he had the same regard for me as though I had been his brother. A few days later, when the rage of the river was spent, I returned to my workshop, and finished the piece with such good fortune, through God's grace and my own great industry, that it was held to be the finest masterpiece which had been ever seen in Rome.

When then I took it to the Pope, he was insatiable in praising me, and said: "Were I but a wealthy emperor, I would give my Benvenuto as much land as his eyes could survey; yet being nowadays but needy bankrupt potentates, we will at any rate give him bread enough to satisfy his modest wishes." I let the Pope run on to the end of his rhodomontade, and then asked him for a mace-bearer's place which happened to be vacant. He replied that he would grant me something of far greater consequence. I begged his Holiness to bestow this little thing on me meanwhile by way of earnest. He began to laugh, and said he was willing, but that he did not wish me to serve, and that I must make some arrangement with the other mace-bearers to be exempted. He would allow them through me a certain favor, for which they had already petitioned, namely, the right of recovering their fees at law. This was accordingly done; and that mace-bearer's office brought me in little less than 200 crowns a year.

XXXIII

I CONTINUED to work for the Pope, executing now one trifle and now another, when he commissioned me to design a chalice of exceeding richness. So I made both drawing and model for the piece. The latter was constructed of wood and

wax. Instead of the usual top, I fashioned three figures of a fair size in the round; they represented Faith, Hope, and Charity. Corresponding to these, at the base of the cup, were three circular histories in bas-relief. One was the Nativity of Christ, the second the Resurrection, and the third S. Peter crucified head downwards; for thus I had received commission. While I had this work in hand, the Pope was often pleased to look at it; wherefore, observing that his Holiness had never thought again of giving me anything, and knowing that a post in the Piombo was vacant, I asked for this one evening. The good Pope, quite oblivious of his extravagances at the termination of the last piece, said to me: "That post in the Piombo is worth more than 800 crowns a year, so that if I gave it you, you would spend your time in scratching your paunch, and your magnificent handicraft would be lost, and I should bear the blame." I replied at once as thus: "Cats of a good breed mouse better when they are fat than starving; and likewise honest men who possess some talent, exercise it to far nobler purport when they have the wherewithal to live abundantly; wherefore princes who provide such folk with competences, let your Holiness take notice, are watering the roots of genius; for genius and talent, at their birth, come into this world lean and scabby; and your Holiness should also know that I never asked for the place with the hope of getting it. Only too happy I to have that miserable post of mace-bearer. On the other I built but castles in the air. Your Holiness will do well, since you do not care to give it me, to bestow it on a man of talent who deserves it, and not upon some fat ignoramus who will spend his time scratching his paunch, if I may quote your Holiness's own words. Follow the example of Pope Giulio's illustrious memory, who conferred an office of the same kind upon Bramante, that most admirable architect."

Immediately on finishing this speech, I made my bow, and went off in a fury. Then Bastiano Veneziano the painter approached, and said: "Most blessed Father, may your Holiness be willing to grant it to one who works assiduously in the exercise of some talent; and as your Holiness knows that I am diligent in my art, I beg that I may be thought worthy of it." The Pope replied: "That devil Benvenuto

will not brook rebuke. I was inclined to give it him, but it is not right to be so haughty with a Pope. Therefore I do not well know what I am to do." The Bishop of Vasona then came up, and put in a word for Bastiano, saying: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto is but young; and a sword becomes him better than a friar's frock. Let your Holiness give the place to this ingenious person Bastiano. Some time or other you will be able to bestow on Benvenuto a good thing, perhaps more suitable to him than this would be." Then the Pope, turning to Messer Bartolommeo Valori, told him: "When next you meet Benvenuto, let him know from me that it was he who got that office in the Piombo for Bastiano the painter, and add that he may reckon on obtaining the next considerable place that falls; meanwhile let him look to his behavior, and finish my commissions."

The following evening, two hours after sundown, I met Messer Bartolommeo Valori at the corner of the Mint; he was preceded by two torches, and was going in haste to the Pope, who had sent for him. On my taking off my hat, he stopped and called me, and reported in the most friendly manner all the messages the Pope had sent me. I replied that I should complete my work with greater diligence and application than any I had yet attempted, but without the least hope of having any reward whatever from the Pope. Messer Bartolommeo reproved me, saying that this was not the way in which one ought to reply to the advances of a Pope. I answered that I should be mad to reply otherwise —mad if I based my hopes on such promises, being certain to get nothing. So I departed, and went off to my business.

XXXIV

It happened one day, close on the hours of vespers, that I had to go at an unusual time for me from my house to my workshop; for I ought to say that the latter was in the Banchi, while I lived behind the Banchi, and went rarely to the shop; all my business there I left in the hands of my partner, Felice. Having stayed a short while in the workshop, I remembered that I had to say something to Alessandro del Bene. So I arose, and when I reached the Banchi, I met a man called Ser Benedetto, who was a great friend

of mine. He was a notary, born in Florence, son of a blind man who said prayers about the streets for alms, and a Sienese by race. This Ser Benedetto had been very many years at Naples; afterwards he had settled in Rome, where he transacted business for some Sienese merchants of the Chigi. My partner had over and over again asked him for some moneys which were due for certain little rings confided to Ser Benedetto. That very day, meeting him in the Banchi, he demanded his money rather roughly, as his wont was. Benedetto was walking with his masters, and they, annoyed by the interruption, scolded him sharply, saying they would be served by somebody else, in order not to have to listen to such barking. Ser Benedetto did the best he could to excuse himself, swore that he had paid the goldsmith, and said he had no power to curb the rage of madmen. The Sienese took his words ill, and dismissed him on the spot. Leaving them, he ran like an arrow to my shop, probably to take revenge upon Felice. It chanced that just in the middle of the street we met. I, who had heard nothing of the matter, greeted him most kindly, according to my custom, to which courtesy he replied with insults. Then what the sorcerer had said flashed all at once upon my mind; and bridling myself as well as I was able, in the way he bade me, I answered: "Good brother Benedetto, don't fly into a rage with me, for I have done you no harm, nor do I know anything about these affairs of yours. Please go and finish what you have to do with Felice. He is quite capable of giving you a proper answer; but inasmuch as I know nothing about it, you are wrong to abuse me in this way, especially as you are well aware that I am not the man to put up with insults." He retorted that I knew everything, and that he was the man to make me bear a heavier load than that, and that Felice and I were two great rascals. By this time a crowd had gathered round to hear the quarrel. Provoked by his ugly words, I stooped and took up a lump of mud—for it had rained—and hurled it with a quick and unpremeditated movement at his face. He ducked his head, so that the mud hit him in the middle of the skull. There was a stone in it with several sharp angles, one of which striking him, he fell stunned like a dead man: whereupon all the bystanders, see-

ing the great quantity of blood, judged that he was really dead.

XXXV

While he was still lying on the ground, and people were preparing to carry him away, Pompeo the jeweler passed by. The Pope had sent for him to give orders about some jewels. Seeing the fellow in such a miserable plight, he asked who had struck him; on which they told him: "Benvenuto did it, but the stupid creature brought it down upon himself." No sooner had Pompeo reached the Pope than he began to speak: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto has this very moment murdered Tobbia; I saw it with my own eyes." On this the Pope in a fury ordered the Governor, who was in the presence, to take and hang me at once in the place where the homicide had been committed, adding that he must do all he could to catch me, and not appear again before him until he had hanged me.

When I saw the unfortunate Benedetto stretched upon the ground, I thought at once of the peril I was in, considering the power of my enemies, and what might ensue from this disaster. Making off, I took refuge in the house of Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, with the intention of preparing as soon as possible to escape from Rome. He, however, advised me not to be in such a hurry, for it might turn out perhaps that the evil was not so great as I imagined; and calling Messer Annibal Caro, who lived with him, bade him go for information.

While these arrangements were being made, a Roman gentleman appeared, who belonged to the household of Cardinal de' Medici, and had been sent by him. Taking Messer Giovanni and me apart, he told us that the Cardinal had reported to him what the Pope said, and that there was no way of helping me out of the scrape; it would be best for me to shun the first fury of the storm by flight, and not to risk myself in any house in Rome. Upon this gentleman's departure, Messer Giovanni looked me in the face as though he were about to cry, and said: "Ah me! Ah woe is me! There is nothing I can do to aid you!" I replied: "By God's means, I shall aid myself alone; only I request you

to put one of your horses at my disposition." They had already saddled a black Turkish horse, the finest and the best in Rome. I mounted with an arquebuse upon the saddle-bow, wound up in readiness to fire, if need were. When I reached Ponte Sisto, I found the whole of the Bargello's guard there, both horse and foot. So, making a virtue of necessity, I put my horse boldly to a sharp trot, and with God's grace, being somehow unperceived by them, passed freely through. Then, with all the speed I could, I took the road to Palombara, a fief of my lord Giovanbatista Savello, whence I sent the horse back to Messer Giovanni, without, however, thinking it well to inform him where I was. Lord Giovanbatista, after very kindly entertaining me two days, advised me to remove and go toward Naples till the storm blew over. So, providing me with company, he set me on the way to Naples.

While traveling, I met a sculptor of my acquaintance, who was going to San Germano to finish the tomb of Piero de' Medici at Monte Cassino. His name was Solosmeo, and he gave me the news that on the very evening of the fray, Pope Clement sent one of his chamberlains to inquire how Tobbia was getting on. Finding him at work, unharmed, and without even knowing anything about the matter, the messenger went back and told the Pope, who turned round to Pompeo and said: "You are a good-for-nothing rascal; but I promise you well that you have stirred a snake up which will sting you, and serve you right!" Then he addressed himself to Cardinal de' Medici, and commissioned him to look after me, adding that he should be very sorry to let me slip through his fingers. And so Solosmeo and I went on our way singing toward Monte Cassino, intending to pursue our journey thence in company toward Naples.

XXXVI

When Solosmeo had inspected his affairs at Monte Cassino, we resumed our journey; and having come within a mile of Naples, we were met by an innkeeper, who invited us to his house, and said he had been at Florence many years with Carlo Ginori; adding, that if we put up at his inn, he would treat us most kindly, for the reason that we both were Flor-

entines. We told him frequently that we did not want to go to him. However, he kept passing, sometimes in front and sometimes behind, perpetually repeating that he would have us stop at his hostelry. When this began to bore me, I asked if he could tell me anything about a certain Sicilian woman called Beatrice, who had a beautiful daughter named Angelica, and both were courtesans. Taking it into his head that I was jeering him, he cried out: "God send mischief to all courtesans and such as favor them!" Then he set spurs to his horse, and made off as though he was resolved to leave us. I felt some pleasure at having rid myself in so fair a manner of that ass of an innkeeper; and yet I was rather the loser than the gainer; for the great love I bore Angelica had come back to my mind, and while I was conversing, not without some lover's sighs, upon this subject with Solosmeo, we saw the man returning to us at a gallop. When he drew up, he said: "Two or perhaps three days ago a woman and a girl came back to a house in my neighborhood; they had the names you mentioned, but whether they are Sicilians I cannot say." I answered: "Such power over me has that name of Angelica, that I am now determined to put up at your inn."

We rode on all together with mine host into the town of Naples, and descended at his house. Minutes seemed years to me till I had put my things in order, which I did in the twinkling of an eye; then I went to the house, which was not far from our inn, and found there my Angelica, who greeted me with infinite demonstrations of the most unbounded passion. I stayed with her from evenfall until the following morning, and enjoyed such pleasure as I never had before or since.

XXXVII

When I returned to Rome, I dismounted at the palace of Cardinal de' Medici, and having obtained an audience of his most reverend lordship, paid my respects, and thanked him warmly for my recall. I then entreated him to secure me from imprisonment, and even from a fine if that were possible. The Cardinal was very glad to see me; told me to stand in no fear; then turned to one of his gentlemen,

called Messer Pier Antonio Pecci of Siena, ordering him to tell the Bargello not to touch me. He then asked him how the man was going on whose head I had broken with the stone. Messer Pier Antonio replied that he was very ill, and that he would probably be even worse; for when he heard that I was coming back to Rome, he swore he would die to serve me an ill turn. When the Cardinal heard that, he burst into a fit of laughter, and cried: "The fellow could not have taken a better way than this to make us know that he was born a Sienese." After that he turned to me and said: "For our reputation and your own, refrain these four or five days from going about in the Banchi; after that go where you like, and let fools die at their own pleasure."

I went home and set myself to finishing a medal which I had begun, with the head of Pope Clement and a figure of Peace on the reverse. The figure was a slender woman, dressed in very thin drapery, gathered at the waist, with a little torch in her hand, which was burning a heap of arms bound together like a trophy. In the background I had shown part of a temple, where was Discord chained with a load of fetters. Round about it ran a legend in these words: *Clauduntur belli portæ.*

During the time that I was finishing this medal, the man whom I had wounded recovered, and the Pope kept incessantly asking for me. I, however, avoided visiting Cardinal de' Medici; for whenever I showed my face before him, his lordship gave me some commission of importance, which hindered me from working at my medal to the end. Consequently Messer Pier Carnesecchi, who was a great favorite of the Pope's, undertook to keep me in sight, and let me adroitly understand how much the Pope desired my services. I told him that in a few days I would prove to his Holiness that his service had never been neglected by me.

XXXVIII

Not many days had passed before, my medal being finished, I stamped it in gold, silver, and copper. After I had shown it to Messer Pietro, he immediately introduced me to the Pope. It was on a day in April after dinner, and the weather very fine; the Pope was in the Belvedere. After entering

the presence, I put my medals together with the dies of steel into his hand. He took them, and recognizing at once their mastery of art, looked Messer Pietro in the face and said: "The ancients never had such medals made for them as these."

While he and the others were inspecting them, taking up now the dies and now the medals in their hands, I began to speak as submissively as I was able: "If a greater power had not controlled the working of my inauspicious stars, and hindered that with which they violently menaced me, your Holiness, without your fault or mine, would have lost a faithful and loving servant. It must, most blessed Father, be allowed that in those cases where men are risking all upon one throw, it is not wrong to do as certain poor and simple men are wont to say, who tell us we must mark seven times and cut once. Your Holiness will remember how the malicious and lying tongue of my bitter enemy so easily aroused your anger, that you ordered the Governor to have me taken on the spot and hanged; but I have no doubt that when you had become aware of the irreparable act by which you would have wronged yourself, in cutting off from you a servant such as even now your Holiness hath said he is, I am sure, I repeat, that, before God and the world, you would have felt no trifling twinges of remorse. Excellent and virtuous fathers, and masters of like quality, ought not to let their arm in wrath descend upon their sons and servants with such inconsiderate haste, seeing that subsequent repentance will avail them nothing. But now that God has overruled the malign influences of the stars and saved me for your Holiness, I humbly beg you another time not to let yourself so easily be stirred to rage against me."

The Pope had stopped from looking at the medals and was now listening attentively to what I said. There were many noblemen of the greatest consequence present, which made him blush a little, as it were for shame; and not knowing how else to extricate himself from this entanglement, he said that he could not remember having given such an order. I changed the conversation in order to cover his embarrassment. His Holiness then began to speak again about the medals, and asked what method I had used to stamp

them so marvelously, large as they were; for he had never met with ancient pieces of that size. We talked a little on this subject; but being not quite easy that I might not begin another lecture sharper than the last, he praised my medals, and said they gave him the greatest satisfaction, but that he should like another reverse made according to a fancy of his own, if it were possible to stamp them with two different patterns. I said that it was possible to do so. Then his Holiness commissioned me to design the history of Moses when he strikes the rock and water issues from it, with this motto: *Ut bibat populus.* At last he added: "Go, Benvenuto; you will not have finished it before I have provided for your fortune." After I had taken leave, the Pope proclaimed before the whole company that he would give me enough to live on wealthily without the need of laboring for any one but him. So I devoted myself entirely to working out this reverse with the Moses on it.

XXXIX

In the meantime the Pope was taken ill, and his physicians thought the case was dangerous. Accordingly my enemy began to be afraid of me, and engaged some Neapolitan soldiers to do to me what he was dreading I might do to him. I had therefore much trouble to defend my poor life. In course of time, however, I completed the reverse; and when I took it to the Pope, I found him in bed in a most deplorable condition. Nevertheless, he received me with the greatest kindness, and wished to inspect the medals and the dies. He sent for spectacles and lights, but was unable to see anything clearly. Then he began to fumble with his fingers at them, and having felt them a short while, he fetched a deep sigh, and said to his attendants that he was much concerned about me, but that if God gave him back his health he would make it all right.

Three days afterwards the Pope died, and I was left with all my labor lost; yet I plucked up courage, and told myself that these medals had won me so much celebrity, that any Pope who was elected would give me work to do, and peradventure bring me better fortune. Thus I encouraged and put heart into myself, and buried in oblivion all the injuries

which Pompeo had done me. Then puting on my arms and girding my sword, I went to San Piero, and kissed the feet of the dead Pope, not without shedding tears. Afterwards I returned to the Banchi to look on at the great commotion which always happens on such occasions.

XL

One day we were out shooting near Rome; and when we had reached a certain gently rising ground—night had already fallen—looking in the direction of Florence, both with one breath exclaimed in the utmost astonishment: "O God of heaven! what is that great thing one sees there over Florence?" It resembled a huge beam of fire, which sparkled and gave out extraordinary luster.

I said to Felice: "Assuredly we shall hear to-morrow that something of vast importance has happened in Florence." As we rode into Rome, the darkness was extreme; and when we came near the Banchi and our own house, my little horse was going in an amble at a furious speed. Now that day they had thrown a heap of plaster and broken tiles in the middle of the road, which neither my horse nor myself perceived. In his fiery pace the beast ran up it; but on coming down upon the other side he turned a complete somersault. He had his head between his legs, and it was only through the power of God himself that I escaped unhurt. The noise we made brought the neighbors out with lights; but I had already jumped to my feet; and so, without remounting, I ran home, laughing to have come unhurt out of an accident enough to break my neck.

On entering the house, I found some friends of mine there, to whom, while we were supping together, I related the adventures of the day's chase and the diabolical apparition of the fiery beam which we had seen. They exclaimed: "What shall we hear to-morrow which this portent has announced?" I answered: "Some revolution must certainly have occurred in Florence." So we supped agreeably; and late the next day there came the news to Rome of Duke Alessandro's death. Upon this many of my acquaintances came to me and said: "You were right in conjecturing that something of great importance had happened at Florence." Just then Francesco

Soderini appeared jogging along upon a wretched mule he had, and laughing all the way like a madman. He said to me: "This is the reverse of that vile tyrant's medal which your Lorenzino de' Mediei promised you." Then he added: "You wanted to immortalize the dukes for us; but we mean to have no more dukes:" and thereupon he jeered me, as though I had been the eaptain of the factions whieh make dukes. Meanwhile a eertain Baeeio Bettini, who had an ugly big head like a bushel, came up and began to banter me in the same way about dukes, ealling out: "We have dis-duked them, and won't have any more of them; and you were for making them immortal for us!" with many other tiresome quips of the same kind. I lost my patienee at this nonsense, and said to them: "You bloekheads! I am a poor goldsmith, who serve whoever pays me; and you are jeering me as though I were a party-leader. However, this shall not make me east in your teeth the insatiable greediness, idiotey, and good-for-nothingness of your predecessors. But this one answer I will make to all your silly railleries; that before two or three days at the longest have passed by, you will have another duke, much worse perhaps than he who now has left you."

The following day Bettini eame to my shop and said: "There is no need to spend money in couriers, for you know things before they happen. What spirit tells them to you?" Then he informed me that Cosimo de' Mediei, the son of Signor Giovanni, was made Duke; but that eertain conditions had been imposed at his election, which would hold him back from kieking up his heels at his own pleasure. I now had my opportunity for laughing at them, and saying: "Those men of Florenee have set a young man upon a mettlesome horse; next they have buekled spurs upon his heels, and put the bridle freely in his hands, and turned him out upon a magnifieent field, full of flowers and fruits and all delightful things; next they have bidden him not to eross eertain indieated limits: now tell me, you, who there is that ean hold him back, whenever he has but the mind to eross them? Laws cannot be imposed on him who is the master of the law." So they left me alone, and gave me no further annoyanee.

XLI

I NOW began to attend to my shop, and did some business, not however of much moment, because I had still to think about my health, which was not yet established after that grave illness I had undergone. About this time the Emperor returned victorious from his expedition against Tunis, and the Pope sent for me to take my advice concerning the present of honor it was fit to give him. I answered that it seemed to me most appropriate to present his Imperial Majesty with a golden crucifix, for which I had almost finished an ornament quite to the purpose, and which would confer the highest honor upon his Holiness and me. I had already made three little figures of gold in the round, about a palm high; they were those which I had begun for the chalice of Pope Clement, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. To these I added in wax what was wanting for the basement of the cross. I carried the whole to the Pope, with the Christ in wax, and many other exquisite decorations which gave him complete satisfaction. Before I took leave of his Holiness, we had agreed on every detail, and calculated the price of the work.

This was one evening four hours after nightfall, and the Pope had ordered Messer Latino Juvenale to see that I had money paid to me next morning. This Messer Latino, who had a pretty big dash of the fool in his composition, bethought him of furnishing the Pope with a new idea, which was, however, wholly of his own invention. So he altered everything which had been arranged; and next morning, when I went for the money, he said with his usual brutal arrogance: "It is our part to invent, and yours to execute; before I left the Pope last night we thought of something far superior." To these first words I answered, without allowing him to proceed farther: "Neither you nor the Pope can think of anything better than a piece in which Christ plays a part; so you may go on with your courtier's nonsense till you have no more to say."

Without uttering one word, he left me in a rage, and tried to get the work given to another goldsmith. The Pope, however, refused, and sent for me at once, and told me I had spoken well, but that they wanted to make use of a Book

of Hours of Our Lady, which was marvelously illuminated, and had cost the Cardinal de' Medici more than two thousand crowns. They thought that this would be an appropriate present to the Empress, and that for the Emperor they would afterwards make what I had suggested, which was indeed a present worthy of him; but now there was no time to lose, since the Emperor was expected in Rome in about a month and a half. He wanted the book to be inclosed in a case of massive gold, richly worked, and adorned with jewels valued at about six thousand crowns. Accordingly, when the jewels and the gold were given me, I began the work, and driving it briskly forward, in a few days brought it to such beauty that the Pope was astonished, and showed me the most distinguished signs of favor, conceding at the same time that that beast Juvenale should have nothing more to do with me.

I had nearly brought my work to its completion when the Emperor arrived, and numerous triumphal arches of great magnificence were erected in his honor. He entered Rome with extraordinary pomp, the description of which I leave to others, since I mean to treat of those things only which concern myself. Immediately after his arrival, he gave the Pope a diamond which he had bought for twelve thousand crowns. This diamond the Pope committed to my care, ordering me to make a ring to the measure of his Holiness's finger; but first he wished me to bring the book in the state to which I had advanced it. I took it accordingly, and he was highly pleased with it; then he asked my advice concerning the apology which could be reasonably made to the Emperor for the unfinished condition of my work. I said that my indisposition would furnish a sound excuse, since his Majesty, seeing how thin and pale I was, would very readily believe and accept it. To this the Pope replied that he approved of the suggestion, but that I should add on the part of his Holiness, when I presented the book to the Emperor, that I made him the present of myself. Then he told me in detail how I had to behave, and the words I had to say. These words I repeated to the Pope, asking him if he wished me to deliver them in that way. He replied: "You would acquit yourself to admiration if you had the courage to address the Emperor as you are addressing me."

Then I said that I had the courage to speak with far greater ease and freedom to the Emperor, seeing that the Emperor was clothed as I was, and that I should seem to be speaking to a man formed like myself; this was not the case when I addressed his Holiness, in whom I beheld a far superior deity, both by reason of his ecclesiastical adornments, which shed a certain aureole about him, and at the same time because of his Holiness's dignity of venerable age; all these things inspired in me more awe than the Imperial Majesty. To these words the Pope responded: "Go, my Benvenuto; you are a man of ability; do us honor, and it will be well for you."

XLII

THE Pope ordered out two Turkish horses, which had belonged to Pope Clement, and were the most beautiful that ever came to Christendom. Messer Durante, his chamberlain, was bidden to bring them through the lower galleries of the palace, and there to give them to the Emperor, repeating certain words which his Holiness dictated to him. We both went down together, and when we reached the presence of the Emperor, the horses made their entrance through those halls with so much spirit and such a noble carriage that the Emperor and every one were struck with wonder. Thereupon Messer Durante advanced in so graceless a manner, and delivered his speech with so much of Brescian lingo, mumbling his words over in his mouth, that one never saw or heard anything worse; indeed the Emperor could not refrain from smiling at him. I meanwhile had already uncovered my piece; and observing that the Emperor had turned his eyes towards me with a very gracious look, I advanced at once and said: "Sacred Majesty, our most holy Father, Pope Paolo, sends this book of the Virgin as a present to your Majesty, the which is written in a fair clerk's hand, and illuminated by the greatest master who ever professed that art; and this rich cover of gold and jewels is unfinished, as you here behold it, by reason of my illness: wherefore his Holiness, together with the book, presents me also, and attaches me to your Majesty in order that I may complete the work; nor this alone, but everything which you may have it in your mind to execute so long as life is left me, will I perform at your

service." Thereto the Emperor responded: "The book is acceptable to me, and so are you; but I desire you to complete it for me in Rome; when it is finished, and you are restored to health, bring it me and come to see me." Afterwards, in course of conversation, he called me by my name, which made me wonder, because no words had been dropped in which my name occurred; and he said that he had seen that fastening of Pope Clement's cope, on which I had wrought so many wonderful figures. We continued talking in this way a whole half hour, touching on divers topics artistic and agreeable; then, since it seemed to me that I had acquitted myself with more honor than I had expected, I took the occasion of a slight lull in the conversation to make my bow and to retire. The Emperor was heard to say: "Let five hundred golden crowns be given at once to Benvenuto." The person who brought them up asked who the Pope's man was who had spoken to the Emperor. Messer Durante came forward and robbed me of my five hundred crowns. I complained to the Pope, who told me not to be uneasy, for he knew how everything had happened, and how well I had conducted myself in addressing the Emperor, and of the money I should certainly obtain my share.

XLIII

I WENT on working at my book, and when I had finished it I took it to the Pope, who was in good truth unable to refrain from commending it greatly. I begged him to send me with it to the Emperor, as he had promised. He replied that he would do what he thought fit, and that I had performed my part of the business. So he gave orders that I should be well paid. These two pieces of work, on which I had spent upwards of two months, brought me in five hundred crowns: for the diamond I was paid one hundred and fifty crowns and no more; the rest was given me for the cover of the book, which, however, was worth more than a thousand, being enriched with multitudes of figures, arabesques, enamelings, and jewels. I took what I could get, and made my mind up to leave Rome without permission. The Pope meanwhile sent my book to the Emperor by the hand of his grandson, Signor Sforza. Upon accepting it, the Emperor ex-

pressed great satisfaction, and immediately asked for me. Young Signor Sforza, who had received his instructions, said that I had been prevented by illness from coming. All this was reported to me.

XLIV

I HAD formed the resolution, as I said a short while back, to go toward France; partly because I saw that the Pope did not hold me in the same esteem as formerly, my faithful service having been besmirched by lying tongues; and also because I feared lest those who had the power might play me some worse trick. So I was determined to seek better fortune in a foreign land, and wished to leave Rome without company or license. On the eve of my projected departure, I told my faithful friend Felice to make free use of all my effects during my absence; and in the case of my not returning, left him everything I possessed. Now there was a Perugian workman in my employ, who had helped me on those commissions from the Pope; and after paying his wages, I told him he must leave my service. He begged me in reply to let him go with me, and said he would come at his own charges; if I stopped to work for the King of France, it would certainly be better for me to have Italians by me, and in particular such persons as I knew to be capable of giving me assistance. His entreaties and arguments persuaded me to take him on the journey in the manner he proposed. Ascanio, who was present at this debate, said, half in tears: "When you took me back, I said I wished to remain with you my lifetime, and so I have it in my mind to do." I told him that nothing in the world would make me consent; but when I saw that the poor lad was preparing to follow on foot, I engaged a horse for him too, put a small valise upon the crupper, and loaded myself with far more useless baggage than I should otherwise have taken.

From home I traveled to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, from Bologna to Venice, and from Venice to Padua. There my dear friend Albertaccio del Bene made me leave the inn for his house; and next day I went to kiss the hand of Messer Pietro Bembo, who was not yet a Cardinal. He received me with marks of the warmest affection which could

be bestowed on any man; then turning to Albertaccio, he said: "I want Benvenuto to stay here, with all his followers, even though they be a hundred men; make then your mind up, if you want Benvenuto also, to stay here with me, for I do not mean elsewise to let you have him." Accordingly I spent a very pleasant visit at the house of that most accomplished gentleman. He had a room prepared for me which would have been too grand for a cardinal, and always insisted on my taking my meals beside him. Later on, he began to hint in very modest terms that he should greatly like me to take his portrait. I, who desired nothing in the world more, prepared some snow-white plaster in a little box, and set to work at once. The first day I spent two hours on end at my modeling, and blocked out the fine head of that eminent man with so much grace of manner that his lordship was fairly astounded. Now, though he was a man of profound erudition and without a rival in poetry, he understood nothing at all about my art; this made him think that I had finished when I had really begun, so that I could not make him comprehend what a long time it took to execute a thing of that sort thoroughly. At last I resolved to do it as well as I was able, and to spend the requisite time upon it; but since he wore his beard short after the Venetian fashion, I had great trouble in modeling a head to my own satisfaction. However, I finished it, and judged it about the finest specimen I had produced in all the points pertaining to my art. Great was the astonishment of Messer Pietro, who conceived that I should have completed the waxen model in two hours and the steel in ten, when he found that I employed two hundred on the wax, and then was begging for leave to pursue my journey toward France. This threw him into much concern, and he implored me at least to design the reverse for his medal, which was to be a Pegasus encircled with a wreath of myrtle. I performed my task in the space of some three hours, and gave it a fine air of elegance. He was exceedingly delighted, and said: "This horse seems to me ten times more difficult to do than the little portrait on which you have bestowed so much pains. I cannot understand what made it such a labor." All the same, he kept entreating me to execute the piece in steel, exclaiming: "For

Heaven's sake, do it; I know that, if you choose, you will get it quickly finished." I told him that I was not willing to make it there, but promised without fail to take it in hand wherever I might stop to work.

While this debate was being carried on I went to bargain for three horses which I wanted on my travels; and he took care that a secret watch should be kept over my proceedings, for he had vast authority in Padua; wherefore, when I proposed to pay for the horses, which were to cost five hundred ducats, their owner answered: "Illustrious artist, I make you a present of the three horses." I replied: "It is not you who give them me; and from the generous donor I cannot accept them, seeing I have been unable to present him with any specimen of my craft." The good fellow said that, if I did not take them, I should get no other horses in Padua, and should have to make my journey on foot. Upon that I returned to the magnificent Messer Pietro, who affected to be ignorant of the affair, and only begged me with marks of kindness to remain in Padua. This was contrary to my intention, for I had quite resolved to set out; therefore I had to accept the three horses, and with them we began our journey.

XLV

After taking some repose in Paris, I went to visit the painter Rosso, who was in the King's service. I thought to find in him one of the sincerest friends I had in the world, seeing that in Rome I had done him the greatest benefits which one man can confer upon another. As these may be described briefly, I will not here omit their mention, in order to expose the shamelessness of such ingratitude. While he was in Rome, then, being a man given to backbiting, he spoke so ill of Raffaello da Urbino's works, that the pupils of the latter were quite resolved to murder him. From this peril I saved him by keeping a close watch upon him day and night. Again, the evil things said by Rosso against San Gallo, that excellent architect, caused the latter to get work taken from him which he had previously procured for him from Messer Agnolo da Cesi; and after this San Gallo used his influence so strenuously against him that he must have

been brought to the verge of starvation, had not I pitied his condition and lent him some scores of crowns to live upon. So then, not having been repaid, and knowing that he held employment under the King, I went, as I have said, to look him up. I did not merely expect him to discharge his debt, but also to show me favor and assist in placing me in that great monarch's service.

When Rosso set eyes on me, his countenance changed suddenly, and he exclaimed: "Benvenuto, you have taken this long journey at great charges to your loss; especially at this present time, when all men's thoughts are occupied with war, and not with the bagatelles of our profession." I replied that I had brought money enough to take me back to Rome as I had come to Paris, and that this was not the proper return for the pains I had endured for him, and that now I began to believe what Maestro Antonio da San Gallo said of him. When he tried to turn the matter into jest on this exposure of his baseness, I showed him a letter of exchange for five hundred crowns upon Ricciardo del Bene. Then the rascal was ashamed, and wanted to detain me almost by force; but I laughed at him, and took my leave in the company of a painter whom I found there. This man was called Sguazzella: he too was a Florentine; and I went to lodge in his house, with three horses and three servants, at so much per week. He treated me very well, and was even better paid by me in return.

Afterwards I sought audience of the King, through the introduction of his treasurer, Messer Giuliano Buonaccorti. I met, however, with considerable delays, owing, as I did not then know, to the strenuous exertions Rosso made against my admission to his Majesty. When Messer Giuliano became aware of this, he took me down at once to Fontana Bilio, and brought me into the presence of the King, who granted me a whole hour of very gracious audience. Since he was then on the point of setting out for Lyons, he told Messer Giuliano to take me with him, adding that on the journey we could discuss some works of art his Majesty had it in his head to execute. Accordingly, I followed the court; and on the way I entered into close relations with the Cardinal of Ferrara, who had not at that period obtained the hat. Every evening

I used to hold long conversations with the Cardinal, in the course of which his lordship advised me to remain at an abbey of his in Lyons, and there to abide at ease until the King returned from this campaign, adding that he was going on to Grenoble, and that I should enjoy every convenience in the abbey.

When we reached Lyons I was already ill, and my lad Ascanio had taken a quartan fever. The French and their court were both grown irksome to me, and I counted the hours till I could find myself again in Rome. On seeing my anxiety to return home, the Cardinal gave me money sufficient for making him a silver basin and jug. So we took good horses, and set our faces in the direction of Rome, passing the Simplon, and traveling for some while in the company of certain Frenchmen; Ascanio troubled by his quartan, and I by a slow fever which I found it quite impossible to throw off. I had, moreover, got my stomach out of order to such an extent, that for the space of four months, as I verily believe, I hardly ate one whole loaf of bread in the week; and great was my longing to reach Italy, being desirous to die there rather than in France.

XLVI

When we had crossed the mountains of the Simplon, we came to a river near a place called Indevedro. It was broad and very deep, spanned by a long narrow bridge without ramparts. That morning a thick white frost had fallen; and when I reached the bridge, riding before the rest, I recognized how dangerous it was, and bade my servants and young men dismount and lead their horses. So I got across without accident, and rode on talking with one of the Frenchmen, whose condition was that of a gentleman. The other, who was a scrivener, lagged a little way behind, jeering the French gentleman and me because we had been so frightened by nothing at all as to give ourselves the trouble of walking. I turned round, and seeing him upon the middle of the bridge, begged him to come gently, since the place was very dangerous. The fellow, true to his French nature, cried out in French that I was a man of poor spirit, and that there was no danger whatsoever. While he spoke these words and urged

his horse forward, the animal suddenly slipped over the bridge, and fell with legs in air close to a huge rock there was there. Now God is very often merciful to madmen; so the two beasts, human and equine, plunged together into a deep wide pool, where both of them went down below the water. On seeing what had happened, I set off running at full speed, scrambled with much difficulty on to the rock, and dangling over from it, seized the skirt of the scrivener's gown and pulled him up, for he was still submerged beneath the surface. He had drunk his bellyful of water, and was within an ace of being drowned. I then, beholding him out of danger, congratulated the man upon my having been the means of rescuing his life. The fellow to this answered me in French, that I had done nothing; the important things to save were his writings, worth many scores of crowns; and these words he seemed to say in anger, dripping wet and spluttering the while. Thereupon, I turned round to our guides, and ordered them to help the brute, adding that I would see them paid. One of them with great address and trouble set himself to the business, and picked up all the fellow's writings, so that he lost not one of them; the other guide refused to trouble himself by rendering any assistance.

I ought here to say that we had made a purse up, and that I performed the part of paymaster. So, when we reached the place I mentioned, and had dined, I drew some coins from the common purse and gave them to the guide who helped to draw him from the water. Thereupon the fellow called out that I might pay them out of my own pocket; he had no intention of giving the man more than what had been agreed on for his services as guide. Upon this I retorted with insulting language. Then the other guide, who had done nothing, came up and demanded to be rewarded also. I told him that the one who had borne the cross deserved the recompense. He cried out that he would presently show me a cross which should make me repent. I replied that I would light a candle at that cross, which should, I hoped, make him to be the first to weep his folly. The village we were in lay on the frontier between Venice and the Germans. So the guide ran off to bring the folk together, and came, followed by a crowd, with a boar-spear in his hand. Mounted on my

good steed, I lowered the barrel of my arquebuse, and turning to my comrades, cried: "At the first shot I shall bring that fellow down; do you likewise your duty, for these are highway robbers, who have used this little incident to contrive our murder." The innkeeper at whose house we had dined called one of the leaders, an imposing old man, and begged him to put a stop to the disorder, saying: "This is a most courageous young man; you may cut him to pieces, but he will certainly kill a lot of you, and perhaps will escape your hands after doing all the mischief he is able." So matters calmed down and the old man, their leader, said to me: "Go in peace; you would not have much to boast of against us, even if you had a hundred men to back you." I recognized the truth of his words, and had indeed made up my mind to die among them; therefore, when no further insults were cast at me, I shook my head and exclaimed: "I should certainly have done my utmost to prove I am no statue, but a man of flesh and spirit." Then we resumed our journey; and that evening, at the first lodging we came to, settled our accounts together. There I parted forever from that beast of a Frenchman, remaining on very friendly terms with the other, who was a gentleman. Afterwards I reached Ferrara, with my three horses and no other company.

Having dismounted, I went to court in order to pay my reverence to the Duke, and gain permission to depart next morning for Loreto. When I had waited until two hours after nightfall, his Excellency appeared. I kissed his hands; he received me with much courtesy, and ordered that water should be brought for me to wash my hands before eating. To this compliment I made a pleasant answer: "Most excellent lord, it is now more than four months that I have eaten only just enough to keep life together; knowing therefore that I could not enjoy the delicacies of your royal table, I will stay and talk with you while your Excellency is supping; in this way we shall both have more pleasure than if I were to sup with you." Accordingly, we entered into conversation, and prolonged it for the next three hours. At that time I took my leave, and when I got back to the inn, found a most excellent meal ready; for the Duke had sent me the plates from his own banquet, together with some famous

wine. Having now fasted two full hours beyond my usual hour for supping, I fell to with hearty appetite; and this was the first time since four months that I felt the power or will to eat.

XLVII

Leaving Ferrara in the morning, I went to Santa Maria at Loreto; and thence, having performed my devotions, pursued the journey to Rome. There I found my most faithful Felice, to whom I abandoned my old shop with all its furniture and appurtenances, and opened another, much larger and roomier, next to Sugherello, the perfumer. I thought for certain that the great King Francis would not have remembered me. Therefore I accepted commissions from several noblemen; and in the meanwhile began the basin and jug ordered by the Cardinal of Ferrara. I had a crowd of workmen, and many large affairs on hand in gold and silver.

Now the arrangement I had made with that Perugian workman was that he should write down all the monies which had been disbursed on his account, chiefly for clothes and divers other sundries; and these, together with the costs of traveling, amounted to about seventy crowns. We agreed that he should discharge the debt by monthly payments of three crowns; and this he was well able to do, since he gained more than eight through me. At the end of two months the rascal decamped from my shop, leaving me in the lurch with a mass of business on my hands, and saying that he did not mean to pay me a farthing more. I was resolved to seek redress, but allowed myself to be persuaded to do so by the way of justice. At first I thought of lopping off an arm of his; and assuredly I should have done so, if my friends had not told me that it was a mistake, seeing I should lose my money and perhaps Rome too a second time, forasmuch as blows cannot be measured, and that with the agreement I held of his I could at any moment have him taken up. I listened to their advice, though I should have liked to conduct the affair more freely. As a matter of fact, I sued him before the auditor of the Camera, and gained my suit; in consequence of that decree, for which I waited several months, I had him thrown into prison. At the same time I was

overwhelmed with large commissions; among others, I had to supply all the ornaments of gold and jewels for the wife of Signor Gierolimo Orsino, father of Signor Paolo, who is now the son-in-law of our Duke Cosimo. These things I had nearly finished; yet others of the greatest consequence were always coming in. I employed eight work-people, and worked day and night together with them, for the sake alike of honor and of gain.

XLVIII

WHILE I was engaged in prosecuting my affairs with so much vigor, there arrived a letter sent post-haste to me by the Cardinal of Ferrara, which ran as follows:—

"Benvenuto, our dear friend,—During these last days the most Christian King here made mention of you, and said that he should like to have you in his service. Whereto I answered that you had promised me, whenever I sent for you to serve his Majesty, that you would come at once. His Majesty then answered: 'It is my will that provision for his journey, according to his merits, should be sent him;' and immediately ordered his Admiral to make me out an order for one thousand golden crowns upon the treasurer of the Exchequer. The Cardinal de' Gaddi, who was present at this conversation, advanced immediately, and told his Majesty that it was not necessary to make these dispositions, seeing that he had sent you money enough, and that you were already on the journey. If then, as I think probable, the facts are quite contrary to those assertions of Cardinal Gaddi, reply to me without delay upon the receipt of this letter; for I will undertake to gather up the fallen thread, and have the promised money given you by this magnanimous King."

Now let the world take notice, and all the folk that dwell on it, what power malignant stars with adverse fortune exercise upon us human beings! I had not spoken twice in my lifetime to that little simpleton of a Cardinal de' Gaddi; nor do I think that he meant by this bumptiousness of his to do me any harm, but only, through lightheadedness and senseless folly, to make it seem as though he also held the affairs of artists, whom the King was wanting, under his own per-

sonal supervision, just as the Cardinal of Ferrara did. But afterwards he was so stupid as not to tell me anything at all about the matter; elsewise, it is certain that my wish to shield a silly mannikin from reproach, if only for our country's sake, would have made me find out some excuse to mend the bungling of his foolish self-conceit.

Immediately upon the receipt of Cardinal Ferrara's letter, I answered that about Cardinal de' Gaddi I knew absolutely nothing, and that even if he had made overtures of that kind to me, I should not have left Italy without informing his most reverend lordship. I also said that I had more to do in Rome than at any previous time; but that if his Most Christian Majesty made sign of wanting me, one word of his, communicated by so great a prince as his most reverend lordship, would suffice to make me set off upon the spot, leaving all other concerns to take their chance.

After I had sent my letter, that traitor, the Perugian workman, devised a piece of malice against me, which succeeded at once, owing to the avarice of Pope Paolo da Farnese, but also far more to that of his bastard, who was then called Duke of Castro. The fellow in question informed one of Signor Pier Luigi's secretaries that, having been with me as workman several years, he was acquainted with all my affairs, on the strength of which he gave his word to Signor Pier Luigi that I was worth more than eighty thousand ducats, and that the greater part of this property consisted in jewels, which jewels belonged to the Church, and that I had stolen them in Castel Sant' Agnolo during the sack of Rome, and that all they had to do was to catch me on the spot with secrecy.

It so happened that I had been at work one morning, more than three hours before daybreak, upon the trousseau of the bride I mentioned; then, while my shop was being opened and swept out, I put my cape on to go abroad and take the air. Directing my steps along the Strada Giulia, I turned into Chiavica, and at this corner Crespino, the Bargello, with all his constables, made up to me, and said: "You are the Pope's prisoner." I answered: "Crespino, you have mistaken your man." "No," said Crespino, "you are the artist Benvenuto, and I know you well, and I have to take you to

the Castle of Sant' Angelo, where lords go, and men of accomplishments, your peers." Upon that four of his underofficers rushed on me, and would have seized by force a dagger which I wore, and some rings I carried on my finger; but Crespino rebuked them: "Not a man of you shall touch him: it is quite enough if you perform your duty, and see that he does not escape me." Then he came up, and begged me with words of courtesy to surrender my arms. While I was engaged in doing this, it crossed my mind that exactly on that very spot I had assassinated Pompeo. They took me straightway to the castle, and locked me in an upper chamber in the keep. This was the first time that I ever smelt a prison up to the age I then had of thirty-seven years.

XLIX

Signor Pier Luigi, the Pope's son, had well considered the large sum for which I stood accused; so he begged the reversion of it from his most holy father, and asked that he might have the money made out to himself. The Pope granted this willingly, adding that he would assist in its recovery. Consequently, after having kept me eight whole days in prison, they sent me up for examination, in order to put an end if possible to the affair. I was summoned into one of the great halls of the papal castle, a place of much dignity. My examiners were, first, the Governor of Rome, called Messer Benedetto Conversini of Pistoja, who afterwards became Bishop of Jesi; secondly, the Procurator-Fiscal, whose name I have forgotten; and, thirdly, the judge in criminal cases, Messer Benedetto da Cagli. These three men began at first to question me in gentle terms, which afterwards they changed to words of considerable harshness and menace, apparently because I said to them: "My lords, it is more than half-an-hour now since you have been pestering me with questions about fables and such things, so that one may truly say you are chattering or prattling; by chattering I mean talking without reason, by prattling I mean talking nonsense: therefore I beg you to tell me what it really is you want of me, and to let me hear from your lips reasonable speech, and not jabberings or nonsense." In reply to these words of mine, the Governor, who was a Pistojan, could no longer disguise his furious temper, and

began: "You talk very confidently, or rather far too arrogantly; but let me tell you that I will bring your pride down lower than a spaniel by the words of reason you shall hear from me; these will be neither jabberings nor nonsense, as you have it, but shall form a chain of arguments to answer which you will be forced to tax the utmost of your wits." Then he began to speak as follows: "We know for certain that you were in Rome at the time when this unhappy city was subject to the calamity of the sack; at that time you were in this Castle of Sant' Angelo, and were employed as bombardier. Now since you are a jeweler and goldsmith by trade, Pope Clement, being previously acquainted with you, and having by him no one else of your profession, called you into his secret counsels, and made you unset all the jewels of his tiaras, miters, and rings; afterwards, having confidence in you, he ordered you to sew them into his clothes. While thus engaged, you sequestered, unknown to his Holiness, a portion of them, to the value of eighty thousand crowns. This has been told us by one of your workmen, to whom you disclosed the matter in your braggadocio way. Now, we tell you frankly that you must find the jewels, or their value in money: after that we will release you."

L

When I heard these words, I could not hold from bursting into a great roar of laughter; then, having laughed a while, I said: "Thanks be to God that on this first occasion, when it has pleased His Divine Majesty to imprison me, I should not be imprisoned for some folly, as the wont is usually with young men. If what you say were the truth, I run no risk of having to submit to corporal punishment, since the authority of the law was suspended during that season. Indeed, I could excuse myself by saying that, like a faithful servant, I had kept back treasure to that amount for the sacred and holy Apostolic Church, waiting till I could restore it to a good Pope, or else to those who might require it of me; as, for instance, you might, if this were verily the case." When I had spoken so far, the furious Governor would not let me conclude my argument, but exclaimed in a burst of rage: "Interpret the affair as you like best, Benvenuto; it is enough

for us to have found the property which we had lost; be quick about it, if you do not want us to use other measures than words." Then they began to rise and leave the chamber; but I stopped them, crying out: "My lords, my examination is not over; bring that to an end, and go then where you choose." They resumed their seats in a very angry temper. making as though they did not mean to listen to a word I said, and at the same time half relieved, as though they had discovered all they wanted to know. I then began my speech, to this effect: "You are to know, my lords, that it is now some twenty years since I first came to Rome, and I have never been sent to prison here or elsewhere." On this that catchpoll of a Governor called out: "And yet you have killed men enough here!" I replied: "It is you that say it, and not I; but if some one came to kill you, priest as you are, you would defend yourself, and if you killed him, the sanctity of law would hold you justified. Therefore let me continue my defense, if you wish to report the case to the Pope, and to judge me fairly. Once more I tell you that I have been a sojourner in this marvelous city Rome for nigh on twenty years, and here I have exercised my art in matters of vast importance. Knowing that this is the seat of Christ, I entertained the reasonable belief that when some temporal prince sought to inflict on me a mortal injury, I might have recourse to this holy chair and to this Vicar of Christ, in confidence that he would surely uphold my cause. Ah me! whither am I now to go? What prince is there who will protect me from this infamous assassination? Was it not your business, before you took me up, to find out what I had done with those eighty thousand ducats? Was it not your duty to inspect the record of the jewels, which have been carefully inscribed by this Apostolic Camera through the last five hundred years? If you had discovered anything missing on that record, then you ought to have seized all my books together with myself. I tell you for a certainty that the registers, on which are written all the jewels of the Pope and the regalia, must be perfectly in order; you will not find there missing a single article of value which belonged to Pope Clement that has not been minutely noted. The one thing of the kind which occurs to me is this: When that poor man

Pope Clement wanted to make terms with those thieves of the Imperial army, who had robbed Rome and insulted the Church, a certain Cesare Iscatinaro, if I rightly remember his name, came to negotiate with him; and having nearly concluded the agreement, the Pope in his extremity, to show the man some mark of favor, let fall a diamond from his finger, which was worth about four thousand crowns, and when Iscatinaro stooped to pick it up, the Pope told him to keep it for his sake. I was present at these transactions: and if the diamond of which I speak be missing, I have told you where it went; but I have the firmest conviction that you will find even this noted upon the register. After this you may blush at your leisure for having done such cruel injustice to a man like me, who has performed so many honorable services for the apostolic chair. I would have you to know that, but for me, the morning when the Imperial troops entered the Borgo, they would without let or hindrance have forced their way into the castle. It was I who, unrewarded for this act, betook myself with vigor to the guns which had been abandoned by the cannoneers and soldiers of the ordnance. I put spirit into my comrade Raffaello da Montelupo, the sculptor, who had also left his post and hid himself all frightened in a corner, without stirring foot or finger; I woke his courage up, and he and I alone together slew so many of the enemies that the soldiers took another road. I it was who shot at Iscatinaro when I saw him talking to Pope Clement without the slightest mark of reverence, nay, with the most revolting insolence, like the Lutheran and infidel he was. Pope Clement upon this had the castle searched to find and hang the man who did it. I it was who wounded the Prince of Orange in the head down there below the trenches of the castle. Then, too, how many ornaments of silver, gold, and jewels, how many models and coins, so beautiful and so esteemed, have I not made for Holy Church! Is this then the presumptuous priestly recompense you give a man who has served and loved you with such loyalty, with such mastery of art? Oh, go and report the whole that I have spoken to the Pope; go and tell him that his jewels are all in his possession; that I never received from the Church anything but wounds and stonings at that epoch of the sack; that I never reckoned upon any gain beyond some

small remuneration from Pope Paolo, which he had promised me. Now at last I know what to think of his Holiness and you his Ministers."

While I was delivering this speech, they sat and listened in astonishment. Then exchanging glances one with the other, and making signs of much surprise, they left me. All three went together to report what I had spoken to the Pope. The Pope felt some shame, and gave orders that all the records of the jewels should be diligently searched. When they had ascertained that none were missing, they left me in the castle without saying a word more about it. Signor Pier Luigi felt also that he had acted ill; and to end the affair, they set about to contrive my death.

LI

During the agitations of this time which I have just related, King Francis received news of how the Pope was keeping me in prison, and with what injustice. He had sent a certain gentleman of his, named Monsignor di Morluc, as his ambassador to Rome; to him therefore he now wrote, claiming me from the Pope as the man of his Majesty. The Pope was a person of extraordinary sense and ability, but in this affair of mine he behaved weakly and unintelligently; for he made answer to the King's envoy that his Majesty need pay me no attention, since I was a fellow who gave much trouble by fighting; therefore he advised his Majesty to leave me alone, adding that he kept me in prison for homicides and other devilries which I had played. To this the King sent answer that justice in his realm was excellently maintained; for even as his Majesty was wont to shower rewards and favors upon men of parts and virtue, so did he ever chastise the troublesome. His Holiness had let me go, not caring for the service of the said Benvenuto, and the King, when he saw him in his realm, most willingly adopted him; therefore he now asked for him in the quality of his own man. Such a demand was certainly one of the most honorable marks of favor which a man of my sort could desire; yet it proved the source of infinite annoyance and hurt to me. The Pope was roused to such fury by the jealous fear he had lest I should go and tell the whole world how infamously I had been treated, that he kept re-

volving ways in which I might be put to death without injury to his own credit.

The castellan of Sant' Angelo was one of our Florentines, called Messer Giorgio, a knight of the Ugolini family. This worthy man showed me the greatest courtesy, and let me go free about the castle on parole. He was well aware how greatly I had been wronged; and when I wanted to give security for leave to walk about the castle, he replied that though he could not take that, seeing the Pope set too much importance upon my affair, yet he would frankly trust my word, because he was informed by every one what a worthy man I was. So I passed my parole, and he granted me conveniences for working at my trade. I then, reflecting that the Pope's anger against me must subside, as well because of my innocence as because of the favor shown me by the King, kept my shop in Rome open, while Ascanio, my prentice, came to the castle and brought me things to work at. I could not indeed do much, feeling myself imprisoned so unjustly; yet I made a virtue of necessity, and bore my adverse fortune with as light a heart as I was able.

I had secured the attachment of all the guards and many soldiers of the castle. Now the Pope used to come at times to sup there, and on those occasions no watch was kept, but the place stood open like an ordinary palace. Consequently, while the Pope was there, the prisoners used to be shut up with great precautions; none such, however, were taken with me, who had the license to go where I liked even at those times, about its precincts. Often then those soldiers told me that I ought to escape, and that they would aid and abet me, knowing as they did how greatly I had been wronged. I answered that I had given my parole to the castellan, who was such a worthy man, and had done me such kind offices. One very brave and clever soldier used to say to me: "My Benvenuto, you must know that a prisoner is not obliged, and cannot be obliged, to keep faith, any more than aught else which befits a free man. Do what I tell you; escape from that rascal of a Pope and that bastard his son, for both are bent on having your life by villainy." I had, however, made my mind up rather to lose my life than to break the promise I had given that good man the castellan. So I bore the extreme

discomforts of my situation, and had for companion of misery a friar of the Palavisina house, who was a very famous preacher.

LII

This man had been arrested as a Lutheran. He was an excellent companion; but, from the point of view of his religion, I found him the biggest scoundrel in the world, to whom all kinds of vices were acceptable. His fine intellectual qualities won my admiration; but I hated his dirty vices, and frankly taxed him with them. This friar kept perpetually reminding me that I was in no wise bound to observe faith with the castellan, since I had become a prisoner. I replied to these arguments that he might be speaking the truth as a friar, but that as a man he spoke the contrary; for every one who called himself a man, and not a monk, was bound to keep his word under all circumstances in which he chanced to be. I therefore, being a man, and not a monk, was not going to break the simple and loyal word which I had given. Seeing then that he could not sap my honor by the subtle and ingenious sophistries he so eloquently developed, the friar hit upon another way of tempting me. He allowed some days to pass, during which he read me the sermons of Fra Jerolimo Savonarola; and these he expounded with such lucidity and learning that his comment was even finer than the text. I remained in ecstasies of admiration; and there was nothing in the world I would not have done for him, except, as I have said, to break my promised word. When he saw the effect his talents had produced upon my mind, he thought of yet another method.

Very cautiously he then began to ask what means I should have taken, supposing my jailors had locked me up, in order to set the dungeon doors open and effect my flight. I then, who wanted to display the sharpness of my own wits to so ingenious a man, replied that I was quite sure of being able to open the most baffling locks and bars, far more those of our prison, to do which would be the same to me as eating a bit of new cheese. In order then to gain my secret, the friar now made light of these assertions, averring that persons who have gained some credit by their abilities, are wont to talk

big of things which, if they had to put their boasts in action, would speedily discredit them, and much to their dishonor. Himself had heard me speak so far from the truth, that he was inclined to think I should, when pushed to proof, end in a dishonorable failure. Upon this, feeling myself stung to the quick by that devil of a friar, I responded that I always made a practice of promising in words less than I could perform in deeds; what I had said about the keys was the merest trifle; in a few words I could make him understand that the matter was as I had told it; then, all too heedlessly, I demonstrated the facility with which my assertions could be carried into act. He affected to pay little attention; but all the same he learned my lesson well by heart with keen intelligence.

As I have said above, the worthy castellan let me roam at pleasure over the whole fortress. Not even at night did he lock me in, as was the custom with the other prisoners. Moreover, he allowed me to employ myself as I liked best, with gold or silver or with wax according to my whim. So then I labored several weeks at the basin ordered by Cardinal Ferrara, but the irksomeness of my imprisonment bred in me a disgust for such employment, and I took to modeling in wax some little figures of my fancy, for mere recreation. Of the wax which I used, the friar stole a piece; and with this he proceeded to get false keys made, upon the method I had heedlessly revealed to him. He had chosen for his accomplice a registrar named Luigi, a Paduan, who was in the castellan's service. When the keys were ordered, the locksmith revealed their plot; and the castellan, who came at times to see me in my chamber, noticing the wax which I was using, recognized it at once and exclaimed: "It is true that this poor fellow Benvenuto has suffered a most grievous wrong; yet he ought not to have dealt thus with me, for I have ever strained my sense of right to show him kindness. Now I shall keep him straitly under lock and key, and shall take good care to do him no more service." Accordingly, he had me shut up with disagreeable circumstances, among the worst of which were the words flung at me by some of his devoted servants, who were indeed extremely fond of me, but now, on this occasion, cast in my teeth all the kind offices the castellan had done me; they came, in fact, to calling me ungrateful,

light, and disloyal. One of them in particular used those injurious terms more insolently than was decent; whereupon I, being convinced of my innocence, retorted hotly that I had never broken faith, and would maintain these words at the peril of my life, and that if he or any of his fellows abused me so unjustly, I would fling the lie back in his throat. The man, intolerant of my rebuke, rushed to the castellan's room, and brought me the wax with the model of the keys. No sooner had I seen the wax than I told him that both he and I were in the right; but I begged him to procure for me an audience with the castellan, for I meant to explain frankly how the matter stood, which was of far more consequence than they imagined. The castellan sent for me at once, and I told him the whole course of events. This made him arrest the friar, who betrayed the registrar, and the latter ran a risk of being hanged. However, the castellan hushed the affair up, although it had reached the Pope's ears; he saved his registrar from the gallows, and gave me the same freedom as I had before.

LIII

When I saw how rigorously this affair was prosecuted, I began to think of my own concerns, and said: "Supposing another of these storms should rise, and the man should lose confidence in me, I should then be under no obligation to him, and might wish to use my wits a little, which would certainly work their end better than those of that rascally friar." So I began to have new sheets of a coarse fabric brought me, and did not send the dirty ones away. When my servants asked for them, I bade them hold their tongues, saying I had given the sheets to some of those poor soldiers; and if the matter came to knowledge, the wretched fellows ran risk of the galleys. This made my young men attendants, especially Felice, keep the secret of the sheets in all loyalty. I meanwhile set myself to emptying a straw mattress, the stuffing of which I burned, having a chimney in my prison. Out of the sheets I cut strips, the third of a cubit in breadth; and when I had made enough in my opinion to clear the great height of the central keep of San' Agnolo, I told my servants that I had given away what I wanted; they must now bring

me others of a finer fabric, and I would always send back the dirty ones. This affair was presently forgotten.

Now my workpeople and serving-men were obliged to close my shop at the order of the Cardinals Santi Quattro and Cornaro, who told me openly that the Pope would not hear of setting me at large, and that the great favors shown me by King Francis had done far more harm than good. It seems that the last words spoken from the King by Monsignor di Morluc had been to this effect, namely, that the Pope ought to hand me over to the ordinary judges of the court; if I had done wrong, he could chastise me; but otherwise, it was but reason that he should set me at liberty. This message so irritated the Pope that he made his mind up to keep me a prisoner for life. At the same time, the castellan most certainly did his utmost to assist me.

When my enemies perceived that my shop was closed, they lost no opportunity of taunting and reviling those servants and friends of mine who came to visit me in prison. It happened on one occasion that Ascanio, who came twice a day to visit me, asked to have a jacket cut out for him from a blue silk vest of mine I never used. I had only worn it once, on the occasion when I walked in procession. I replied that these were not the times nor was I in the place to wear such clothes. The young man took my refusal of this miserable vest so ill that he told me he wanted to go home to Tagliacozzo. All in a rage, I answered that he could not please me better than by taking himself off; and he swore with passion that he would never show his face to me again. When these words passed between us, we were walking round the keep of the castle. It happened that the castellan was also taking the air there; so just when we met his lordship Ascanio said: "I am going away; farewell forever!" I added: "Forever, is my wish too; and thus in sooth shall it be. I shall tell the sentinels not to let you pass again!" Then, turning to the castellan, I begged him with all my heart to order the guards to keep Ascanio out, adding: "This little peasant comes here to add to my great trouble; I entreat you, therefore, my lord, not to let him enter any more." The castellan was much grieved, because he knew him to be a lad of marvelous talents; he was, moreover, so fair of person

that every one who once set eyes on him seemed bound to love him beyond measure.

The boy went away weeping. That day he had with him a small scimitar, which it was at times his wont to carry hidden beneath his clothes. Leaving the castle then, and having his face wet with tears, he chanced to meet two of my chief enemies, Jeronimo the Perugian, and a certain Michele, goldsmiths both of them. Michele, being Jeronimo's friend and Ascanio's enemy, called out: "What is Ascanio crying for? Perhaps his father is dead; I mean that father in the castle!" Ascanio answered on the instant: "He is alive, but you shall die this minute." Then, raising his hand, he struck two blows with the scimitar, both at the fellow's head; the first felled him to earth, the second lopped three fingers off his right hand, though it was aimed at his head. He lay there like a dead man. The matter was at once reported to the Pope, who cried in a great fury: "Since the King wants him to be tried, go and give him three days to prepare his defense!" So they came, and executed the commission which the Pope had given them.

The excellent castellan went off upon the spot to his Holiness, and informed him that I was no accomplice in the matter, and that I had sent Ascanio about his business. So ably did he plead my cause that he saved my life from this impending tempest. Ascanio meanwhile escaped to Tagliacozzo, to his home there, whence he wrote begging a thousand times my pardon, and acknowledging his wrong in adding troubles to my grave disaster; but protesting that if through God's grace I came out from the prison, he meant never to abandon me. I let him understand that he must mind his art, and that if God set me at large again I would certainly recall him.

LIV

The castellan was subject to a certain sickness, which came upon him every year and deprived him of his wits. The sign of its approach was that he kept continually talking, or rather jabbering, to no purpose. These humors took a different shape each year; one time he thought he was an oil-jar; another time he thought he was a frog, and hopped about as frogs do;

another time he thought he was dead, and then they had to bury him; not a year passed but he got some such hypochondriac notions into his head. At this season he imagined that he was a bat, and when he went abroad to take the air, he used to scream like bats in a high thin tone; and then he would flap his hands and body as though he were about to fly. The doctors, when they saw the fit was coming on him, and his old servants, gave him all the distractions they could think of; and since they had noticed that he derived much pleasure from my conversation, they were always fetching me to keep him company. At times the poor man detained me for four or five stricken hours without ever letting me cease talking. He used to keep me at his table, eating opposite to him, and never stopped chatting and making me chat; but during those discourses I contrived to make a good meal. He, poor man, could neither eat nor sleep; so that at last he wore me out. I was at the end of my strength; and sometimes when I looked at him, I noticed that his eyeballs were rolling in a frightful manner, one looking one way and the other in another.

He took it into his head to ask me whether I had ever had a fancy to fly. I answered that it had always been my ambition to do those things which offer the greatest difficulties to men, and that I had done them; as to flying, the God of Nature had gifted me with a body well suited for running and leaping far beyond the common average, and that with the talents I possessed for manual art I felt sure I had the courage to try flying. He then inquired what methods I should use; to which I answered that, taking into consideration all flying creatures, and wishing to imitate by art what they derived from nature, none was so apt a model as the bat. No sooner had the poor man heard the name bat, which recalled the humor he was suffering under; than he cried out at the top of his voice: "He says true—he says true; the bat's the thing—the bat's the thing!" Then he turned to me and said: "Benvenuto, if one gave you the opportunity, should you have the heart to fly?" I said that if he would set me at liberty, I felt quite up to flying down to Prati, after making myself a pair of wings out of waxed linen. Thereupon he replied: "I too should be prepared to take flight; but since the Pope

has bidden me guard you as though you were his own eyes, and I know you a clever devil who would certainly escape, I shall now have you locked up with a hundred keys in order to prevent you slipping through my fingers." I then began to implore him, and remind him that I might have fled, but that on account of the word which I had given him I would never have betrayed his trust: therefore I begged him for the love of God, and by the kindness he had always shown me, not to add greater evils to the misery of my present situation. While I was pouring out these entreaties, he gave strict orders to have me bound and taken and locked up in prison. On seeing that it could not be helped, I told him before all his servants: "Lock me well up, and keep good watch on me; for I shall certainly contrive to escape." So they took and confined me with the utmost care.

LV

I THEN began to deliberate upon the best way of making my escape. No sooner had I been locked in, than I went about exploring my prison; and when I thought I had discovered how to get out of it, I pondered the means of descending from the lofty keep, for so the great round central tower is called. I took those new sheets of mine, which, as I have said already, I had cut in strips and sewn together; then I reckoned up the quantity which would be sufficient for my purpose. Having made this estimate and put all things in order, I looked out a pair of pincers which I had abstracted from a Savoyard belonging to the guard of the castle. This man superintended the casks and cisterns; he also amused himself with carpentering. Now he possessed several pairs of pincers, among which was one both big and heavy. I then, thinking it would suit my purpose, took it and hid it in my straw mattress. The time had now come for me to use it; so I began to try the nails which kept the hinges of my door in place. The door was double, and the clinching of the nails could not be seen; so that when I attempted to draw one out, I met with the greatest trouble; in the end, however, I succeeded. When I had drawn the first nail, I bethought me how to prevent its being noticed. For this purpose I mixed some rust, which I had scraped from old iron, with a little wax, obtaining

exactly the same color as the heads of the long nails which I had extracted. Then I set myself to counterfeit these heads and place them on the holdfasts; for each nail I extracted I made a counterfeit in wax. I left the hinges attached to their door-posts at top and bottom by means of some of the same nails that I had drawn; but I took care to cut these and replace them lightly, so that they only just supported the irons of the hinges.

All this I performed with the greatest difficulty, because the castellan kept dreaming every night that I had escaped, which made him send from time to time to inspect my prison. The man who came had the title and behavior of a catchpoll. He was called Bozza, and used always to bring with him another of the same sort, named Giovanni and nicknamed Pedignone; the latter was a soldier, and Bozza a serving-man. Giovanni never entered my prison without saying something offensive to me. He came from the district of Prato, and had been an apothecary in the town there. Every evening he minutely examined the holdfasts of the hinges and the whole chamber, and I used to say: "Keep a good watch over me, for I am resolved by all means to escape." These words bred a great enmity between him and me, so that I was obliged to use precautions to conceal my tools, that is to say, my pincers and a great big poniard and other appurtenances. All these I put away together in my mattress, where I also kept the strips of linen I had made. When day broke, I used immediately to sweep my room out; and though I am by nature a lover of cleanliness, at that time I kept myself unusually spick and span. After sweeping up, I made my bed as daintily as I could, laying flowers upon it, which a Savoyard used to bring me nearly every morning. He had the care of the cistern and the casks, and also amused himself with carpentering; it was from him I stole the pincers which I used in order to draw out the nails from the holdfasts of the hinges.

LVI

Well, to return to the subject of my bed; when Bozza and Pedignone came, I always told them to give it a wide berth, so as not to dirty and spoil it for me. Now and then, just to irritate me, they would touch it lightly, upon which I cried:

"Ah, dirty cowards! I'll lay my hand on one of your swords there, and will do you a mischief that will make you wonder. Do you think you are fit to touch the bed of a man like me? When I chastise you I shall not heed my own life, for I am certain to take yours. Let me alone then with my troubles and my tribulations, and don't give me more annoyance than I have already; if not, I shall make you see what a desperate man is able to do." These words they reported to the castellan, who gave them express orders never to go near my bed, and when they came to me, to come without swords, but for the rest to keep a watchful guard upon me.

Having thus secured my bed from meddlers, I felt as though the main point was gained; for there lay all things needful to my venture. It happened on the evening of a certain feast-day that the castellan was seriously indisposed; his humors grew extravagant; he kept repeating that he was a bat, and if they heard that Benvenuto had flown away, they must let him go to catch me up, since he could fly by night most certainly as well or better than myself; for it was thus he argued: "Benvenuto is a counterfeit bat, but I am a real one; and since he is committed to my care, leave me to act; I shall be sure to catch him." He had passed several nights in this frenzy, and had worn out all his servants, whereof I received full information through divers channels, but specially from the Savoyard, who was my friend at heart and reported to me many matters of great interest.

On the evening of that feast-day, then, I made my mind up to escape, come what might; and first I prayed most devoutly to God, imploring His Divine Majesty to protect and succor me in that so perilous a venture. Afterwards I set to work at all the things I needed, and labored the whole of the night. It was two hours before daybreak when at last I removed those hinges with the greatest toil; but the wooden panel itself and the bolt too offered such resistance that I could not open the door; so I had to cut into the wood; yet in the end I got it open, and shouldering the strips of linen which I had rolled up like bundles of flax upon two sticks, I went forth and directed my steps toward the latrines of the keep. Spying from within two tiles upon the roof, I was able at once to clamber up with ease. I wore a white doublet with

a pair of white hose and a pair of half boots, into which I had stuck the poniard I have mentioned.

After scaling the roof, I took one end of my linen roll and attached it to a piece of antique tile which was built into the fortress wall; it happened to jut out scarcely four fingers. In order to fix the band, I gave it the form of a stirrup. When I had attached it to that piece of tile, I turned to God and said: "Lord God, give aid to my good cause; you know that it is good; you see that I am aiding myself." Then I let myself go gently by degrees, supporting myself with the sinews of my arms, until I touched the ground. There was no moonshine, but the light of a fair open heaven. When I stood upon my feet on solid earth, I looked up at the vast height which I had descended with such spirit, and went gladly away, thinking I was free. But this was not the case; for the castellan on that side of the fortress had built two lofty walls, the space between which he used for stable and henyard; the place was barred with thick iron bolts outside. I was terribly disgusted to find there was no exit from this trap; but while I paced up and down debating what to do, I stumbled on a long pole which was covered up with straw. Not without great trouble I succeeded in placing it against the wall, and then swarmed up it by the force of my arms until I reached the top. But since the wall ended in a sharp ridge, I had not strength enough to drag the pole up after me. Accordingly I made my mind up to use a portion of the second roll of linen which I had there; the other was left hanging from the keep of the castle. So I cut a piece off, tied it to the pole, and clambered down the wall, enduring the utmost toil and fatigue. I was quite exhausted, and had, moreover, flayed the inside of my hands, which bled freely. This compelled me to rest a while, and I bathed my hands in my own urine. When I thought that my strength was recovered, I advanced quickly toward the last rampart, which faces toward Prati. There I put my bundle of linen lines down upon the ground, meaning to fasten them round a battlement, and descend the lesser as I had the greater height. But no sooner had I placed the linen, than I became aware behind me of a sentinel, who was going the rounds. Seeing my designs interrupted and my life in peril, I resolved to face the

guard. This fellow, when he noticed my bold front, and that I was marching on him with weapon in hand, quickened his pace and gave me a wide berth. I had left my lines some little way behind; so I turned with hasty steps to regain them; and though I came within sight of another sentinel, he seemed as though he did not choose to take notice of me. Having found my lines and attached them to the battlement, I let myself go. On the descent, whether it was that I thought I had really come to earth and relaxed my grasp to jump, or whether my hands were so tired that they could not keep their hold, at any rate I fell, struck my head in falling, and lay stunned for more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge.

It was just upon daybreak, when the fresh breeze which blows an hour before the sun revived me; yet I did not immediately recover my senses, for I thought my head had been cut off and fancied that I was in purgatory. With time, little by little, my faculties returned, and I perceived that I was outside the castle, and in a flash remembered all my adventures. I was aware of the wound in my head before I knew my leg was broken; for I put my hands up, and withdrew them covered with blood. Then I searched the spot well, and judged and ascertained that I had sustained no injury of consequence there; but when I wanted to stand up, I discovered that my right leg was broken three inches above the heel. Not even this dismayed me: I drew forth my poniard with its scabbard; the latter had a metal point ending in a large ball, which had caused the fracture of my leg; for the bone, coming into violent contact with the ball, and not being able to bend, had snapped at that point. I threw the sheath away, and with the poniard cut a piece of the linen which I had left. Then I bound my leg up as well as I could, and crawled on all fours with the poniard in my hand toward the city gate. When I reached it, I found it shut; but I noticed a stone just beneath the door which did not appear to be very firmly fixed. This I attempted to dislodge; after setting my hands to it, and feeling it move, it easily gave way, and I drew it out. Through the gap thus made I crept into the town.

LVII

I HAD crawled more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell, to the gate by which I entered. No sooner had I got inside than some mastiff dogs set upon me and bit me badly. When they returned to the attack and worried me, I drew my poniard and wounded one of them so sharply that he howled aloud, and all the dogs, according to their nature, ran after him. I meanwhile made the best way I could on all fours toward the church of the Trespontina.

On arriving at the opening of the street which leads to Sant' Agnolo, I turned off in the direction of San Piero; and now the dawn had risen over me, and I felt myself in danger. When therefore I chanced to meet a water-carrier driving his donkey laden with full buckets, I called the fellow, and begged him to carry me upon his back to the terrace by the steps of San Piero, adding: "I am an unfortunate young man, who, while escaping from a window in a love-adventure, have fallen and broken my leg. The place from which I made my exit is one of great importance; and if I am discovered, I run risk of being cut to pieces; so for heaven's sake lift me quickly, and I will give you a crown of gold." Saying this, I clapped my hand to my purse, where I had a good quantity. He took me up at once, hitched me on his back, and carried me to the raised terrace by the steps to San Piero. There I bade him leave me, saying he must run back and take care of his donkey.

I resumed my march, crawling always on all fours, and making for the palace of the Duchess, wife of Duke Ottavio and daughter of the Emperor. She was his natural child, and had been married to Duke Alessandro. I chose her house for refuge, because I was quite certain that many of my friends, who had come with that great princess from Florence, were tarrying there; also because she had taken me into favor through something which the castellan had said in my behalf. Wishing to be of service to me, he told the Pope that I had saved the city more than a thousand crowns of damage, caused by heavy rain on the occasion when the Duchess made her entrance into Rome. He related how he was in despair, and how I put heart into him, and went on to describe how I had

pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest, and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire, the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out; and so I was the sole cause of the festival succeeding, to the joy of everybody. On hearing this narration the Duchess said: "That Benvenuto is one of the artists of merit, who enjoyed the goodwill of my late husband, Duke Alessandro, and I shall always hold them in mind if an opportunity comes of doing such men service." She also talked of me to Duke Ottavio. For these reasons I meant to go straight to the house of her Excellency, which was a very fine palace situated in Borgio Vecchio.

I should have been quite safe from recapture by the Pope if I could have stayed there; but my exploits up to this point had been too marvelous for a human being, and God was unwilling to encourage my vainglory; accordingly, for my own good, He chastised me a second time worse even than the first. The cause of this was that while I was crawling on all fours up those steps, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro recognized me. His master was then lodging in the palace; so the servant ran up to his room and woke him, crying: "Most reverend Monsignor, your friend Benvenuto is down there; he has escaped from the castle, and is crawling on all fours, streaming with blood; to all appearances he has broken a leg, and we don't know whither he is going." The Cardinal exclaimed at once: "Run and carry him upon your back into my room here." When I arrived, he told me to be under no apprehension, and sent for the first physicians of Rome to take my case in hand. Among them was Maestro Jacomo of Perugia, a most excellent and able surgeon. He set the bone with dexterity, then bound the limb up, and bled me with his own hand. It happened that my veins were swollen far beyond their usual size, and he too wished to make a pretty wide incision; accordingly the blood sprang forth so copiously, and spurted with such force into his face, that he had to abandon the operation. He regarded this as a very bad omen, and could hardly be prevailed upon to undertake my cure. Indeed, he often expressed a wish to leave me, remembering that he ran no little risk of punishment for having treated my case, or rather for having proceeded to the end

with it. The Cardinal had me placed in a secret chamber, and went off immediately to beg me from the Pope.

LVIII

During this while all Rome was in an uproar; for they had observed the bands of linen fastened to the great keep of the castle, and folk were running in crowds to behold so extraordinary a thing. The castellan had gone off into one of his worst fits of frenzy; in spite of all his servants, he insisted upon taking his flight also from the tower, saying that no one could recapture me except himself if he were to fly after me. Messer Ruberto Pucci, the father of Messer Pandolfo, having heard of the great event, went in person to inspect the place; afterwards he came to the palace, where he met with Cardinal Cornaro, who told him exactly what had happened, and how I was lodged in one of his own chambers, and already in the doctor's hands. These two worthy men went together, and threw themselves upon their knees before the Pope; but he, before they could get a word out, cried aloud: "I know all that you want of me." Messer Ruberto Pucci then began: "Most blessed Father, we beg you for Heaven's grace to give us up that unfortunate man; surely his great talents entitle him to exceptional treatment; moreover, he has displayed such audacity, blent with so much ingenuity, that his exploit might seem superhuman. We know not for what crimes your Holiness has kept him so long in prison; however, if those crimes are too exorbitant, your Holiness is wise and holy, and may your will be done unquestioned; still, if they are such as can be condoned, we entreat you to pardon him for our sake." The Pope, when he heard this, felt shame, and answered: "I have kept him in prison at the request of some of my people, since he is a little too violent in his behavior; but recognizing his talents, and wishing to keep him near our person, we had intended to treat him so well that he should have no reason to return to France. I am very sorry to hear of his bad accident; tell him to mind his health, and when he is recovered, we will make it up to him for all his troubles."

Those two excellent men returned and told me the good news they were bringing from the Pope. Meanwhile the nobility of Rome, young, old, and all sorts, came to visit me.

LIX

Two days afterwards the Cardinal Cornaro went to beg a bishopric from the Pope for a gentleman of his called Messer Andrea Centano. The Pope, in truth, had promised him a bishopric; and this being now vacant, the Cardinal reminded him of his word. The Pope acknowledged his obligation, but said that he too wanted a favor from his most reverend lordship, which was that he would give up Benvenuto to him. On this the Cardinal replied: "Oh, if your Holiness has pardoned him and set him free at my disposal, what will the world say of you and me?" The Pope answered: "I want Benvenuto, you want the bishopric; let the world say what it chooses." The good Cardinal entreated his Holiness to give him the bishopric, and for the rest to think the matter over, and then to act according as his Holiness decided. The Pope, feeling a certain amount of shame at so wickedly breaking his word, took what seemed a middle course: "I will send for Benvenuto, and in order to gratify the whim I have, will put him in those rooms which open on my private garden; there he can attend to his recovery, and I will not prevent any of his friends from coming to visit him. Moreover, I will defray his expenses until this caprice of mine has left me."

The Cardinal came home, and sent the candidate for this bishopric on the spot to inform me that the Pope was resolved to have me back, but that he meant to keep me in a ground-floor room in his private garden, where I could receive the visits of my friends, as I had done in his own house. I implored this Messer Andrea to ask the Cardinal not to give me up to the Pope, but to let me act on my own account. I would have myself wrapped up in a mattress, and carried to a safe place outside Rome; for if he gave me up to the Pope, he would certainly be sending me to death. It is believed that when the Cardinal heard my petition he was not ill-disposed to grant it; but Messer Andrea, wanting to secure the bishopric, denounced me to the Pope, who sent at once and had me lodged in the ground-floor chamber of his private garden. The Cardinal sent me word not to eat the food provided for me by the Pope; he would supply me with provisions; meanwhile I was to keep my spirits up, for he would work in my cause

till I was set free. Matters being thus arranged, I received daily visits and generous offers from many great lords and gentlemen. Food came from the Pope, which I refused to touch, only eating that which came from Cardinal Cornaro; and thus I remained a while.

I had among my friends a young Greek of the age of twenty-five years. He was extremely active in all physical exercises, and the best swordsman in Rome; rather poor-spirited, however, but loyal to the backbone; honest, and ready to believe what people told him. He had heard it said that the Pope made known his intention of compensating me for all I had gone through. It is true that the Pope began by saying so, but he ended by saying quite the opposite. I then determined to confide in the young Greek, and said to him: "Dearest brother, they are plotting my ruin; so now the time has come to help me. Do they imagine, when they heap those extraordinary favors on me, that I am not aware they are done to betray me?" The worthy young man answered: "My Benvenuto, they say in Rome that the Pope has bestowed on you an office with an income of five hundred crowns; I beseech you therefore not to let those suspicions deprive you of so great a windfall." All the same I begged him with clasped hands to aid me in escaping from that place, saying I knew well that a Pope of that sort, though he could do me much good if he chose, was really studying secretly, and to save appearances, how he might best destroy me; therefore we must be quick and try to save me from his clutches. If my friend would get me out of that place by the means I meant to tell him, I should always regard him as the savior of my life, and when occasion came would lay it down for him with gladness. The poor young man shed tears, and cried: "Oh, my dear brother, though you are bringing destruction on your head, I cannot but fulfill your wishes; so explain your plan, and I will do whatever you may order, albeit much against my will." Accordingly we came to an agreement, and I disclosed to him the details of my scheme, which was certain to have succeeded without difficulty. When I hoped that he was coming to execute it, he came and told me that for my own good he meant to disobey me, being convinced of the truth of what he had heard from men close to

the Pope's person, who understood the real state of my affairs. Having nothing else to rely upon, I remained in despair and misery. This passed on the day of Corpus Domini 1539.

LX

After my conversation with the Greek, the whole day wore away, and at night there came abundant provisions from the kitchen of the Pope; the Cardinal Cornaro also sent good store of viands from his kitchen; and some friends of mine being present when they arrived, I made them stay to supper, and enjoyed their society, keeping my leg in splints beneath the bed-clothes. An hour after nightfall they left me; and two of my servants, having made me comfortable for the night, went to sleep in the antechamber. I had a dog, black as a mulberry, one of those hairy ones, who followed me admirably when I went out shooting, and never left my side. During the night he lay beneath my bed, and I had to call out at least three times to my servant to turn him out, because he howled so fearfully. When the servants entered, the dog flew at them and tried to bite them. They were frightened, and thought he must be mad, because he went on howling. In this way we passed the first four hours of the night. At the stroke of four the Bargello came into my room with a band of constables. Then the dog sprang forth and flew at them with such fury, tearing their capes and hose, that in their fright they fancied he was mad. But the Bargello, like an experienced person, told them: "It is the nature of good dogs to divine and foretell the mischance coming on their masters. Two of you take sticks and beat the dog off; while the others strap Benvenuto on this chair; then carry him to the place you wot of." It was, as I have said, the night after Corpus Domini, and about four o'clock.

The officers carried me, well shut up and covered, and four of them went in front, making the few passengers who were still abroad get out of the way. So they bore me to Torre di Nona, such is the name of the place, and put me in the condemned cell. I was left upon a wretched mattress under the care of a guard, who kept all night mourning over my bad luck, and saying to me: "Alas! poor Benvenuto, what have you done to those great folk?" I could now form a

very good opinion of what was going to happen to me, partly by the place in which I found myself, and also by what the man had told me. During a portion of that night I kept racking my brains what the cause could be why God thought fit to try me so, and not being able to discover it, I was violently agitated in my soul. The guard did the best he could to comfort me; but I begged him for the love of God to stop talking, seeing I should be better able to compose myself alone in quiet. He promised to do as I asked; and then I turned my whole heart to God, devoutly entreating Him to deign to take me into His kingdom. I had, it is true, murmured against my lot, because it seemed to me that, so far as human laws go, my departure from the world in this way would be too unjust; it is true also that I had committed homicides, but His Vicar had called me from my native city and pardoned me by the authority he had from Him and from the laws; and what I had done had all been done in defense of the body which His Majesty had lent me; so I could not admit that I deserved death according to the dispensation under which man dwells here; but it seemed that what was happening to me was the same as what happens to unlucky people in the street, when a stone falls from some great height upon their head and kills them; this we see clearly to be the influence of the stars; not indeed that the stars conspire to do us good or evil, but the effect results from their conjunctions, to which we are subordinated. At the same time I know that I am possessed of free-will, and if I could exert the faith of a saint, I am sure that the angels of heaven would bear me from this dungeon and relieve me of all my afflictions; yet inasmuch as God has not deemed me worthy of such miracles, I conclude that those celestial influences must be wreaking their malignity upon me. In this long struggle of the soul I spent some time; then I found comfort, and fell presently asleep.

LXI

When the day dawned, the guard woke me up and said: "Oh, unfortunate but worthy man, you have no more time to go on sleeping, for one is waiting here to give you evil news." I answered: "The sooner I escape from this earthly

prison, the happier shall I be; especially as I am sure my soul is saved, and that I am going to an undeserved death. Christ, the glorious and divine, elects me to the company of His disciples and friends, who, like Himself, were condemned to die unjustly. I too am sentenced to an unjust death, and I thank God with humility for this sign of grace. Why does not the man come forward who has to pronounce my doom?" The guard replied: "He is too grieved for you, and sheds tears." Then I called him by his name of Messer Benedetto da Cagli, and cried: "Come forward, Messer Benedetto, my friend, for now, I am resolved and in good frame of mind; far greater glory is it for me to die unjustly than if I had deserved this fate. Come forward, I beg, and let me have a priest, in order that I may speak a couple of words with him. I do not indeed stand in need of this, for I have already made my heart's confession to my Lord God; yet I should like to observe the ordinances of our Holy Mother Church; for though she has done me this abominable wrong, I pardon her with all my soul. So come, friend Messer Benedetto, and dispatch my business before I lose control over my better instincts."

After I had uttered these words, the worthy man told the guard to lock the door, because nothing could be done without his presence. He then repaired to the house of Signor Pier Luigi's wife, who happened to be in company with the Duchess of whom I spoke above. Presenting himself before them both, he spoke as follows: "My most illustrious mistress, I entreat you for the love of God to tell the Pope that he must send some one else to pronounce sentence upon Benvenuto and perform my office; I renounce the task, and am quite decided not to carry it through." Then, sighing, he departed with the strongest signs of inward sorrow. The Duchess, who was present, frowned and said: "So this is the fine justice dealt out here in Rome by God's Vicar! The Duke, my late husband, particularly esteemed this man for his good qualities and eminent abilities; he was unwilling to let him return to Rome, and would gladly have kept him close to his own person." Upon this she retired, muttering words of indignation and displeasure. Signor Pier Luigi's wife, who was called Signora Jerolima, betook herself to the Pope, and threw her-

self upon her knees before him in the presence of several cardinals. She pleaded my cause so warmly that she woke the Pope to shame; whereupon he said: "For your sake we will leave him quiet; yet you must know that we had no ill-will against him." These words he spoke because of the cardinals who were around him, and had listened to the eloquence of that brave-spirited lady.

Meanwhile I abode in extreme discomfort, and my heart kept thumping against my ribs. Not less was the discomfort of the men appointed to discharge the evil business of my execution; but when the hour for dinner was already past, they betook themselves to their several affairs, and my meal was also served me. This filled me with a glad astonishment, and I exclaimed: "For once truth has been stronger than the malice of the stars! I pray God, therefore, that, if it be His pleasure, He will save me from this fearful peril." Then I fell to eating with the same stout heart for my salvation as I had previously prepared for my perdition. I dined well, and afterwards remained without seeing or hearing any one until an hour after nightfall. At that time the Bargello arrived with a large part of his guard, and had me replaced in the chair which brought me on the previous evening to the prison. He spoke very kindly to me, bidding me be under no apprehension; and bade his constables take good care not to strike against my broken leg, but to treat me as though I were the apple of their eye. The men obeyed, and brought me to the castle whence I had escaped; then, when we had mounted to the keep, they left me shut up in a dungeon opening upon a little court there is there.

LXII

The castellan, meanwhile, ill and afflicted as he was, had himself transported to my prison, and exclaimed: "You see that I have recaptured you!" "Yes," said I, "but you see that I escaped, as I told you I would. And if I had not been sold by a Venetian Cardinal, under Papal guarantee, for the price of a bishopric, the Pope a Roman and a Farnese (and both of them have scratched with impious hands the face of the most sacred laws), you would not have recovered me. But now that they have opened this vile way of dealing, do you

the worst you can in your turn; I care for nothing in the world." The wretched man began shouting at the top of his voice: "Ah, woe is me! woe is me! It is all the same to this fellow whether he lives or dies, and behold, he is more fiery than when he was in health. Put him down there below the garden, and do not speak to me of him again, for he is the destined cause of my death."

So I was taken into a gloomy dungeon below the level of a garden, which swam with water, and was full of big spiders and many venomous worms. They flung me a wretched mattress of coarse hemp, gave me no supper, and locked four doors upon me. In that condition I abode until the nineteenth hour of the following day. Then I received food, and I requested my jailors to give me some of my books to read. None of them spoke a word, but they referred my prayer to the unfortunate castellan, who had made inquiries concerning what I said. Next morning they brought me an Italian Bible which belonged to me, and a copy of the Chronicles of Giovanni Villani. When I asked for certain other of my books, I was told that I could have no more, and that I had got too many already.

Thus, then, I continued to exist in misery upon that rotten mattress, which in three days soaked up water like a sponge. I could hardly stir because of my broken leg; and when I had to get out of bed to obey a call of nature, I crawled on all fours with extreme distress, in order not to foul the place I slept in. For one hour and a half each day I got a little glimmering of light, which penetrated that unhappy cavern through a very narrow aperture. Only for so short a space of time could I read; the rest of the day and night I abode in darkness, enduring my lot, nor ever without meditations upon God and on our human frailty. I thought it certain that a few more days would put an end to my unlucky life in that sad place and in that miserable manner. Nevertheless, as well as I was able, I comforted my soul by calling to mind how much more painful it would have been, on passing from this life, to have suffered that unimaginable horror of the hangman's knife. Now, being as I was, I should depart with the anodyne of sleepiness, which robbed death of half its former terrors. Little by little I felt my vital forces waning,

until at last my vigorous temperament had become adapted to that purgatory. When I felt it quite acclimatized, I resolved to put up with all those indescribable discomforts so long as it held out.

LXIII

I BEGAN the Bible from the commencement, reading and reflecting on it so devoutly, and finding in it such deep treasures of delight, that, if I had been able, I should have done naught else but study it. However, light was wanting; and the thought of all my troubles kept recurring and gnawing at me in the darkness, until I often made my mind up to put an end somehow to my own life. They did not allow me a knife, however, and so it was no easy matter to commit suicide. Once, notwithstanding, I took and propped a wooden pole I found there, in position like a trap. I meant to make it topple over on my head, and it would certainly have dashed my brains out; but when I had arranged the whole machine, and was approaching to put it in motion, just at the moment of my setting my hand to it, I was seized by an invisible power and flung four cubits from the spot, in such a terror that I lay half dead. Like that I remained from dawn until the nineteenth hour, when they brought my food. The jailors must have visited my cell several times without my taking notice of them; for when at last I heard them, Captain Sandrino Monaldi had entered, and I heard him saying: "Ah, unhappy man! behold the end to which so rare a genius has come!" Roused by these words, I opened my eyes, and caught sight of priests with long gowns on their backs, who were saying: "Oh, you told us he was dead!" Bozza replied: "Dead I found him, and therefore I told you so." Then they lifted me from where I lay, and after shaking up the mattress, which was now as soppy as a dish of maccaroni, they flung it outside the dungeon. The castellan, when these things were reported to him, sent me another mattress. Thereafter, when I searched my memory to find what could have diverted me from that design of suicide, I came to the conclusion that it must have been some power divine and my good guardian angel.

LXIV

THE good castellan used frequently to send messengers to find out secretly what I was doing. So it happened on the last day of July that I was rejoicing greatly by myself alone while I bethought me of the festival they keep in Rome upon the 1st of August: and I was saying to myself: "In former years I kept the feast among the pleasures and the frailties of the world; this year I shall keep it in communion with God. Oh, how far more happy am I thus than I was then!" The persons who heard me speak these words reported them to the castellan. He was greatly annoyed, and exclaimed: "Ah, God! that fellow lives and triumphs in his infinite distress, while I lack all things in the midst of comfort, and am dying only on account of him! Go quickly, and fling him into that deepest of the subterranean dungeons where the preacher Foiano was starved to death. Perhaps when he finds himself in such ill plight he will begin to droop his crest."

Captain Sandrino Monaldi came at once into my prison with about twenty of the castellan's servants. They found me on my knees; and I did not turn at their approach, but went on paying my orisons before a God the Father, surrounded with angels, and a Christ arising victorious from the grave, which I had sketched upon the wall with a little piece of charcoal I had found covered up with earth. This was after I had lain four months upon my back in bed with my leg broken, and had so often dreamed that angels came and ministered to me, that at the end of those four months the limb became as sound as though it never had been fractured. So then these fellows entered, all in armor, as fearful of me as though I were a poison-breathing dragon. The captain spoke as follows: "You must be aware that there are many of us here, and our entrance has made a tumult in this place, yet you do not turn round." When I heard these words, I was well able to conceive what greater harm might happen to me; but being used and hardened to misfortune, I said to them: "Unto this God who supports me, to Him in heaven I have turned my soul, my contemplation, and all my vital spirits; to you I have turned precisely what belongs to you. What there is of good in me, you are not worthy to behold,

nor can you touch it. Do then to that which is under your control all the evil you are able." The captain, in some alarm, and not knowing what I might be on the point of doing, said to four of his tallest fellows: "Put all your arms aside." When they had done so, he added: "Now upon the instant leap on him, and secure him well. Do you think he is the devil, that so many of us should be afraid of him? Hold him tight now, that he may not escape you." Seized by them with force and roughly handled, and anticipating something far worse than what afterwards happened, I lifted my eyes to Christ and said: "Oh, just God, Thou paidest all our debts upon that high-raised cross of Thine; wherefore then must my innocence be made to pay the debts of whom I do not even know? Nevertheless, Thy will be done." Meanwhile the men were carrying me away with a great lighted torch; and I thought that they were about to throw me down the oubliette of Sammabo. This was the name given to a fearful place which had swallowed many men alive; for when they are cast into it, they fall to the bottom of a deep pit in the foundations of the castle. This did not, however, happen to me; wherefore I thought that I had made a very good bargain when they placed me in that hideous dungeon I have spoken of, where Fra Foiano died of hunger, and left me there without doing me further injury.

When I was alone, I began to sing a *De profundis clamavi,* a *Miserere,* and *In te Domine speravi.* During the whole of that first day of August I kept festival with God, my heart rejoicing ever in the strength of hope and faith. On the second day they drew me from that hole, and took me back again to the prison where I had drawn those representations of God. On arriving there, the sight of them filled me with such sweetness and such gladness that I wept abundantly. On every day that followed, the castellan sent to know what I was doing and saying. The Pope, who had heard the whole history (and I must add that the doctors had already given the castellan over), spoke as follows: "Before my castellan dies I will let him put that Benvenuto to death in any way he likes, for he is the cause of his death, and so the good man shall not die unrevenged." On hearing these words from the mouth of Duke Pier Luigi, the castellan replied:

"So, then, the Pope has given me Benvenuto, and wishes me to take my vengeance on him? Dismiss the matter from your mind, and leave me to act." If the heart of the Pope was ill-disposed against me, that of the castellan was now at the commencement savage and cruel in the extreme. At this juncture the invisible being who had diverted me from my intention of suicide, came to me, being still invisible, but with a clear voice, and shook me, and made me rise, and said to me: "Ah me! my Benvenuto, quick, quick, betake thyself to God with thy accustomed prayers, and cry out loudly, loudly!" In a sudden consternation I fell upon my knees, and recited several of my prayers in a loud voice; after this I said *Qui habitat in adjutorio;* then I communed a space with God; and in an instant the same clear and open voice said to me: "Go to rest, and have no further fear!" The meaning of this was, that the castellan, after giving the most cruel orders for my death, suddenly countermanded them, and said: "Is not this Benvenuto the man whom I have so warmly defended, whom I know of a surety to be innocent, and who has been so greatly wronged? Oh, how will God have mercy on me and my sins if I do not pardon those who have done me the greatest injuries? Oh, why should I injure a man both worthy and innocent, who has only done me services and honor? Go to! instead of killing him, I give him life and liberty: and in my will I'll have it written that none shall demand of him the heavy debt for his expenses here which he would elsewise have to pay." This the Pope heard, and took it very ill indeed.

LXV

After the lapse of a few days, the castellan, who now believed that I was at large and free, succumbed to his disease and departed this life. In his room remained his brother, Messer Antonio Ugolini, who had informed the deceased governor that I was duly released. From what I learned, this Messer Antonio received commission from the Pope to let me occupy that commodious prison until he had decided what to do with me.

Messer Durante of Brescia, whom I have previously mentioned, engaged the soldier (formerly druggist of Prato) to

administer some deadly liquor in my food; the poison was to work slowly, producing its effect at the end of four or five months. They resolved on mixing pounded diamond with my victuals. Now the diamond is not a poison in any true sense of the word, but its incomparable hardness enables it, unlike ordinary stones, to retain very acute angles. When every other stone is pounded, that extreme sharpness of edge is lost; their fragments becoming blunt and rounded. The diamond alone preserves its trenchant qualities; wherefore, if it chances to enter the stomach together with food, the peristaltic motion needful to digestion brings it into contact with the coats of the stomach and the bowels, where it sticks, and by the action of fresh food forcing it farther inwards, after some time perforates the organs. This eventually causes death. Any other sort of stone or glass mingled with the food has not the power to attach itself, but passes onward with the victuals. Now Messer Durante entrusted a diamond of trifling value to one of the guards; and it is said that a certain Lione, a goldsmith of Arezzo, my great enemy, was commissioned to pound it. The man happened to be very poor, and the diamond was worth perhaps some scores of crowns. He told the guard that the dust he gave him back was the diamond in question properly ground down. The morning when I took it, they mixed it with all I had to eat; it was a Friday, and I had it in salad, sauce, and pottage. That morning I ate heartily, for I had fasted on the previous evening; and this day was a festival. It is true that I felt the victuals scrunch beneath my teeth; but I was not thinking about knaveries of this sort. When I had finished, some scraps of salad remained upon my plate, and certain very fine and glittering splinters caught my eye among these remnants. I collected them, and took them to the window, which let a flood of light into the room; and while I was examining them, I remembered that the food I ate that morning had scrunched more than usual. On applying my senses strictly to the matter, the verdict of my eyesight was that they were certainly fragments of pounded diamond. Upon this I gave myself up without doubt as dead, and in my sorrow had recourse with pious heart to holy prayers. I had resolved the question, and thought that I was doomed. For the space of a whole hour I prayed fer-

vently to God, returning thanks to Him for so merciful a death. Since my stars had sentenced me to die, I thought it no bad bargain to escape from life so easily. I was resigned, and blessed the world and all the years which I had passed in it. Now I was returning to a better kingdom with the grace of God, the which I thought I had most certainly acquired.

While I stood revolving these thoughts in my mind, I held in my hand some flimsy particles of the reputed diamond, which of a truth I firmly believed to be such. Now hope is immortal in the human breast; therefore I felt myself, as it were, lured onward by a gleam of idle expectation. Accordingly, I took up a little knife and a few of those particles, and placed them on an iron bar of my prison. Then I brought the knife's point with a slow strong grinding pressure to bear upon the stone, and felt it crumble. Examining the substance with my eyes, I saw that it was so. In a moment new hope took possession of my soul, and I exclaimed: "Here I do not find my true foe, Messer Durante, but a piece of bad soft stone, which cannot do me any harm whatever!" Previously I had been resolved to remain quiet and to die in peace; now I revolved other plans; but first I rendered thanks to God and blessed poverty; for though poverty is oftentimes the cause of bringing men to death, on this occasion it had been the very cause of my salvation. I mean in this way: Messer Durante, my enemy, or whoever it was, gave a diamond to Lione to pound for me of the worth of more than a hundred crowns; poverty induced him to keep this for himself, and to pound for me a greenish beryl of the value of two carlins, thinking perhaps, because it also was a stone, that it would work the same effect as the diamond.

LXVI

At this time the Bishop of Pavia, brother of the Count of San Secondo, and commonly called Monsignor de' Rossi of Parma, happened to be imprisoned in the castle for some troublesome affairs at Pavia. Knowing him to be my friend, I thrust my head out of the hole in my cell, and called him with a loud voice, crying that those thieves had given me a pounded diamond with the intention of killing me. I also sent some of the splinters which I had preserved, by the

hand of one of his servants, for him to see. I did not disclose my discovery that the stone was not a diamond, but told him that they had most assuredly poisoned me, after the death of that most worthy man the castellan. During the short space of time I had to live, I begged him to allow me one loaf a day from his own stores, seeing that I had resolved to eat nothing which came from them. To this request he answered that he would supply me with victuals.

Messer Antonio, who was certainly not cognizant of the plot against my life, stirred up a great noise, and demanded to see the pounded stone, being also persuaded that it was a diamond; but on reflection that the Pope was probably at the bottom of the affair, he passed it over lightly after giving his attention to the incident.

Henceforth I ate the victuals sent me by the Bishop, and continued writing my Capitolo in the prison, into which I inserted daily all the new events which happened to me, point by point. But Messer Antonio also sent me food; and he did this by the hand of that Giovanni of Prato, the druggist, then soldier in the castle, whom I have previously mentioned. He was a deadly foe of mine, and was the man who had administered the powdered diamond. So I told him that I would partake of nothing he brought me unless he tasted it before my eyes. The man replied that Popes have their meat tasted. I answered: "Noblemen are bound to taste the meat for Popes; in like measure, you, soldier, druggist, peasant from Prato, are bound to taste the meat for a Florentine of my station." He retorted with coarse words, which I was not slow to pay back in kind.

Now Messer Antonio felt a certain shame for his behavior; he had it also in his mind to make me pay the costs which the late castellan, poor man, remitted in my favor. So he hunted out another of his servants, who was my friend, and sent me food by this man's hands. The meat was tasted for me now with good grace, and no need for altercation. The servant in question told me that the Pope was being pestered every day by Monsignor di Morluc, who kept asking for my extradition on the part of the French King. The Pope, however, showed little disposition to give me up; and Cardinal Farnese, formerly my friend and patron, had de-

clared that I ought not to reckon on issuing from that prison for some length of time. I replied that I should get out in spite of them all. The excellent young fellow besought me to keep quiet, and not to let such words of mine be heard, for they might do me some grave injury; having firm confidence in God, it was my duty to await His mercy, remaining in the meanwhile tranquil. I answered that the power and goodness of God are not bound to stand in awe before the malign forces of iniquity.

LXVII

A FEW days had passed when the Cardinal of Ferrara arrived in Rome. He went to pay his respects to the Pope, and the Pope detained him up to supper-time. Now the Pope was a man of great talent for affairs, and he wanted to talk at his ease with the Cardinal about French politics. Everybody knows that folk, when they are feasting together, say things which they would otherwise retain. This therefore happened. The great King Francis was most frank and liberal in all his dealings, and the Cardinal was well acquainted with his temper. Therefore the latter could indulge the Pope beyond his boldest expectations. This raised his Holiness to a high pitch of merriment and gladness, all the more because he was accustomed to drink freely once a week, and went indeed to vomit after his indulgence. When, therefore, the Cardinal observed that the Pope was well disposed, and ripe to grant favors, he begged for me at the King's demand, pressing the matter hotly, and proving that his Majesty had it much at heart. Upon this the Pope laughed aloud; he felt the moment for his vomit at hand; the excessive quantity of wine which he had drunk was also operating; so he said: "On the spot, this instant, you shall take him to your house." Then, having given express orders to this purpose, he rose from table. The Cardinal immediately sent for me, before Signor Pier Luigi could get wind of the affair; for it was certain that he would not have allowed me to be loosed from prison.

The Pope's mandatary came together with two great gentlemen of the Cardinal's, and when four o'clock of the night was passed, they removed me from my prison, and brought me into the presence of the Cardinal, who received me with in-

describable kindness. I was well lodged, and left to enjoy the comforts of my situation.

Messer Antonio, the old castellan's brother, and his successor in the office, insisted on extracting from me the costs for food and other fees and perquisites claimed by sheriffs and such fry, paying no heed to his predecessor's will in my behalf. This affair cost me several scores of crowns; but I paid them, because the Cardinal told me to be well upon my guard if I wanted to preserve my life, adding that had he not extracted me that evening from the prison, I should never have got out. Indeed, he had already been informed that the Pope greatly regretted having let me go.

BOOK SECOND

I

I REMAINED for some time in the Cardinal of Ferrara's palace, very well regarded in general by everybody, and much more visited even than I had previously been. Everybody was astonished that I should have come out of prison and have been able to live through such indescribable afflictions; and while I was recovering my breath and endeavoring to resume the habit of my art, I had great pleasure in re-writing the Capitolo. Afterwards, with a view to reëstablishing my strength, I determined to take a journey of a few days for change of air. My good friend the Cardinal gave me permission and lent me horses; and I had two young Romans for my companions, one of them a craftsman in my trade, the other only a comrade in our journey. We left Rome, and took the road to Tagliacozzo, intending to visit my pupil Ascanio, who lived there. On our arrival, I found the lad, together with his father, brothers, sisters, and stepmother. I was entertained by them two days with indescribable kindness; then I turned my face towards Rome, taking Ascanio with me. On the road we fell to conversing about our art, which made me die of impatience to get back and recommence my labors.

Having reached Rome, I got myself at once in readiness to work, and was fortunate enough to find again a silver basin which I had begun for the Cardinal before I was imprisoned.

Together with this basin I had begun a very beautiful little jug; but this had been stolen, with a great quantity of other valuable articles. I set Pagolo, whom I have previously mentioned, to work upon the basin. At the same time I recommenced the jug, which was designed with round figures and bas-reliefs. The basin was executed in a similar style, with round figures and fishes in bas-relief. The whole had such richness and good keeping, that every one who beheld it expressed astonishment at the force of the design and beauty of invention, and also at the delicacy with which these young men worked.

The Cardinal came at least twice a day to see me, bringing with him Messer Luigi Alamanni and Messer Gabriel Cesano; and here we used to pass an hour or two pleasantly together. Notwithstanding I had very much to do, he kept giving me fresh commissions. Among others, I had to make his pontifical seal, of the size of the hand of a boy of twelve. On it I engraved in intaglio two little histories, the one of San Giovanni preaching in the wilderness, the other of Sant' Ambrogio expelling the Arians on horseback with a lash in his hand. The fire and correctness of design of this piece, and its nicety of workmanship, made every one say that I had surpassed the great Lautizio, who ranked alone in this branch of the profession. The Cardinal was so proud of it that he used to compare it complacently with the other seals of the Roman cardinals, which were nearly all from the hand of Lautizio.

II

In addition to these things the Cardinal ordered me to make the model for a salt-cellar; but he said he should like me to leave the beaten track pursued by such as fabricated these things. Messer Luigi, apropos of this salt-cellar, made an eloquent description of his own idea; Messer Gabriello Cesano also spoke exceedingly well to the same purpose. The Cardinal, who was a very kindly listener, showed extreme satisfaction with the designs which these two able men of letters had described in words. Then he turned to me and said: "My Benvenuto, the design of Messer Luigi and that of Messer Gabriello please me both so well that I know not how to choose between them; therefore I leave the choice to you,

who will have to execute the work." I replied as follows: "It is apparent, my lords, of what vast consequence are the sons of kings and emperors, and what a marvelous brightness of divinity appears in them; nevertheless, if you ask some poor humble shepherd which he loves best, those royal children or his sons, he will certainly tell you that he loves his own sons best. Now I too have a great affection for the children which I bring forth from my art; consequently the first which I will show you, most reverend monsignor my good master, shall be of my own making and invention. There are many things beautiful enough in words which do not match together well when executed by an artist." Then I turned to the two scholars and said: "You have spoken, I will do." Upon this Messer Luigi Alamanni smiled, and added a great many witty things, with the greatest charm of manner, in my praise; they became him well, for he was handsome of face and figure, and had a gentle voice. Messer Gabriello Cesano was quite the opposite, as ugly and displeasing as the other was agreeable; accordingly he spoke as he looked.

Messer Luigi had suggested that I should fashion a Venus with Cupid, surrounded by a crowd of pretty emblems, all in proper keeping with the subject. Messer Gabriello proposed that I should model an Amphitrite, the wife of Neptune, together with those Tritons of the sea, and many such-like fancies, good enough to describe in words, but not to execute in metal.

I first laid down an oval framework, considerably longer than half a cubit—almost two-thirds, in fact; and upon this ground, wishing to suggest the interminglement of land and ocean, I modeled two figures, considerably taller than a palm in height, which were seated with their legs interlaced, suggesting those lengthier branches of the sea which run up into the continents. The sea was a man, and in his hand I placed a ship, elaborately wrought in all its details, and well adapted to hold a quantity of salt. Beneath him I grouped the four sea-horses, and in his right hand he held his trident. The earth I fashioned like a woman, with all the beauty of form, the grace, and charm of which my art was capable. She had a richly decorated temple firmly based

upon the ground at one side; and here her hand rested. This I intended to receive the pepper. In her other hand I put a cornucopia, overflowing with all the natural treasures I could think of. Below this goddess, in the part which represented earth, I collected the fairest animals that haunt our globe. In the quarter presided over by the deity of ocean, I fashioned such choice kinds of fishes and shells as could be properly displayed in that small space. What remained of the oval I filled in with luxuriant ornamentation.

Then I waited for the Cardinal; and when he came, attended by the two accomplished gentlemen, I produced the model I had made in wax. On beholding it, Messer Gabriel Cesano was the first to lift his voice up, and to cry: "This is a piece which it will take the lives of ten men to finish: do not expect, most reverend monsignor, if you order it, to get it in your lifetime. Benvenuto, it seems, has chosen to display his children in a vision, but not to give them to the touch, as we did when we spoke of things that could be carried out, while he has shown a thing beyond the bounds of possibility." Messer Alamanni took my side; but the Cardinal said he did not care to undertake so important an affair. Then I turned to them and said: "Most reverend monsignor, and you, gentlemen, fulfilled with learning; I tell you that I hope to complete this piece for whosoever shall be destined to possess it; and each one of you shall live to see it executed a hundred times more richly than the model. Indeed, I hope that time will be left me to produce far greater things than this." The Cardinal replied in heat: "Unless you make it for the King, to whom I mean to take you, I do not think that you will make it for another man alive." Then he showed me letters in which the King, under one heading, bade him return as soon as possible, bringing Benvenuto with him. At this I raised my hands to heaven, exclaiming: "Oh, when will that moment come, and quickly?" The Cardinal bade me put myself in readiness, and arrange the affairs I had in Rome. He gave me ten days for these preparations.

III

When the time came to travel, he gave me a fine and excellent horse. The animal was called Tornon, because it was a gift

from the Cardinal Tornon. My apprentices, Pagolo and Ascanio, were also furnished with good mounts.

The Cardinal divided his household, which was very numerous, into two sections. The first, and the more distinguished, he took with him, following the route of Romagna, with the object of visiting Madonna del Loreto, and then making for Ferrara, his own home. The other section he sent upon the road to Florence. This was the larger train; it counted a great multitude, including the flower of his horse. He told me that if I wished to make the journey without peril, I had better go with him, otherwise I ran some risk of my life. I expressed my inclination to his most reverend lordship to travel in his suite. But, having done so, since the will of Heaven must be accomplished, it pleased God to remind me of my poor sister, who had suffered greatly from the news of my misfortunes.

I also remembered two of my dear cousins, who were nuns in Viterbo, the one abbess and the other camerlinga, and who had therefore that rich convent under their control. They too had endured sore tribulation for my sake, and to their fervent prayers I firmly believed that I owed the grace of my deliverance by God. Accordingly, when these things came into my mind, I decided for the route to Florence. I might have traveled free of expense with the Cardinal or with that other train of his, but I chose to take my own way by myself. Eventually I joined company with a very famous clockmaker, called Maestro Cherubino, my esteemed friend. Thrown together by accident, we performed the journey with much enjoyment on both sides.

I had left Rome on Monday in Passion Week, together with Pagolo and Ascanio. At Monte Ruosi we joined the company which I have mentioned. Since I had expressed my intention of following the Cardinal, I did not anticipate that any of my enemies would be upon the watch to harm me. Yet I ran a narrow risk of coming to grief at Monte Ruosi; for a band of men had been sent forward, well armed, to do me mischief there. It was so ordained by God that, while we were at dinner, these fellows, on the news that I was not traveling in the Cardinal's suite, made preparation to attack me. Just at that moment the Cardinal's retinue arrived, and I was glad enough

to travel with their escort safely to Viterbo. From that place onward I had no apprehension of danger, especially as I made a point of traveling a few miles in front, and the best men of the retinue kept a good watch over me. I arrived by God's grace safe and sound at Viterbo, where my cousins and all the convent received me with the greatest kindness.

IV

After leaving Viterbo with the comrades I have mentioned, we pursued our journey on horseback, sometimes in front and sometimes behind the Cardinal's household. This brought us upon Maundy Thursday at twenty-two o'clock within one stage of Siena. At this place there happened to be some return-horses; and the people of the post were waiting for an opportunity to hire them at a small fee to any traveler who would take them back to the post-station in Siena. When I was aware of this, I dismounted from my horse Tornon, saddled one of the beasts with my pad and stirrups, and gave a giulio to the groom in waiting.

I left my horse under the care of my young men to bring after me, and rode on in front, wishing to arrive half-an-hour earlier in Siena, where I had some friends to visit and some business to transact. Although I went at a smart pace, I did not override the post-horse. When I reached Siena, I engaged good rooms at the inn for five persons, and told the groom of the house to take the horse back to the post, which was outside the Camollía gate; I forgot, however, to remove my stirrups and my pad.

That evening of Holy Thursday we passed together with much gayety; and next morning, which was Good Friday, I remembered my stirrups and my pad. On my sending for them, the postmaster replied that he did not mean to give them up, because I had overridden his horse. We exchanged messages several times, and he kept saying that he meant to keep them, adding expressions of intolerable insult. The host where I was lodging told me: "You will get off well if he does nothing worse than to detain your gear; for you must know that he is the most brutal fellow that ever disgraced our city, and has two sons, soldiers of great courage, who are even more brutal than he is. I advise you then to

purchase what you want, and to pursue your journey without moving farther in this matter."

I bought a new pair of stirrups, although I still hoped to regain my good pad by persuasion; and since I was very well mounted, and well armed with shirt and sleeves of mail, and carried an excellent arquebuse upon my saddle-bow, I was not afraid of the brutality and violence which that mad beast was said to be possessed of. I had also accustomed my young men to carry shirts of mail, and had great confidence in the Roman, who, while we were in Rome together, had never left it off, so far as I could see; Ascanio too, although he was but a stripling, was in the habit of wearing one. Besides, as it was Good Friday, I imagined that the madnesses of madmen might be giving themselves a holiday. When we came to the Camollía gate, I at once recognized the postmaster by the indications given me; for he was blind of the left eye. Riding up to him then, and leaving my young men and companions at a little distance, I courteously addressed him: "Master of the post, if I assure you that I did not override your horse, why are you unwilling to give me back my pad and stirrups?" The reply he made was precisely as mad and brutal as had been foretold me. This roused me to exclaim: "How then! are you not a Christian? or do you want upon Good Friday to force us both into a scandal?" He answered that Good Friday or the Devil's Friday was all the same to him, and that if I did not take myself away, he would fell me to the ground with a spontoon which he had taken up—me and the arquebuse I had my hand on. Upon hearing these truculent words, an old gentleman of Siena joined us; he was dressed like a citizen, and was returning from the religious functions proper to that day. It seems that he had gathered the sense of my arguments before he came up to where we stood; and this impelled him to rebuke the postmaster with warmth, taking my side, and reprimanding the man's two sons for not doing their duty to passing strangers; so that their manners were an offense to God and a disgrace to the city of Siena. The two young fellows wagged their heads without saying a word, and withdrew inside the house. Their father, stung to fury by the scolding of that respectable gentleman, poured out a volley of abusive

blasphemies, and leveled his spontoon, swearing he would murder me. When I saw him determined to do some act of bestial violence, I pointed the muzzle of my arquebuse, with the object only of keeping him at a distance. Doubly enraged by this, he flung himself upon me. Though I had prepared the arquebuse for my defense, I had not yet leveled it exactly at him; indeed it was pointed too high. It went off of itself; and the ball, striking the arch of the door and glancing backwards, wounded him in the throat, so that he fell dead to earth. Upon this the two young men came running out; one caught up a partisan from the rack which stood there, the other seized the spontoon of his father. Springing upon my followers, the one who had the spontoon smote Pagolo the Roman first above the left nipple. The other attacked a Milanese who was in our company, and had the ways and manners of a perfect fool. This man screamed out that he had nothing in the world to do with me, and parried the point of the partisan with a little stick he held; but this availed him naught: in spite of his words and fencing, he received a flesh wound in the mouth. Messer Cherubino wore the habit of a priest; for though he was a clockmaker by trade, he held benefices of some value from the Pope. Ascanio, who was well armed, stood his ground without trying to escape, as the Milanese had done; so these two came off unhurt. I had set spurs to my horse, and while he was galloping, had charged and got my arquebuse in readiness again; but now I turned back, burning with fury, and meaning to play my part this time in earnest. I thought that my young men had been killed, and was resolved to die with them. The horse had not gone many paces when I met them riding toward me, and asked if they were hurt. Ascanio answered that Pagolo was wounded to the death. Then I said: "O Pagolo, my son, did the spontoon then pierce through your armor?" "No," he replied, "for I put my shirt of mail in the valise this morning." "So then, I suppose, one wears chain-mail in Rome to swagger before ladies, but where there is danger, and one wants it, one keeps it locked up in a portmanteau? You deserve what you have got, and you are now the cause of sending me back to die here too." While I was uttering these words, I kept riding briskly onward; but both the young men

implored me for the love of God to save myself and them, and not to rush on certain death. Just then I met Messer Cherubino and the wounded Milanese. The former cried out that no one was badly wounded; the blow given to Pagolo had only grazed the skin; but the old postmaster was stretched out dead; his sons with other folk were getting ready for attack, and we must almost certainly be cut to pieces: "Accordingly, Benvenuto, since fortune has saved us from this first tempest, do not tempt her again, for things may not go so favorably a second time." To this I replied: "If you are satisfied to have it thus, so also am I;" and turning to Pagolo and Ascanio, I said: "Strike spurs to your horses, and let us gallop to Staggia without stopping; there we shall be in safety." The wounded Milanese groaned out: "A pox upon our peccadilloes! the sole cause of my misfortune was that I sinned by taking a little broth this morning, having nothing else to break my fast with." In spite of the great peril we were in, we could not help laughing a little at the donkey and his silly speeches. Then we set spurs to our horses, and left Messer Cherubino and the Milanese to follow at leisure.

V

That evening I rode more than ten miles, always at a trot; and when, upon the next day, I found myself outside the Ferrarese domain, I felt excessively relieved; indeed I had met with nothing to my liking there, except those peacocks which restored my health. We journeyed by the Monsanese, avoiding the city of Milan on account of the apprehension I have spoken of; so that we arrived safe and sound at Lyons. Counting Pagolo and Ascanio and a servant, we were four men, with four very good horses. At Lyons we waited several days for the muleteer, who carried the silver cup and basin, as well as our other baggage; our lodging was in an abbey of the Cardinal's. When the muleteer arrived, we loaded all our goods upon a little cart, and then set off toward Paris. On the road we met with some annoyances, but not of any great moment.

We found the Court of the King at Fontana Beliò; there we presented ourselves to the Cardinal, who provided us at once with lodgings, and that evening we were comfortable.

On the following day the cart turned up; so we unpacked our things, and when the Cardinal heard this he told the King, who expressed a wish to see me at once. I went to his Majesty with the cup and basin; then, upon entering his presence, I kissed his knee, and he received me very graciously. I thanked his Majesty for freeing me from prison, saying that all princes unique for generosity upon this earth, as was his Majesty, lay under special obligations to set free men of talent, and particularly those that were innocent, as I was; such benefits, I added, were inscribed upon the book of God before any other good actions. The King, while I was delivering this speech, continued listening till the end with the utmost courtesy, dropping a few words such as only he could utter. Then he took the vase and basin, and exclaimed: "Of a truth I hardly think the ancients can have seen a piece so beautiful as this. I well remember to have inspected all the best works, and by the greatest masters of all Italy, but I never set my eyes on anything which stirred me to such admiration." These words the king addressed in French to the Cardinal of Ferrara, with many others of even warmer praise. Then he turned to me and said in Italian: "Benvenuto, amuse yourself for a few days, make good cheer, and spend your time in pleasure; in the meanwhile we will think of giving you the wherewithal to execute some fine works of art for us."

VI

The Cardinal of Ferrara saw that the King had been vastly pleased by my arrival; he also judged that the trifles which I showed him of my handicraft had encouraged him to hope for the execution of some considerable things he had in mind. At this time, however, we were following the court with the weariest trouble and fatigue; the reason of this was that the train of the King drags itself along with never less than 12,000 horse behind it; this calculation is the very lowest; for when the court is complete in times of peace, there are some 18,000, which makes 12,000 less than the average. Consequently we had to journey after it through places where sometimes there were scarcely two houses to be found; and then we set up canvas tents like gypsies, and suffered at times

very great discomfort. I therefore kept urging the Cardinal to put the King in mind of employing me in some locality where I could stop and work. The Cardinal answered that it was far better to wait until the King should think of it himself, and that I ought to show myself at times to his Majesty while he was at table. This I did then; and one morning, at his dinner, the King called me. He began to talk to me in Italian, saying he had it in his mind to execute several great works, and that he would soon give orders where I was to labor, and provide me with all necessaries. These communications he mingled with discourse on divers pleasant matters. The Cardinal of Ferrara was there, because he almost always ate in the morning at the King's table. He had heard our conversation, and when the King rose, he spoke in my favor to this purport, as I afterwards was informed: "Sacred Majesty, this man Benvenuto is very eager to get to work again; it seems almost a sin to let an artist of his abilities waste his time." The King replied that he had spoken well, and told him to arrange with me all things for my support according to my wishes.

Upon the evening of the day when he received this commission, the Cardinal sent for me after supper, and told me that his Majesty was resolved to let me begin working, but that he wanted me first to come to an understanding about my appointments. To this the Cardinal added: "It seems to me that if his Majesty allows you three hundred crowns a year, you will be able to keep yourself very well indeed; furthermore, I advise you to leave yourself in my hands, for every day offers the opportunity of doing some service in this great kingdom, and I shall exert myself with vigor in your interest." Then I began to speak as follows: "When your most reverend lordship left me in Ferrara, you gave me a promise, which I had never asked for, not to bring me out of Italy before I clearly understood the terms on which I should be placed here with his Majesty. Instead of sending to communicate these details, your most reverend lordship urgently ordered me to come by the post, as if an art like mine was carried on post-haste. Had you written to tell me of three hundred crowns, as you have now spoken, I would not have stirred a foot for twice that sum. Nevertheless, I

thank God and your most reverend lordship for all things, seeing God has employed you as the instrument for my great good in procuring my liberation from imprisonment. Therefore I assure your lordship that all the troubles you are now causing me fall a thousand times short of the great good which you have done me. With all my heart I thank you, and take good leave of you; wherever I may be, so long as I have life, I will pray God for you." The Cardinal was greatly irritated, and cried out in a rage: "Go where you choose; it is impossible to help people against their will." Some of his good-for-nothing courtiers who were present said: "That fellow sets great store on himself, for he is refusing three hundred ducats a year." Another, who was a man of talent, replied: "The King will never find his equal, and our Cardinal wants to cheapen him, as though he were a load of wood." This was Messer Luigi Alamanni who spoke to the above effect, as I was afterwards informed. All this happened on the last day of October, in Dauphiné, at a castle the name of which I do not remember.

VII

On leaving the Cardinal I repaired to my lodging, which was three miles distant, in company with a secretary of the Cardinal returning to the same quarters. On the road, this man never stopped asking me what I meant to do with myself, and what my own terms regarding the appointment would have been. I gave him only one word back for answer, which was that—I knew all. When we came to our quarters, I found Pagolo and Ascanio there; and seeing me much troubled, they implored me to tell them what was the matter. To the poor young men, who were all dismayed, I said for answer: "Tomorrow I shall give you money amply sufficient for your journey home. I mean myself to go about a most important business without you, which for a long time I have had it in my mind to do." Our room adjoined that of the secretary; and I think it not improbable that he wrote to the Cardinal, and informed him of my purpose. However, I never knew anything for certain about this. The night passed without sleep, and I kept wearying for the day, in order to carry out my resolution.

No sooner did it dawn than I ordered out the horses, made my preparations in a moment, and gave the two young men everything which I had brought with me, and fifty ducats of gold in addition. I reserved the same sum for myself, together with the diamond the Duke had given me; I only kept two shirts and some well-worn riding-clothes which I had upon my back. I found it almost impossible to get free of the two young men, who insisted upon going with me, whatever happened. At last I was obliged to treat them with contempt, and use this language: "One of you has his first beard, and the other is just getting it; and both of you have learned as much from me as I could teach in my poor art, so that you are now the first craftsmen among the youths of Italy. Are you not ashamed to have no courage to quit this go-cart, but must always creep about in leading-strings? The thing is too disgraceful! Or if I were to send you away without money, what would you say then? Come, take yourselves out of my sight, and may God bless you a thousand times. Farewell!"

I turned my horse and left them weeping. Then I took my way along a very fair road through a forest, hoping to make at least forty miles that day, and reach the most out-of-the-way place I could. I had already ridden about two miles, and during that short time had resolved never to revisit any of those parts where I was known. I also determined to abandon my art so soon as I had made a Christ three cubits in height, reproducing, so far as I was able, that infinite beauty which He had Himself revealed to me. So then, being thoroughly resolved, I turned my face toward the Holy Sepulcher. Just when I thought I had got so far that nobody could find me, I heard horses galloping after. They filled me with some uneasiness, because that district is infested with a race of brigands, who bear the name of Venturers, and are apt to murder men upon the road. Though numbers of them are hanged every day, it seems as though they did not care. However, when the riders approached, I found they were a messenger from the King and my lad Ascanio. The former came up to me and said: "From the King I order you to come immediately to his presence." I replied: "You have been sent by the Cardinal, and for this reason I will not come." The man said that since gentle usage would not bring me, he had au-

thority to raise the folk, and they would take me bound hand and foot like a prisoner. Ascanio, for his part, did all he could to persuade me, reminding me that when the King sent a man to prison, he kept him there five years at least before he let him out again. This word about the prison, when I remembered what I had endured in Rome, struck such terror into me, that I wheeled my horse round briskly and followed the King's messenger. He kept perpetually chattering in French through all our journey, up to the very precincts of the court, at one time bullying, now saying one thing, then another, till I felt inclined to deny God and the world.

VIII

On our way to the lodgings of the King we passed before those of the Cardinal of Ferrara. Standing at his door, he called to me and said: "Our most Christian monarch has of his own accord assigned you the same appointments which his Majesty allowed the painter Leonardo da Vinci, that is, a salary of seven hundred crowns; in addition, he will pay you for all the works you do for him; also for your journey hither he gives you five hundred golden crowns, which will be paid you before you quit this place." At the end of this announcement, I replied that those were offers worthy of the great King he was. The messenger, not knowing anything about me, and hearing what splendid offers had been made me by the King, begged my pardon over and over again. Pagolo and Ascanio exclaimed: "It is God who has helped us to get back into so honored a go-cart!"

On the day following I went to thank the King, who ordered me to make the models of twelve silver statues, which were to stand as candelabra round his table. He wanted them to represent six gods and six goddesses, and to have exactly the same height as his Majesty, which was a trifle under four cubits. Having dictated this commission, he turned to his treasurer, and asked whether he had paid me the five hundred crowns. The official said that he had received no orders to that effect. The King took this very ill, for he had requested the Cardinal to speak to him about it. Furthermore, he told me to go to Paris and seek out a place to live in, fitted for the execution of such works; he would see that I obtained it.

I got the five hundred crowns of gold, and took up my quarters at Paris in a house of the Cardinal of Ferrara. There I began, in God's name, to work, and fashioned four little waxen models, about two-thirds of a cubit each in height. They were Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Vulcan. In this while the King returned to Paris; whereupon I went to him at once, taking my models with me, and my two prentices, Ascanio and Pagolo. On perceiving that the King was pleased with my work, and being commissioned to execute the Jupiter in silver of the height above described, I introduced the two young men, and said that I had brought them with me out of Italy to serve his Majesty; for inasmuch as they had been brought up by me, I could at the beginning get more help from them than from the Paris workmen. To this the King replied that I might name a salary which I thought sufficient for their maintenance. I said that a hundred crowns of gold apiece would be quite proper, and that I would make them earn their wages well. This agreement was concluded. Then I said that I had found a place which seemed to me exactly suited to my industry; it was his Majesty's own property, and called the Little Nello. The Provost of Paris was then in possession of it from his Majesty; but since the Provost made no use of the castle, his Majesty perhaps might grant it me to employ in his service. He replied upon the instant: "That place is my own house, and I know well that the man I gave it to does not inhabit or use it. So you shall have it for the work you have to do." He then told his lieutenant to install me in the Nello. This officer made some resistance, pleading that he could not carry out the order. The King answered in anger that he meant to bestow his property on whom he pleased, and on a man who would serve him, seeing that he got nothing from the other; therefore he would hear no more about it. The lieutenant then submitted that some small force would have to be employed in order to effect an entrance. To which the King answered: "Go, then, and if a small force is not enough, use a great one."

The officer took me immediately to the castle, and there put me in possession, not, however, without violence; after that he warned me to take very good care that I was not murdered. I installed myself, enrolled serving-men, and

bought a quantity of pikes and partisans; but I remained for several days exposed to grievous annoyances, for the Provost was a great nobleman of Paris, and all the other gentlefolk took part against me; they attacked me with such insults that I could hardly hold my own against them. I must not omit to mention that I entered the service of his Majesty in the year 1540, which was exactly the year in which I reached the age of forty.

IX

THE affronts and insults I received made me have recourse to the King, begging his Majesty to establish me in some other place. He answered: "Who are you, and what is your name?" I remained in great confusion, and could not comprehend what he meant. Holding my tongue thus, the King repeated the same words a second time angrily. Then I said my name was Benvenuto. "If, then, you are the Benvenuto of whom I have heard," replied the King, "act according to your wont, for you have my full leave to do so." I told his Majesty that all I wanted was to keep his favor; for the rest, I knew of nothing that could harm me. He gave a little laugh, and said: "Go your ways, then; you shall never want my favor." Upon this he told his first secretary, Monsignor di Villerois, to see me provided and accommodated with all I needed.

This Villerois was an intimate friend of the Provost, to whom the castle had been given. It was built in a triangle, right up against the city walls, and was of some antiquity, but had no garrison. The building was of considerable size. Monsignor di Villerois counseled me to look about for something else, and by all means to leave this place alone, seeing that its owner was a man of vast power, who would most assuredly have me killed. I answered that I had come from Italy to France only in order to serve that illustrious King; and as for dying, I knew for certain that die I must; a little earlier or a little later was a matter of supreme indifference to me.

Now Villerois was a man of the highest talent, exceptionally distinguished in all points, and possessed of vast wealth. There was nothing he would not gladly have done to harm me,

but he made no open demonstration of his mind. He was grave, and of a noble presence, and spoke slowly, at his ease. To another gentleman, Monsignor di Marmagna, the treasurer of Languedoc, he left the duty of molesting me. The first thing which this man did was to look out the best apartments in the castle, and to have them fitted up for himself. I told him that the King had given me the place to serve him in, and that I did not choose it should be occupied by any but myself and my attendants. The fellow, who was haughty, bold, and spirited, replied that he meant to do just what he liked; that I should run my head against a wall if I presumed to oppose him, and that Villerois had given him authority to do what he was doing. I told him that, by the King's authority given to me, neither he nor Villerois could do it. When I said that he gave vent to offensive language in French, whereat I retorted in my own tongue that he lied. Stung with rage, he clapped his hand upon a little dagger which he had; then I set my hand also to a large dirk which I always wore for my defense, and cried out: "If you dare to draw, I'll kill you on the spot." He had two servants to back him, and I had my two lads. For a moment or two Marmagna stood in doubt, not knowing exactly what to do, but rather inclined to mischief, and muttering: "I will never put up with such insults." Seeing then that the affair was taking a bad turn, I took a sudden resolution, and cried to Pagolo and Ascanio: "When you see me draw my dirk, throw yourselves upon those serving-men, and kill them if you can; I mean to kill this fellow at the first stroke, and then we will decamp together, with God's grace." Marmagna, when he understood my purpose, was glad enough to get alive out of the castle.

All these things, toning them down a trifle, I wrote to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who related them at once to the King. The King, deeply irritated, committed me to the care of another officer of his bodyguard who was named Monsignor lo Iscontro d'Orbech. By him I was accommodated with all that I required in the most gracious way imaginable.

X

When I returned to Paris, the great favor shown me by the King made me a mark for all men's admiration. I re-

ceived the silver and began my statue of Jupiter. Many journeymen were now in my employ; and the work went onward briskly day and night; so that, by the time I had finished the clay models of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and had begun to get the silver statue forward, my workshop made already a grand show.

The King now came to Paris, and I went to pay him my respects. No sooner had his Majesty set eyes upon me than he called me cheerfully, and asked if I had something fine to exhibit at my lodging, for he would come to inspect it. I related all I had been doing; upon which he was seized with a strong desire to come. Accordingly, after his dinner, he set off with Madame de Tampes, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and some other of his greatest nobles, among whom were the King of Navarre, his cousin, and the Queen, his sister; the Dauphin and Dauphiness also attended him; so that upon that day the very flower of the French court came to visit me. I had been some time at home, and was hard at work. When the King arrived at the door of the castle, and heard our hammers going, he bade his company keep silence. Everybody in my house was busily employed, so that the unexpected entrance of his Majesty took me by surprise. The first thing he saw on coming into the great hall was myself with a huge plate of silver in my hand, which I was beating for the body of my Jupiter; one of my men was finishing the head, another the legs; and it is easy to imagine what a din we made between us. It happened that a little French lad was working at my side, who had just been guilty of some trifling blunder. I gave the lad a kick, and, as my good luck would have it, caught him with my foot exactly in the fork between his legs, and sent him spinning several yards, so that he came stumbling up against the King precisely at the moment when his Majesty arrived. The King was vastly amused, but I felt covered with confusion. He began to ask me what I was engaged upon, and told me to go on working; then he said that he would much rather have me not employ my strength on manual labor, but take as many men as I wanted, and make them do the rough work; he should like me to keep myself in health, in order that he might enjoy my services through

many years to come. I replied to his Majesty that the moment I left off working I should fall ill; also that my art itself would suffer, and not attain the mark I aimed at for his Majesty. Thinking that I spoke thus only to brag, and not because it was the truth, he made the Cardinal of Lorraine repeat what he had said; but I explained my reasons so fully and clearly, that the Cardinal perceived my drift; he then advised the King to let me labor as much or little as I liked.

XI

Being very well satisfied with what he had seen, the King returned to his palace, after bestowing on me too many marks of favor to be here recorded. On the following day he sent for me at his dinner-hour. The Cardinal of Ferrara was there at meat with him. When I arrived, the King had reached his second course; he began at once to speak to me, saying, with a pleasant cheer, that having now so fine a basin and jug of my workmanship, he wanted an equally handsome salt-cellar to match them; and begged me to make a design, and to lose no time about it. I replied: "Your Majesty shall see a model of the sort even sooner than you have commanded; for while I was making the basin, I thought there ought to be a salt-cellar to match it; therefore I have already designed one, and if it is your pleasure, I will at once exhibit my conception." The King turned with a lively movement of surprise and pleasure to the lords in his company—they were the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara—exclaiming as he did so: "Upon my word, this is a man to be loved and cherished by every one who knows him." Then he told me that he would very gladly see my model.

I set off, and returned in a few minutes; for I had only to cross the river, that is, the Seine. I carried with me the wax model which I had made in Rome at the Cardinal of Ferrara's request. When I appeared again before the King and uncovered my piece, he cried out in astonishment: "This is a hundred times more divine a thing than I had ever dreamed of. What a miracle of a man! He ought never to stop working." Then he turned to me with a

beaming countenance, and told me that he greatly liked the piece, and wished me to execute it in gold. The Cardinal of Ferrara looked me in the face, and let me understand that he recognized the model as the same which I had made for him in Rome. I replied that I had already told him I should carry it out for one who was worthy of it. The Cardinal, remembering my words, and nettled by the revenge he thought that I was taking on him, remarked to the King: "Sire, this is an enormous undertaking; I am only afraid that we shall never see it finished. These able artists who have great conceptions in their brain are ready enough to put the same in execution without duly considering when they are to be accomplished. I therefore, if I gave commission for things of such magnitude, should like to know when I was likely to get them." The King replied that if a man was so scrupulous about the termination of a work, he would never begin anything at all; these words he uttered with a certain look, which implied that such enterprises were not for folk of little spirit. I then began to say my say: "Princes who put heart and courage in their servants, as your Majesty does by deed and word, render undertakings of the greatest magnitude quite easy. Now that God has sent me so magnificent a patron, I hope to perform for him a multitude of great and splendid masterpieces." "I believe it," said the King, and rose from table. Then he called me into his chamber, and asked how much gold was wanted for the salt-cellar. "A thousand crowns," I answered. He called his treasurer at once, who was the Viscount of Orbec, and ordered him that very day to disburse to me a thousand crowns of good weight and old gold.

XII

I SHALL now proceed with the narration of my life. I had on hand the following works already mentioned, namely, the silver Jupiter, the golden salt-cellar, the great silver vase, and the two bronze heads. I also began to cast the pedestal for Jupiter, which I wrought very richly in bronze, covered with ornaments, among which was a bas-relief, representing the rape of Ganymede, and on the other side Leda and the Swan. On casting this piece it came out

admirably. I also made another pedestal of the same sort for the statue of Juno, intending to begin that too, if the King gave me silver for the purpose. By working briskly I had put together the silver Jupiter and the golden salt-cellar; the vase was far advanced; the two bronze heads were finished. I had also made several little things for the Cardinal of Ferrara, and a small silver vase of rich workmanship, which I meant to present to Madame d'Etampes. Several Italian noblemen, to wit, Signor Piero Strozzi, the Count of Anguillara, the Count of Pitigliano, the Count of Mirandola, and many others, gave me employment also.

For my great King, as I have said, I had been working strenuously, and the third day after he returned to Paris, he came to my house, attended by a crowd of his chief nobles. He marveled to find how many pieces I had advanced, and with what excellent results. His mistress, Madame d'Etampes, being with him, they began to talk of Fontainebleau. She told his Majesty he ought to commission me to execute something beautiful for the decoration of his favorite residence. He answered on the instant: "You say well, and here upon the spot I will make up my mind what I mean him to do." Then he turned to me, and asked me what I thought would be appropriate for that beautiful fountain. I suggested several ideas, and his Majesty expressed his own opinion. Afterwards he said that he was going to spend fifteen or twenty days at San Germano del Aia, a place twelve leagues distant from Paris; during his absence he wished me to make a model for that fair fountain of his in the richest style I could invent, seeing he delighted in that residence more than in anything else in his whole realm. Accordingly he commanded and besought me to do my utmost to produce something really beautiful; and I promised that I would do so.

When the King saw so many finished things before him, he exclaimed to Madame d'Etampes: "I never had an artist who pleased me more, nor one who deserved better to be well rewarded; we must contrive to keep him with us. He spends freely, is a boon companion, and works hard; we must therefore take good thought for him. Only think, madam, all the times that he has come to me or that I have

come to him, he has never once asked for anything; one can see that his heart is entirely devoted to his work. We ought to make a point of doing something for him quickly, else we run a risk of losing him." Madame d'Etampes answered: "I will be sure to remind you." Then they departed, and in addition to the things I had begun, I now took the model of the fountain in hand, at which I worked assiduously.

XIII

At the end of a month and a half the King returned to Paris; and I, who had been working day and night, went to present myself before him, taking my model, so well blocked out that my intention could be clearly understood. Just about that time, the devilries of war between the Emperor and King had been stirred up again, so that I found him much harassed by anxieties. I spoke, however, with the Cardinal of Ferrara, saying I had brought some models which his Majesty had ordered, and begging him, if he found an opportunity, to put in a word whereby I might be able to exhibit them; the King, I thought, would take much pleasure in their sight. This the Cardinal did; and no sooner had he spoken of the models, than the King came to the place where I had set them up. The first of these was intended for the door of the palace at Fontainebleau. I had been obliged to make some alterations in the architecture of this door, which was wide and low, in their vicious French style. The opening was very nearly square, and above it was a hemicycle, flattened like the handle of a basket; here the King wanted a figure placed to represent the genius of Fontainebleau. I corrected the proportions of the doorway, and placed above it an exact half circle; at the sides I introduced projections, with socles and cornices properly corresponding: then, instead of the columns demanded by this disposition of parts, I fashioned two satyrs, one upon each side. The first of these was in somewhat more than half-relief, lifting one hand to support the cornice, and holding a thick club in the other; his face was fiery and menacing, instilling fear into the beholders. The other had the same posture of support; but I varied

his features and some other details; in his hand, for instance, he held a lash with three balls attached to chains. Though I call them satyrs, they showed nothing of the satyr except little horns and a goatish head; all the rest of their form was human. In the lunette above I placed a female figure lying in an attitude of noble grace; she rested her left arm on a stag's neck, this animal being one of the King's emblems. On one side I worked little fawns in half relief, with some wild boars and other game in lower relief; on the other side were hounds and divers dogs of the chase of several species, such as may be seen in that fair forest where the fountain springs. The whole of this composition was enclosed in an oblong, each angle of which contained a Victory in bas-relief, holding torches after the manner of the ancients. Above the oblong was a salamander, the King's particular device, with many other ornaments appropriate to the Ionic architecture of the whole design.

XIV

When the King had seen this model, it restored him to cheerfulness, and distracted his mind from the fatiguing debates he had been holding during the past two hours. Seeing him cheerful as I wished, I uncovered the other model, which he was far from expecting, since he not unreasonably judged that the first had work in it enough. This one was a little higher than two cubits; it figured a fountain shaped in a perfect square, with handsome steps all round, intersecting each other in a way which was unknown in France, and is indeed very uncommon in Italy. In the middle of the fountain I set a pedestal, projecting somewhat above the margin of the basin, and upon this a nude male figure, of the right proportion to the whole design, and of a very graceful form. In his right hand he raised a broken lance on high; his left hand rested on a scimitar; he was poised upon the left foot, the right being supported by a helmet of the richest imaginable workmanship. At each of the four angles of the fountain a figure was sitting, raised above the level of the base, and accompanied by many beautiful and appropriate emblems.

The King began by asking me what I meant to represent

by the fine fancy I had embodied in this design, saying that he had understood the door without explanation, but that he could not take the conception of my fountain, although it seemed to him most beautiful; at the same time, he knew well that I was not like those foolish folk who turn out something with a kind of grace, but put no intention into their performances. I then addressed myself to the task of exposition; for having succeeded in pleasing him with my work, I wanted him to be no less pleased with my discourse. "Let me inform your sacred Majesty," I thus began, "that the whole of this model is so exactly made to scale, that, if it should come to being executed in the large, none of its grace and lightness will be sacrificed. The figure in the middle is meant to stand fifty-four feet above the level of the ground." At this announcement the King made a sign of surprise. "It is, moreover, intended to represent the god Mars. The other figures embody those arts and sciences in which your Majesty takes pleasure, and which you so generously patronize. This one, upon the right hand, is designed for Learning; you will observe that the accompanying emblems indicate Philosophy, and her attendant branches of knowledge. By the next I wished to personify the whole Art of Design, including Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. The third is Music, which cannot be omitted from the sphere of intellectual culture. That other, with so gracious and benign a mien, stands for Generosity, lacking which the mental gifts bestowed on us by God will not be brought to view. I have attempted to portray your Majesty, your very self, in the great central statue; for you are truly a god Mars, the only brave upon this globe, and all your bravery you use with justice and with piety in the defense of your own glory." Scarcely had he allowed me to finish this oration, when he broke forth with a strong voice: "Verily I have found a man here after my own heart." Then he called the treasurers who were appointed for my supplies, and told them to disburse whatever I required, let the cost be what it might. Next, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, saying: "*Mon ami* (which is the same as *my friend*), I know not whether the pleasure be greater for the prince who finds a man after his own heart, or for the artist who finds a prince

willing to furnish him with means for carrying out his great ideas." I answered that, if I was really the man his Majesty described, my good fortune was by far the greater. He answered laughingly: "Let us agree, then, that our luck is equal!" Then I departed in the highest spirits, and went back to my work.

XV

My ill-luck willed that I was not wide-awake enough to play the like comedy with Madame d'Etampes. That evening, when she heard the whole course of events from the King's own lips, it bred such poisonous fury in her breast that she exclaimed with anger: "If Benvenuto had shown me those fine things of his, he would have given me some reason to be mindful of him at the proper moment." The King sought to excuse me, but he made no impression on her temper. Being informed of what had passed, I waited fifteen days, during which they made a tour through Normandy, visiting Rouen and Dieppe; then, when they returned to S. Germain-en-Laye, I took the handsome little vase which I had made at the request of Madame d'Etampes, hoping, if I gave it her, to recover the favor I had lost. With this in my hand, then, I announced my presence to her nurse, and showed the gift which I had brought her mistress; the woman received me with demonstrations of good-will, and said that she would speak a word to Madame, who was still engaged upon her toilette; I should be admitted on the instant, when she had discharged her embassy. The nurse made her report in full to Madame, who retorted scornfully: "Tell him to wait." On hearing this, I clothed myself with patience, which of all things I find the most difficult. Nevertheless, I kept myself under control until the hour for dinner was past. Then, seeing that time dragged on, and being maddened by hunger, I could no longer hold out, but flung off, sending her most devoutly to the devil.

I next betook myself to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and made him a present of the vase, only petitioning his Eminence to maintain me in the King's good graces. He said there was no need for this; and if there were need he would gladly speak for me. Then he called his treasurer.

and whispered a few words in his ear. The treasurer waited till I took my leave of the Cardinal; after which he said to me: "Benvenuto, come with me, and I will give you a glass of good wine to drink." I answered, not understanding what he meant: "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Treasurer, let me have but one glass of wine and a mouthful of bread; for I am really fainting for want of food. I have fasted since early this morning up to the present moment, at the door of Madame d'Etampes; I went to give her that fine piece of silver-gilt plate, and took pains that she would be informed of my intention; but she, with the mere petty will to vex me, bade me wait; now I am famished, and feel my forces failing; and, as God willed it, I have bestowed my gift and labor upon one who is far more worthy of them. I only crave of you something to drink; for being rather too bilious by nature, fast upsets me so that I run the risk now of falling from exhaustion to the earth." While I was pumping out these words with difficulty, they brought some admirable wine and other delicacies for a hearty meal. I refreshed myself, and having recovered my vital spirits, found that my exasperation had departed from me.

The good treasurer handed me a hundred crowns in gold. I sturdily refused to accept them. He reported this to the Cardinal, who swore at him, and told him to make me take the money by force, and not to show himself again till he had done so. The treasurer returned, much irritated, saying he had never been so scolded before by the Cardinal; but when he pressed the crowns upon me, I still offered some resistance. Then, quite angry, he said he would use force to make me take them. So I accepted the money. When I wanted to thank the Cardinal in person, he sent word by one of his secretaries that he would gladly do me a service whenever the occasion offered. I returned the same evening to Paris. The King heard the whole history, and Madame d'Etampes was well laughed at in their company. This increased her animosity against me, and led to an attack upon my life, of which I shall speak in the proper time and place.

XVI

When adverse fortune, or, if we prefer to call it, our malignant planet, undertakes to persecute a man, it never lacks new ways of injuring him. So now, when I thought I had emerged from this tempestuous sea of troubles, and hoped my evil star would leave me quiet for a moment, it began to set two schemes in motion against me before I had recovered my breath from that great struggle. Within three days two things happened, each of which brought my life into extreme hazard. One of these occurred in this way: I went to Fontainebleau to consult with the King; for he had written me a letter saying he wanted me to stamp the coins of his whole realm, and enclosing some little drawings to explain his wishes in the matter; at the same time he left me free to execute them as I liked; upon which I made new designs according to my own conception, and according to the ideal of art. When I reached Fontainebleau, one of the treasurers commissioned by the King to defray my expenses (he was called Monsignor della Fa) addressed me in these words: "Benvenuto, the painter Bologna has obtained commission from the King to execute your great Colossus, and all the orders previously given as on your behalf have been transferred to him.[1] We are all indignant; and it seems to us that that countryman of yours has acted towards you in a most unwarrantable manner. The work was assigned you on the strength of your models and studies. He is robbing you of it, only through the favor of Madame d'Etampes; and though several months have passed since he received the order, he has not yet made any sign of commencing it." I answered in surprise: "How is it possible that I should have heard nothing at all about this?" He then informed me that the man had kept it very dark, and had obtained the King's commission with great difficulty, since his Majesty at first would not concede it; only the importunity of Madame d'Etampes secured this favor for him.

When I felt how greatly and how wrongfully I had been betrayed, and saw a work which I had gained with my

[1] By *Colossus*, Cellini means the fountain with the great statue of Mars.

great toil thus stolen from me, I made my mind up for a serious stroke of business, and marched off with my good sword at my side to find Bologna. He was in his room, engaged in studies; after telling the servant to introduce me, he greeted me with some of his Lombard compliments, and asked what good business had brought me hither. I replied: "A most excellent business, and one of great importance." He then sent for wine, and said: "Before we begin to talk, we must drink together, for such is the French custom." I answered: "Messer Francesco, you must know that the conversation we have to engage in does not call for drinking at the commencement; after it is over, perhaps we shall be glad to take a glass." Then I opened the matter in this way: "All men who wish to pass for persons of worth allow it to be seen that they are so by their actions; if they do the contrary, they lose the name of honest men. I am aware that you knew the King had commissioned me with that great Colossus; it had been talked of these eighteen months past; yet neither you nor anybody else came forward to speak a word about it. By my great labors I made myself known to his Majesty, who approved of my models and gave the work into my hands. During many months I have heard nothing to the contrary; only this morning I was informed that you have got hold of it, and have filched it from me. I earned it by the talents I displayed, and you are robbing me of it merely by your idle talking."

XVII

To this speech Bologna answered: "O Benvenuto! all men try to push their affairs in every way they can. If this is the King's will, what have you to say against it? You would only throw away your time, because I have it now, and it is mine. Now tell me what you choose, and I will listen to you." I replied: "I should like you to know, Messer Francesco, that I could say much which would prove irrefragably, and make you admit, that such ways of acting as you have described and used are not in vogue among rational animals. I will, however, come quickly to the point at issue; give close attention to my meaning, because the affair is serious." He made as though he would rise from the chair

on which he was sitting, since he saw my color heightened and my features greatly discomposed. I told him that the time had not yet come for moving; he had better sit and listen to me. Then I recommenced: "Messer Francesco, you know that I first received the work, and that the time has long gone by during which my right could be reasonably disputed by any one. Now I tell you that I shall be satisfied if you will make a model, while I make another in addition to the one I have already shown. Then we will take them without any clamor to our great King; and whosoever in this way shall have gained the credit of the best design will justly have deserved the commission. If it falls to you, I will dismiss from my mind the memory of the great injury you have done me, and will bless your hands, as being worthier than mine of so glorious a performance. Let us abide by this agreement, and we shall be friends; otherwise we must be enemies; and God, who always helps the right, and I, who know how to assert it, will show you to what extent you have done wrong." Messer Francesco answered: "The work is mine, and since it has been given me, I do not choose to put what is my own to hazard." To this I retorted: "Messer Francesco, if you will not take the right course which is just and reasonable, I will show you another which shall be like your own, that is to say, ugly and disagreeable. I tell you plainly that if I ever hear that you have spoken one single word about this work of mine, I will kill you like a dog. We are neither in Rome, nor in Bologna, nor in Florence; here one lives in quite a different fashion; if then it comes to my ears that you talk about this to the King or anybody else, I vow that I will kill you. Reflect upon the way you mean to take, whether that for good which I formerly described, or this latter bad one I have just now set before you."

The man did not know what to say or do, and I was inclined to cut the matter short upon the spot rather than to postpone action. Bologna found no other words than these to utter: "If I act like a man of honesty, I shall stand in no fear." I replied: "You have spoken well, but if you act otherwise, you will have to fear, because the affair is serious." Upon this I left him, and betook myself to the King. With

his Majesty I disputed some time about the fashion of his coinage, a point upon which we were not of the same opinion; his council, who were present, kept persuading him that the monies ought to be struck in the French style, as they had hitherto always been done. I urged in reply that his Majesty had sent for me from Italy in order that I might execute good work; if he now wanted me to do the contrary, I could not bring myself to submit. So the matter was postponed till another occasion, and I set off again at once for Paris.

XVIII

I SET aside certain hours of the day for the salt-cellar, and certain others for the Jupiter. There were more men engaged upon the former than I had at my disposal for the latter, so the salt-cellar was by this time completely finished. The King had now returned to Paris; and when I paid him my respects, I took the piece with me. As I have already related, it was oval in form, standing about two-thirds of a cubit, wrought of solid gold, and worked entirely with the chisel. While speaking of the model, I said before how I had represented Sea and Earth, seated, with their legs interlaced, as we observe in the case of firths and promontories; this attitude was therefore metaphorically appropriate. The Sea carried a trident in his right hand, and in his left I put a ship of delicate workmanship to hold the salt. Below him were his four sea-horses, fashioned like our horses from the head to the front hoofs; all the rest of their body, from the middle backwards, resembled a fish, and the tails of these creatures were agreeably interwoven. Above this group the Sea sat throned in an attitude of pride and dignity; around him were many kinds of fishes and other creatures of the ocean. The water was represented with its waves, and enameled in the appropriate color. I had portrayed earth under the form of a very handsome woman, holding her horn of plenty, entirely nude like the male figure; in her left hand I placed a little temple of Ionic architecture, most delicately wrought, which was meant to contain the pepper. Beneath her were the handsomest living creatures which the earth produces; and the rocks were partly enameled, partly left in gold. The whole piece reposed upon a base of

ebony, properly proportioned, but with a projecting cornice, upon which I introduced four golden figures in rather more than half-relief. They represented Night, Day, Twilight, and Dawn. I put, moreover, into the same frieze four other figures, similar in size, and intended for the four chief winds; these were executed, and in part enameled, with the most exquisite refinement.[1]

When I exhibited this piece to his Majesty, he uttered a loud outcry of astonishment, and could not satiate his eyes with gazing at it. Then he bade me take it back to my house, saying he would tell me at the proper time what I should have to do with it. So I carried it home, and sent at once to invite several of my best friends; we dined gayly together, placing the salt-cellar in the middle of the table, and thus we were the first to use it. After this, I went on working at my Jupiter in silver, and also at the great vase I have already described, which was richly decorated with a variety of ornaments and figures.

XIX

Madame d'Etampes, when she heard how well my affairs were going, redoubled her spite against me, saying in her own heart: "It is I who rule the world to-day, and a little fellow like that snaps his fingers at me!" She put every iron into the fire which she could think of, in order to stir up mischief against me. Now a certain man fell in her way, who enjoyed great fame as a distiller; he supplied her with perfumed waters, which were excellent for the complexion, and hitherto unknown in France. This fellow she introduced to the King, who was much delighted by the processes for distilling which he exhibited. While engaged in these experiments, the man begged his Majesty to give him a tennis-court I had in my castle, together with some little apartments which he said I did not use. The good King, guessing who was at the bottom of the business, made no answer; but Madame d'Etampes used those wiles with which women know so well to work on men, and very easily succeeded in her enterprise; for having taken the King at a moment of

[1] This salt-cellar is now at Vienna. It is beautifully represented by two photogravures in Plon's great book on Cellini.

amorous weakness, to which he was much subject, she wheedled him into conceding what she wanted.

The distiller came, accompanied by Treasurer Grolier, a very great nobleman of France, who spoke Italian excellently, and when he entered my castle, began to jest with me in that language. Watching his opportunity, he said: "In the King's name I put this man here into possession of that tennis-court, together with the lodgings that pertain to it." To this I answered: "The sacred King is lord of all things here: so then you might have effected an entrance with more freedom: coming thus with notaries and people of the court looks more like a fraud than the mandate of a powerful monarch. I assure you that, before I carry my complaints before the King, I shall defend my right in the way his Majesty gave me orders two days since to do. I shall fling the man whom you have put upon me out of windows if I do not see a warrant under the King's own hand and seal." After this speech the treasurer went off threatening and grumbling, and I remained doing the same, without, however, beginning the attack at once. Then I went to the notaries who had put the fellow in possession. I was well acquainted with them; and they gave me to understand that this was a formal proceeding, done indeed at the King's orders, but which had not any great significance; if I had offered some trifling opposition the fellow would not have installed himself as he had done. The formalities were acts and customs of the court, which did not concern obedience to the King; consequently, if I succeeded in ousting him, I should have acted rightly, and should not incur any risk.

This hint was enough for me, and next morning I had recourse to arms; and though the job cost me some trouble, I enjoyed it. Each day that followed, I made an attack with stones, pikes and arquebuses, firing, however, without ball; nevertheless, I inspired such terror that no one dared to help my antagonist. Accordingly, when I noticed one day that his defense was feeble, I entered the house by force, and expelled the fellow, turning all his goods and chattels into the street. Then I betook me to the King, and told him that I had done precisely as his Majesty had ordered, by defending myself against every one who sought to hinder me

in his service. The King laughed at the matter, and made me out new letters-patent to secure me from further molestation.

XX

In the meantime I brought my silver Jupiter to completion, together with its gilded pedestal, which I placed upon a wooden plinth that only showed a very little; upon the plinth I introduced four little round balls of hard wood, more than half hidden in their sockets, like the nut of a crossbow. They were so nicely arranged that a child could push the statue forwards and backwards, or turn it round with ease. Having arranged it thus to my mind, I went with it to Fontainebleau, where the King was then residing.

At that time, Bologna, of whom I have already said so much, had brought from Rome his statues, and had cast them very carefully in bronze. I knew nothing about this, partly because he kept his doings very dark, and also because Fontainebleau is forty miles distant from Paris. On asking the King where he wanted me to set up my Jupiter, Madame d'Etampes, who happened to be present, told him there was no place more appropriate than his own handsome gallery. This was, as we should say in Tuscany, a loggia, or, more exactly, a large lobby; it ought indeed to be called a lobby, because what we mean by loggia is open at one side. The hall was considerably longer than 100 paces, decorated, and very rich with pictures from the hand of that admirable Rosso, our Florentine master. Among the pictures were arranged a great variety of sculptured works, partly in the round, and partly in bas-relief. The breadth was about twelve paces. Now Bologna had brought all his antiques into this gallery, wrought with great beauty in bronze, and had placed them in a handsome row upon their pedestals; and they were, as I have said, the choicest of the Roman antiquities. Into this same gallery I took my Jupiter; and when I saw that grand parade, so artfully planned, I said to myself: "This is like running the gauntlet; now may God assist me." I placed the statue, and having arranged it as well as I was able, waited for the coming of the King. The Jupiter was raising his thunderbolt with the right hand in

the act to hurl it; his left hand held the globe of the world. Among the flames of the thunderbolt I had very cleverly introduced a torch of white wax. Now Madame d'Etampes detained the King till nightfall, wishing to do one of two mischiefs, either to prevent his coming, or else to spoil the effect of my work by its being shown off after dark; but as God has promised to those who trust in Him, it turned out exactly opposite to her calculations; for when night came, I set fire to the torch, which, standing higher than the head of Jupiter, shed light from above and showed the statue far better than by daytime.

At length the King arrived; he was attended by his Madame d'Etampes, his son the Dauphin and the Dauphiness, together with the King of Navarre his brother-in-law, Madame Marguerite his daughter, and several other great lords, who had been instructed by Madame d'Etampes to speak against me. When the King appeared, I made my prentice Ascanio push the Jupiter toward his Majesty. As it moved smoothly forwards, my cunning in its turn was amply rewarded, for this gentle motion made the figure seem alive; the antiques were left in the background, and my work was the first to take the eye with pleasure. The King exclaimed at once: "This is by far the finest thing that has ever been seen; and I, although I am an amateur and judge of art, could never have conceived the hundredth part of its beauty." The lords whose cue it was to speak against me, now seemed as though they could not praise my masterpiece enough. Madame d'Etampes said boldly: "One would think you had no eyes! Don't you see all those fine bronzes from the antique behind there? In those consists the real distinction of this art, and not in that modern trumpery." Then the King advanced, and the others with him. After casting a glance at the bronzes, which were not shown to advantage from the light being below them, he exclaimed: "Whoever wanted to injure this man has done him a great service; for the comparison of these admirable statues demonstrates the immeasurable superiority of his work in beauty and in art. Benvenuto deserves to be made much of, for his performances do not merely rival, but surpass the antique." In reply to this, Madame d'Etampes observed that my Jupiter would not make

anything like so fine a show by daylight; besides, one had to consider that I had put a veil upon my statue to conceal its faults. I had indeed flung a gauze veil with elegance and delicacy over a portion of my statue, with the view of augmenting its majesty. This, when she had finished speaking, I lifted from beneath, uncovering the handsome genital members of the god; then tore the veil to pieces with vexation. She imagined I had disclosed those parts of the statue to insult her. The King noticed how angry she was, while I was trying to force some words out in my fury; so he wisely spoke, in his own language, precisely as follows: "Benvenuto, I forbid you to speak; hold your tongue, and you shall have a thousand times more wealth than you desire." Not being allowed to speak, I writhed my body in a rage; this made her grumble with redoubled spite; and the King departed sooner than he would otherwise have done, calling aloud, however, to encourage me: "I have brought from Italy the greatest man who ever lived, endowed with all the talents."

XXI

The King had now made peace with the Emperor, but not with the English, and these devils were keeping us in constant agitation. His Majesty had therefore other things than pleasure to attend to. He ordered Piero Strozzi to go with ships of war into the English waters; but this was a very difficult undertaking, even for that great commander, without a paragon at his times in the art of war, and also without a paragon in his misfortunes. Several months passed without my receiving money or commissions; accordingly, I dismissed my workpeople with the exception of the two Italians, whom I set to making two big vases out of my own silver; for these men could not work in bronze. After they had finished these, I took them to a city which belonged to the Queen of Navarre; it is called Argentana, and is distant several days' journey from Paris. On arriving at this place, I found that the King was indisposed; and the Cardinal of Ferrara told his Majesty that I was come. He made no answer, which obliged me to stay several days kicking my heels. Of a truth, I never was more uncomfortable in my life; but at last I presented myself one evening

and offered the two vases for the King's inspection. He was excessively delighted, and when I saw him in good humor, I begged his Majesty to grant me the favor of permitting me to travel into Italy; I would leave the seven months of my salary which were due, and his Majesty might condescend to pay me when I required money for my return journey. I entreated him to grant this petition, seeing that the times were more for fighting than for making statues; moreover, his Majesty had allowed a similar license to Bologna the painter, wherefore I humbly begged him to concede the same to me. While I was uttering these words the King kept gazing intently on the vases, and from time to time shot a terrible glance at me; nevertheless, I went on praying to the best of my ability that he would favor my petition. All of a sudden he rose angrily from his seat, and said to me in Italian: "Benvenuto, you are a great fool. Take these vases back to Paris, for I want to have them gilt." Without making any other answer he then departed.

I went up to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was present, and besought him, since he had already conferred upon me the great benefit of freeing me from prison in Rome, with many others besides, to do me this one favor more of procuring for me leave to travel into Italy. He answered that he should be very glad to do his best to gratify me in this matter; I might leave it without farther thought to him, and even if I chose, might set off at once, because he would act for the best in my interest with the King. I told the Cardinal that since I was aware his Majesty had put me under the protection of his most reverend lordship, if he gave me leave, I felt ready to depart, and promised to return upon the smallest hint from his reverence. The Cardinal then bade me go back to Paris and wait there eight days, during which time he would procure the King's license for me; if his Majesty refused to let me go, he would without fail inform me; but if I received no letters, that would be a sign that I might set off with an easy mind.

XXII

I OBEYED the Cardinal, and returned to Paris, where I made excellent cases for my three silver vases. After the lapse of

twenty days, I began my preparations, and packed the three vases upon a mule. This animal had been lent me for the journey to Lyons by the Bishop of Pavia, who was now once more installed in my castle.

Then I departed in my evil hour, together with Signor Ippolito Gonzaga, at that time in the pay of the King, and also in the service of Count Galeotto della Mirandola. Some other gentlemen of the said count went with us, as well as Leonardo Tedaldi, our fellow-citizen of Florence.

I made Ascanio and Pagolo guardians of my castle and all my property, including two little vases which were only just begun; those I left behind in order that the two young men might not be idle. I had lived very handsomely in Paris, and therefore there was a large amount of costly household furniture: the whole value of these effects exceeded 1500 crowns. I bade Ascanio remember what great benefits I had bestowed upon him, and that up to the present he had been a mere thoughtless lad; the time was now come for him to show the prudence of a man; therefore I thought fit to leave him in the custody of all my goods, as also of my honor. If he had the least thing to complain of from those brutes of Frenchmen, he was to let me hear at once, because I would take post and fly from any place in which I found myself, not only to discharge the great obligations under which I lay to that good King, but also to defend my honor. Ascanio replied with the tears of a thief and hypocrite: "I have never known a father better than you are, and all things which a good son is bound to perform for a good father will I ever do for you." So then I took my departure, attended by a servant and a little French lad.

It was just past noon, when some of the King's treasurers, by no means friends of mine, made a visit to my castle. The rascally fellows began by saying that I had gone off with the King's silver, and told Messer Guido and the Bishop of Pavia to send at once off after his Majesty's vases; if not, they would themselves dispatch a messenger to get them back, and do me some great mischief. The Bishop and Messer Guido were much more frightened than was necessary; so they sent that traitor Ascanio by the post

off on the spot. He made his appearance before me about midnight. I had not been able to sleep, and kept revolving sad thoughts to the following effect: "In whose hands have I left my property, my castle? Oh, what a fate is this of mine, which forces me to take this journey! May God grant only that the Cardinal is not of one mind with Madame d'Etampes, who has nothing else so much at heart as to make me lose the grace of that good King."

XXIII

While I was thus dismally debating with myself, I heard Ascanio calling me. On the instant I jumped out of bed, and asked if he brought good or evil tidings. The knave answered: "They are good news I bring; but you must only send back those three vases, for the rascally treasurers keep shouting, 'Stop, thief!' So the Bishop and Messer Guido say that you must absolutely send them back. For the rest you need have no anxiety, but may pursue your journey with a light heart." I handed over the vases immediately, two of them being my own property, together with the silver and much else besides. I had meant to take them to the Cardinal of Ferrara's abbey at Lyons; for though people accused me of wanting to carry them into Italy, everybody knows quite well that it is impossible to export money, gold, or silver from France without special license.

Consider, therefore, reader, whether I could have crossed the frontier with those three great vases, which, together with their cases, were a whole mule's burden! It is certainly true that, since these articles were of great value and the highest beauty, I felt uneasiness in case the King should die, and I had lately left him in a very bad state of health; therefore I said to myself: "If such an accident should happen, having these things in the keeping of the Cardinal, I shall not lose them."

Well, to cut the story short, I sent back the mule with the vases, and other things of importance; then, upon the following morning, I traveled forward with the company I have already mentioned, nor could I, through the whole journey, refrain from sighing and weeping.

XXIV

After we had been one day in Italy, the Count Galeotto della Mirandola joined us. He was traveling by post; and stopping where we were, he told me that I had done wrong to leave France; I ought not to journey forwards, for, if I returned at once, my affairs would be more prosperous than ever. On the other hand, if I persisted in my course, I was giving the game up to my enemies, and furnishing them with opportunities to do me mischief. By returning I might put a stop to their intrigues; and those in whom I placed the most confidence were just the men who played most traitorously. He would not say more than that he knew very well all about it; and, indeed, the Cardinal of Ferrara had now conspired with the two rogues I left in charge of all my business. Having repeated over and over again that I ought absolutely to turn back, he went onward with the post, while I, being influenced by my companions, could not make my mind up to return. My heart was sorely torn asunder, at one moment by the desire to reach Florence as quickly as I could, and at another by the conviction that I ought to regain France. At last, in order to end the fever of this irresolution, I determined to take the post for Florence. I could not make arrangements with the first postmaster, but persisted in my purpose to press forward and endure an anxious life at Florence.

XXV

When I returned to my inn, I found that the Duke had sent me abundance to eat and drink of very excellent quality. I made a hearty meal, then mounted and rode toward Florence. There I found my sister with six daughters, the eldest of whom was marriageable and the youngest still at nurse. Her husband, by reason of divers circumstances in the city, had lost employment from his trade. I had sent gems and French jewelry, more than a year earlier, to the amount of about two thousand ducats, and now brought with me the same wares to the value of about one thousand crowns. I discovered that, whereas I made them an allowance of four golden crowns a month, they always drew considerable sums

from the current sale of these articles. My brother-in-law was such an honest fellow, that, fearing to give me cause for anger, he had pawned nearly everything he possessed, and was devoured by interest, in his anxiety to leave my monies untouched. It seems that my allowance, made by way of charity, did not suffice for the needs of the family. When then I found him so honest in his dealings, I felt inclined to raise his pension; and it was my intention, before leaving Florence, to make some arrangement for his daughters.

XXVI

THE Duke of Florence at this time, which was the month of August 1545, had retired to Poggio a Cajano, ten miles distant from Florence. Thither then I went to pay him my respects, with the sole object of acting as duty required, first because I was a Florentine, and next because my forefathers had always been adherents of the Medicean party, and I yielded to none of them in affection for this Duke Cosimo. As I have said, then, I rode to Poggio with the sole object of paying my respects, and with no intention of accepting service under him, as God, who does all things well, did then appoint for me.

When I was introduced, the Duke received me very kindly; then he and the Duchess put questions concerning the works which I had executed for the King. I answered willingly and in detail. After listening to my story, he answered that he had heard as much, and that I spoke the truth. Then he assumed a tone of sympathy, and added: "How small a recompense for such great and noble masterpieces! Friend Benvenuto, if you feel inclined to execute something for me too, I am ready to pay you far better than that King of yours has done, for whom your excellent nature prompts you to speak so gratefully." When I understood his drift, I described the deep obligations under which I lay to his Majesty, who first obtained my liberation from that iniquitous prison, and afterwards supplied me with the means of carrying out more admirable works than any artist of my quality had ever had the chance to do. While I was thus speaking, my lord the Duke writhed on his chair, and seemed as though he could not bear to hear me to the end. Then,

when I had eoneluded, he rejoined: "If you are disposed to work for me, I will treat you in a way that will astonish you, provided the fruits of your labors give me satisfaction, of whieh I have no doubt." I, poor unhappy mortal, burning with desire to show the noble sehool of Florenee that, after leaving her in youth, I had praetieed other branehes of the art than she imagined, gave answer to the Duke that I would willingly ereet for him in marble or in bronze a mighty statue on his fine piazza. He replied that, for a first essay, he should like me to produce a Perseus; he had long set his heart on having such a monument, and he begged me to begin a model for the same. I very gladly set myself to the task, and in a few weeks I finished my model, whieh was about a cubit high, in yellow wax and very delieately finished in all its details. I had made it with the most thorough study and art.

The Duke returned to Florence, but several days passed before I had an opportunity of showing my model. It seemed indeed as though he had never set eyes on me or spoken with me, and this eaused me to augur ill of my future dealings with his Exeelleney. Later on, however, one day after dinner, I took it to his wardrobe, where he came to inspeet it with the Duchess and a few gentlemen of the eourt. No sooner had he seen it than he expressed mueh pleasure, and extolled it to the skies; wherefrom I gathered some hope that he might really be a eonnoisseur of art. After having well eonsidered it for some time, always with greater satisfaetion, he began as follows: "If you eould only exeeute this little model, Benvenuto, with the same perfeetion on a large scale, it would be the finest pieee in the piazza." I replied: "Most excellent my lord, upon the piazza are now standing works by the great Donatello and the ineomparable Miehel Angelo, the two greatest men who have ever lived sinee the days of the aneients. But since your Exeelleney encourages my model with sueh praise, I feel the heart to exeeute it at least thriee as well in bronze." No slight dispute arose upon this deelaration; the Duke protesting that he understood these matters perfeetly, and was quite aware what could be done. I rejoined that my aehievements would resolve his dubitations and debates; I was absolutely sure of being able

to perform far more than I had promised for his Excellency, but that he must give me means for carrying my work out, else I could not fulfill my undertaking. In return for this his Excellency bade me formulate my demands in a petition, detailing all my requirements he would see them liberally attended to.

It is certain that if I had been cunning enough to secure by contract all I wanted for my work, I should not have incurred the great troubles which came upon me through my own fault. But he showed the strongest desire to have the work done, and the most perfect willingness to arrange preliminaries. I therefore, not discerning that he was more a merchant than a duke, dealt very frankly with his Excellency, just as if I had to do with a prince, and not with a commercial man. I sent in my petition, to which he replied in large and ample terms. The memorandum ran as follows: "Most rare and excellent my patron, petitions of any validity and compacts between us of any value do not rest upon words or writings; the whole point is that I should succeed in my work according to my promise; and if I so succeed, I feel convinced that your most illustrious Excellency will very well remember what you have engaged to do for me." This language so charmed the Duke both with my ways of acting and of speaking that he and the Duchess began to treat me with extraordinary marks of favor.

XXVII

Being now inflamed with a great desire to begin working, I told his Excellency that I had need of a house where I could install myself and erect furnaces, in order to commence operations in clay and bronze, and also, according to their separate requirements, in gold and silver. I knew that he was well aware how thoroughly I could serve him in those several branches, and I required some dwelling fitted for my business. In order that his Excellency might perceive how earnestly I wished to work for him, I had already chosen a convenient house, in a quarter much to my liking. As I did not want to trench upon his Excellency for money or anything of that sort, I had brought with me from France two jewels, with which I begged him to purchase me the

house, and to keep them until I earned it with my labor. These jewels were excellently executed by my workmen, after my own designs. When he had inspected them with minute attention, he uttered these spirited words, which clothed my soul with a false hope: "Take back your jewels, Benvenuto! I want you, and not them; you shall have your house free of charges." After this, he signed a rescript underneath the petition I had drawn up, and which I have always preserved among my papers. The rescript ran as follows: *"Let the house be seen to, and who is the vendor, and at what price; for we wish to comply with Benvenuto's request."* I naturally thought that this would secure me in possession of the house; being over and above convinced that my performances must far exceed what I promised.

His Excellency committed the execution of these orders to his majordomo, who was named Ser Pier Francesco Riccio. The man came from Prato, and had been the Duke's pedagogue. I talked, then, to this donkey, and described my requirements, for there was a garden adjoining the house, on which I wanted to erect a workshop. He handed the matter over to a paymaster, dry and meager, who bore the name of Lattanzio Gorini. This flimsy little fellow, with his tiny spider's hands and small gnat's voice, moved about the business at a snail's pace; yet in an evil hour he sent me stones, sand, and lime enough to build perhaps a pigeon-house with careful management. When I saw how coldly things were going forward, I began to feel dismayed; however, I said to myself: "Little beginnings sometimes have great endings;" and I fostered hope in my heart by noticing how many thousand ducats had recently been squandered upon ugly pieces of bad sculpture turned out by that beast of a Buaccio Bandinelli. So I rallied my spirits and kept prodding at Lattanzio Gorini, to make him go a little faster. It was like shouting to a pack of lame donkeys with a blind dwarf for their driver. Under these difficulties, and by the use of my own money, I had soon marked out the foundations of the workshop and cleared the ground of trees and vines, laboring on, according to my wont, with fire, and perhaps a trifle of impatience.

On the other side, I was in the hands of Tasso the car-

penter, a great friend of mine, who had received my instructions for making a wooden framework to set up the Perseus. This Tasso was a most excellent craftsman, the best, I believe, who ever lived in his own branch of art. Personally, he was gay and merry by temperament; and whenever I went to see him, he met me laughing, with some little song in falsetto on his lips. Half in despair as I then was, news coming that my affairs in France were going wrong, and these in Florence promising but ill through the lukewarmness of my patron, I could never stop listening till half the song was finished; and so in the end I used to cheer up a little with my friend, and drove away, as well as I was able, some few of the gloomy thoughts which weighed upon me.

XXVIII

I HAD got all the above-mentioned things in order, and was making vigorous preparations for my great undertaking —indeed a portion of the lime had been already used— when I received sudden notice to appear before the majordomo. I found him, after his Excellency's dinner, in the hall of the clock. On entering, I paid him marked respect, and he received me with the greatest stiffness. Then he asked who had installed me in the house, and by whose authority I had begun to build there, saying he marveled much that I had been so headstrong and foolhardy. I answered that I had been installed in the house by his Excellency, and that his lordship himself, in the name of his Excellency, had given the orders to Lattanzio Gorini. "Lattanzio brought stone, sand, and lime, and provided what I wanted, saying he did so at your lordship's orders." When I had thus spoken, the brute turned upon me with still greater tartness, vowing that neither I nor any of those whom I had mentioned spoke the truth. This stung me to the quick, and I exclaimed: "O majordomo, so long as your lordship chooses to use language befitting the high office which you hold, I shall revere you, and speak to you as respectfully as I do to the Duke; if you take another line with me, I shall address you as but one Ser Pier Francesco Riccio." He flew into such a rage that I thought

he meant to go mad upon the spot, anticipating the time ordained by Heaven for him to do so. Pouring forth a torrent of abuse, he roared out that he was surprised at himself for having let me speak at all to a man of his quality. Thereupon my blood was up, and I cried: "Mark my words, then, Ser Pier Francesco Riccio! I will tell you what sort of men are my equals, and who are yours—mere teachers of the alphabet to children!" His face contracted with a spasm, while he raised his voice and repeated the same words in a still more insulting tone. I, too, assumed an air of menace, and matching his own arrogance with something of the same sort, told him plainly that men of my kind were worthy to converse with popes and emperors, and great kings, and that perhaps there were not two such men alive upon this earth, while ten of his sort might be met at every doorway. On hearing these words he jumped upon a window-seat in the hall there, and defied me to repeat what I had said. I did so with still greater heat and spirit, adding I had no farther mind to serve the Duke, and that I should return to France, where I was always welcome. The brute remained there stupefied and pale as clay; I went off furious, resolved on leaving Florence; and would to God that I had done so!

The Duke cannot, I think, have been informed at once of this diabolical scene, for I waited several days without hearing from him. Giving up all thoughts of Florence, except what concerned the settlement of my sister's and nieces' affairs, I made preparations to provide for them as well as I could with the small amount of money I had brought, and then to return to France and never set my foot in Italy again. This being my firm purpose, I had no intention to ask leave of the Duke or anybody, but to decamp as quickly as I could; when one morning the majordomo, of his own accord, sent very humbly to entreat my presence, and opened a long pedantic oration, in which I could discover neither method, nor elegance, nor meaning, nor head, nor tail. I only gathered from it that he professed himself a good Christian, wished to bear no man malice, and asked me in the Duke's name what salary I should be willing to accept. Hearing this, I stood a while on guard,

and made no answer, being firmly resolved not to engage myself. When he saw that I refused to reply, he had at least the cleverness to put in: "Benvenuto, dukes expect to be answered; and what I am saying to you, I am saying from his Excellency's lips." Then I rejoined that if the message came from his Excellency, I would gladly reply, and told him to report to the Duke that I could not accept a position inferior to that of any one employed by him as artist. The majordomo answered: "Bandinelli receives two hundred crowns a year; if then you are contented with that, your salary is settled." I agreed upon these terms, adding that what I might earn in addition by the merit of my performances, could be given after they were seen; that point I left entirely to the good judgment of his Excellency. Thus, then, against my will, I pieced the broken thread again, and set to work; the Duke continually treating me with the highest imaginable marks of favor.

XXIX

I RECEIVED frequent letters from France, written by my most faithful friend Messer Guido Guidi. As yet they told nothing but good news; and Ascanio also bade me enjoy myself without uneasiness, since, if anything happened, he would let me know at once.

Now the King was informed that I had commenced working for the Duke of Florence, and being the best man in the world, he often asked: "Why does not Benvenuto come back to us?" He put searching questions on the subject to my two workmen, both of whom replied that I kept writing I was well off where I was, adding they thought I did not want to reënter the service of his Majesty. Incensed by these presumptuous words, which were none of my saying, the King exclaimed: "Since he left us without any cause, I shall not recall him; let him e'en stay where he is." Thus the thievish brigands brought matters exactly to the pass they desired; for if I had returned to France, they would have become mere workmen under me once more, whereas, while I remained away, they were their own masters and in my place; consequently, they did everything in their power to prevent my coming back.

XXX

WHILE the workshop for executing my Perseus was in building, I used to work in a ground-floor room. Here I modeled the statue in plaster, giving it the same dimensions as the bronze was meant to have, and intending to cast it from this mold. But finding that it would take rather long to carry it out in this way, I resolved upon another expedient, especially as now a wretched little studio had been erected, brick on brick, so miserably built that the mere recollection of it gives me pain. So then I began the figure of Medusa, and constructed the skeleton in iron. Afterwards I put on the clay, and when that was modeled, baked it.

I had no assistants except some little shopboys, among whom was one of great beauty; he was the son of a prostitute called La Gambetta. I made use of the lad as a model, for the only books which teach this art are the natural human body. Meanwhile, as I could not do everything alone, I looked about for workmen in order to put the business quickly through; but I was unable to find any. There were indeed some in Florence who would willingly have come, but Bandinello prevented them, and after keeping me in want of aid a while, told the Duke that I was trying to entice his workpeople because I was quite incapable of setting up so great a statue by myself. I complained to the Duke of the annoyance which the brute gave me, and begged him to allow me some of the laborers from the Opera. My request inclined him to lend ear to Bandinello's calumnies; and when I noticed that, I set about to do my utmost by myself alone. The labor was enormous: I had to strain every muscle night and day; and just then the husband of my sister sickened, and died after a few days' illness. He left my sister, still young, with six girls of all ages, on my hands. This was the first great trial I endured in Florence, to be made the father and guardian of such a distressed family.

XXXI

THE Duchess also treated me with extraordinary graciousness, and would have been pleased if I had worked for her alone, forgetting Perseus and everything besides. I for my

part, while these vain favors were being showered upon me, knew only too well that my perverse and biting fortune could not long delay to send me some fresh calamity, because I kept ever before my eyes the great mistake I had committed while seeking to do a good action. I refer to my affairs in France. The King could not swallow the displeasure he felt at my departure; and yet he wanted me to return, if only this could be brought about without concessions on his part. I thought that I was entirely in the right, and would not bend submissively, because I judged that if I wrote in humble terms, those enemies of mine would say in their French fashion that I had confessed myself to blame, and that certain misdoings with which they wrongfully taxed me were proved true. Therefore I stood upon my honor, and wrote in terms of haughty coldness, which was precisely what those two traitors, my apprentices, most heartily desired. In my letters to them I boasted of the distinguished kindness shown me in my own birthplace by a prince and princess the absolute masters of Florence. Whenever they received one of these dispatches, they went to the King, and besieged his Majesty with entreaties for the castle upon the same terms as he had granted it to me. The King, who was a man of great goodness and perspicacity, would never consent to the presumptuous demands of those scoundrels, since he scented the malignity of their aims. Yet, wishing to keep them in expectation, and to give me the opportunity of coming back, he caused an angry letter to be written to me by his treasurer, Messer Giuliano Buonaccorsi, a burgher of Florence. The substance was as follows: If I wanted to preserve the reputation for honesty which I had hitherto enjoyed, it was my plain duty, after leaving France with no cause whatsoever, to render an account of all that I had done and dealt with for his Majesty.

The receipt of this letter gave me such pleasure that, if I had consulted my own palate, I could not have wished for either more or less. I sat down to write an answer, and filled nine pages of ordinary paper. In this document I described in detail all the works which I had executed, and all the adventures I had gone through while performing them, and all the sums which had been spent upon them. The

payments had always been made through two notaries and one of his Majesty's treasurers; and I could show receipts from all the men into whose hands they passed, whether for goods supplied or labor rendered. I had not pocketed one penny of the money, nor had I received any reward for my completed works. I brought back with me into Italy nothing but some marks of favor and most royal promises, truly worthy of his Majesty. "Now, though I cannot vaunt myself of any recompense beyond the salaries appointed for my maintenance in France, seven hundred golden crowns of which are still due, inasmuch as I abstained from drawing them until I could employ them on my return-journey; yet knowing that malicious foes out of their envious hearts have played some knavish trick against me, I feel confident that truth will prevail. I take pride in his Most Christian Majesty, and am not moved by avarice. I am indeed aware of having performed for him far more than I undertook; and albeit the promised reward has not been given me, my one anxiety is to remain in his Majesty's opinion that man of probity and honor which I have always been. If your Majesty entertains the least doubt upon this point, I will fly to render an account of my conduct, at the risk even of my life. But noticing in what slight esteem I am held, I have had no mind to come back and make an offer of myself, knowing that I shall never lack for bread whithersoever I may go. If, however, I am called for, I will always answer." The letter contained many further particulars worthy of the King's attention, and proper to the preservation of my honor. Before dispatching it, I took it to the Duke, who read it with interest; then I sent it into France, addressed to the Cardinal of Ferrara.

XXXII

Meanwhile I was advancing with my great statue of Medusa. I had covered the iron skeleton with clay, which I modeled like an anatomical subject, and about half an inch thinner than the bronze would be. This I baked well, and then began to spread on the wax surface, in order to complete the figure to my liking. The Duke, who often came to inspect it, was so anxious lest I should not succeed with the

bronze, that he wanted me to call in some master to cast it for me.

He was continually talking in the highest terms of my acquirements and accomplishments. This made his majordomo no less continually eager to devise some trap for making me break my neck.

XXXIII

THE first piece I cast in bronze was that great bust, the portrait of his Excellency, which I had modeled in the goldsmith's workroom while suffering from those pains in my back. It gave much pleasure when it was completed, though my sole object in making it was to obtain experience of clays suitable for bronze-casting. I was of course aware that the admirable sculptor Donatello had cast his bronzes with the clay of Florence; yet it seemed to me that he had met with enormous difficulties in their execution. As I thought that this was due to some fault in the earth, I wanted to make these first experiments before I undertook my Perseus. From them I learned that the clay was good enough, but had not been well understood by Donatello, inasmuch as I could see that his pieces had been cast with the very greatest trouble. Accordingly, as I have described above, I prepared the earth by artificial methods, and found it serve me well, and with it I cast the bust; but since I had not yet constructed my own furnace, I employed that of Maestro Zanobi di Pagno, a bell-founder.

When I saw that this bust came out sharp and clean, I set at once to construct a little furnace in the workshop erected for me by the Duke, after my own plans and design, in the house which the Duke had given me. No sooner was the furnace ready than I went to work with all diligence upon the casting of Medusa, that is, the woman twisted in a heap beneath the feet of Perseus. It was an extremely difficult task, and I was anxious to observe all the niceties of art which I had learned, so as not to lapse into some error. The first cast I took in my furnace succeeded in the superlative degree, and was so clean that my friends thought I should not need to retouch it. It is true that certain Germans and Frenchmen, who vaunt the possession of marvelous

secrets, pretend that they can cast bronzes without retouching them; but this is really nonsense, because the bronze, when it has first been cast, ought to be worked over and beaten in with hammers and chisels, according to the manner of the ancients and also to that of the moderns—I mean such moderns as have known how to work in bronze.

The result of this casting greatly pleased his Excellency, who often came to my house to inspect it, encouraging me by the interest he showed to do my best. The furious envy of Bandinello, however, who kept always whispering in the Duke's ears, had such effect that he made him believe my first successes with a single figure or two proved nothing; I should never be able to put the whole large piece together, since I was new to the craft, and his Excellency ought to take good heed he did not throw his money away. These insinuations operated so efficiently upon the Duke's illustrious ears, that part of my allowance for workpeople was withdrawn. I felt compelled to complain pretty sharply to his Excellency; and having gone to wait on him one morning in the Via de' Servi, I spoke as follows: "My lord, I do not now receive the moneys necessary for my task, which makes me fear that your Excellency has lost confidence in me. Once more then I tell you that I feel quite able to execute this statute three times better than the model, as I have before engaged my word."

XXXIV

I COULD see that this speech made no impression on the Duke, for he kept silence; then, seized with sudden anger and a vehement emotion, I began again to address him: "My lord, this city of a truth has ever been the school of the most noble talents. Yet when a man has come to know what he is worth, after gaining some acquirements, and wishing to augment the glory of his town and of his glorious prince, it is quite right that he should go and labor elsewhere. To prove the truth of these words, I need only remind your Excellency of Donatello and the great Leonardo da Vinci in the past, and of our incomparable Michel Angelo Buonarroti in the present; they augment the glory of your Excellency by their genius. I in my turn feel the same desire and hope to play

my part like them; therefore, my lord, give me the leave to go. But beware of letting Bandinello quit you; rather bestow upon him always more than he demands; for if he goes into foreign parts, his ignorance is so presumptuous that he is just the man to disgrace our most illustrious school. Now grant me my permission, prince! I ask no further reward for my labors up to this time than the gracious favor of your most illustrious Excellency." When he saw the firmness of my resolution, he turned with some irritation and exclaimed: "Benvenuto, if you want to finish the statue, you shall lack for nothing." Then I thanked him and said I had no greater desire than to show those envious folk that I had it in me to execute the promised work. When I left his Excellency, I received some slight assistance; but this not being sufficient, I had to put my hand into my own purse, in order to push the work forward at something better than a snail's pace.

The Duchess kept urging me to do goldsmith's work for her. I frequently replied that everybody, nay, all Italy, knew well I was an excellent goldsmith; but Italy had not yet seen what I could do in sculpture. Among artists, certain enraged sculptors laughed at me, and called me the new sculptor. "Now I hope to show them that I am an old sculptor, if God shall grant me the boon of finishing my Perseus for that noble piazza of his most illustrious Excellency." After this I shut myself up at home, working day and night, not even showing my face in the palace. I wished, however, to keep myself in favor with the Duchess; so I got some little cups made for her in silver, no larger than twopenny milk-pots, chased with exquisite masks in the rarest antique style. When I took them to her Excellency, she received me most graciously, and repaid the gold and silver I had spent upon them. Then I made my suit to her and prayed her tell the Duke that I was getting small assistance for so great a work; I begged her also to warn him not to lend so ready an ear to Bandinello's evil tongue, which hindered me from finishing my Perseus. In reply to these lamentable complaints the Duchess shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed: "Of a surety the Duke ought only too well to know that this Bandinello of his is worth nothing."

XXXV

I NOW stayed at home, and went rarely to the palace, laboring with great diligence to complete my statue. I had to pay the workmen out of my own pocket; for the Duke, after giving Lattanzio Gorini orders to discharge their wages, at the end of about eighteen months, grew tired, and withdrew this subsidy. I asked Lattanzio why he did not pay me as usual. The man replied, gesticulating with those spidery hands of his, in a shrill gnat's voice: "Why do not you finish your work? One thinks that you will never get it done." In a rage I up and answered: "May the plague catch you and all who dare to think I shall not finish it!"

So I went home with despair at heart to my unlucky Perseus, not without weeping, when I remembered the prosperity I had abandoned in Paris under the patronage of that marvelous King Francis, where I had abundance of all kinds, and here had everything to want for. Many a time I had it in my soul to cast myself away for lost. One day on one of these occasions, I mounted a nice nag I had, put a hundred crowns in my purse, and went to Fiesole to visit a natural son of mine there, who was at nurse with my gossip, the wife of one of my workpeople. When I reached the house, I found the boy in good health, and kissed him, very sad at heart. On taking leave, he would not let me go, but held me with his little hands and a tempest of cries and tears. Considering that he was only two years old or thereabouts, the child's grief was something wonderful. Now I had resolved, in the heat of my despair, if I met Bandinello, who went every evening to a farm of his above San Domenico, that I would hurl him to destruction; so I disengaged myself from my baby, and left the boy there sobbing his heart out. Taking the road toward Florence, just when I entered the piazza of San Domenico, Bandinello was arriving from the other side. On the instant I decided upon bloodshed; but when I reached the man and raised my eyes, I saw him unarmed, riding a sorry mule or rather donkey, and he had with him a boy of ten years old. No sooner did he catch sight of me than he turned the color of a corpse, and trembled from head to foot. Perceiving at once how base the business

would be, I exclaimed: "Fear not, vile coward! I do not condescend to smite you." He looked at me submissively and said nothing. Thereupon I recovered command of my faculties, and thanked God that His goodness had withheld me from so great an act of violence. Then, being delivered from that fiendish fury, my spirits rose, and I said to myself: "If God but grant me to execute my work, I hope by its means to annihilate all my scoundrelly enemies; and thus I shall perform far greater and more glorious revenges than if I had vented my rage upon one single foe." Having this excellent resolve in heart, I reached my home. At the end of three days news was brought me that my only son had been smothered by his nurse, my gossip, which gave me greater grief than I have ever had in my whole life. However, I knelt upon the ground, and, not without tears, returned thanks to God, as I was wont, exclaiming, "Lord, Thou gavest me the child, and Thou hast taken him; for all Thy dealings I thank Thee with my whole heart." This great sorrow went nigh to depriving me of reason; yet, according to my habit, I made a virtue of necessity, and adapted myself to circumstances as well as I was able.

It so happened on one of those mornings, while I was getting some little chisels into trim to work on the Narcissus, that a very fine splinter of steel flew into my right eye, and embedded itself so deeply in the pupil that it could not be extracted. I thought for certain I must lose the sight of that eye. After some days I sent for Maestro Raffaello dé Pilli, the surgeon, who obtained a couple of live pigeons, and placing me upon my back across a table, took the birds and opened a large vein they have beneath the wing, so that the blood gushed out into my eye. I felt immediately relieved, and in the space of two days the splinter came away, and I remained with eyesight greatly improved. Against the feast of S. Lucia, which came round in three days, I made a golden eye out of a French crown, and had it presented at her shrine by one of my six nieces, daughters of my sister Liperata; the girl was ten years of age, and in her company I returned thanks to God and S. Lucia. For some while afterwards I did not work at the Narcissus, but pushed my Perseus forward under all the difficulties I have described. It was

my purpose to finish it as soon as possible, and then to bid farewell to Florence.

XXXVI

HAVING succeeded so well with the cast of the Medusa, I had great hope of bringing my Perseus through; for I had laid the wax on, and felt confident that it would come out in bronze as perfectly as the Medusa. The waxen model produced so fine an effect, that when the Duke saw it and was struck with its beauty—whether somebody had persuaded him it could not be carried out with the same finish in metal, or whether he thought so for himself—he came to visit me more frequently than usual, and on one occasion said: "Benvenuto, this figure cannot succeed in bronze; the laws of art do not admit of it." These words of his Excellency stung me so sharply that I answered: "My lord, I know how very little confidence you have in me; and I believe the reason of this is that your most illustrious Excellency lends too ready an ear to my calumniators, or else indeed that you do not understand my art." He hardly let me close the sentence when he broke in: "I profess myself a connoisseur, and understand it very well indeed." I replied: "Yes, like a prince, not like an artist; for if your Excellency understood my trade as well as you imagine, you would trust me on the proofs I have already given. These are, first, the colossal bronze bust of your Excellency, which is now in Elba; secondly, the restoration of the Ganymede in marble, which offered so many difficulties and cost me so much trouble, that I would rather have made the whole statue new from the beginning; thirdly, the Medusa, cast by me in bronze, here now before your Excellency's eyes, the execution of which was a greater triumph of strength and skill than any of my predecessors in this fiendish art have yet achieved. Look you, my lord! I constructed that furnace anew on principles quite different from those of other founders; in addition to many technical improvements and ingenious devices, I supplied it with two issues for the metal, because this difficult and twisted figure could not otherwise have come out perfect. It is only owing to my intelligent insight into means and appliances that the statue turned out

as it did; a triumph judged impossible by all the practitioners of this art. I should like you furthermore to be aware, my lord, for certain, that the sole reason why I succeeded with all those great and arduous works in France under his most admirable Majesty King Francis, was the high courage which that good monarch put into my heart by the liberal allowances he made me, and the multitude of workpeople he left at my disposal. I could have as many as I asked for, and employed at times above forty, all chosen by myself. These were the causes of my having there produced so many masterpieces in so short a space of time. Now then, my lord, put trust in me; supply me with the aid I need. I am confident of being able to complete a work which will delight your soul. But if your Excellency goes on disheartening me, and does not advance me the assistance which is absolutely required, neither I nor any man alive upon this earth can hope to achieve the slightest thing of value."

XXXVII

It was as much as the Duke could do to stand by and listen to my pleadings. He kept turning first this way and then that; while I, in despair, poor wretched I, was calling up remembrance of the noble state I held in France, to the great sorrow of my soul. All at once he cried: "Come, tell me, Benvenuto, how is it possible that yonder splendid head of Medusa, so high up there in the grasp of Perseus, should ever come out perfect?" I replied upon the instant: "Look you now, my lord! If your Excellency possessed that knowledge of the craft which you affirm you have, you would not fear one moment for the splendid head you speak of. There is good reason, on the other hand, to feel uneasy about this right foot, so far below and at a distance from the rest." When he heard these words, the Duke turned, half in anger, to some gentlemen in waiting, and exclaimed: "I verily believe that this Benvenuto prides himself on contradicting everything one says." Then he faced round to me with a touch of mockery, upon which his attendants did the like, and began to speak as follows: "I will listen patiently to any argument you can possibly produce in explanation of your statement, which may convince me of its probability." I said in answer:

"I will adduce so sound an argument that your Excellency shall perceive the full force of it." So I began: "You must know, my lord, that the nature of fire is to ascend, and therefore I promise you that Medusa's head will come out famously; but since it is not in the nature of fire to descend, and I must force it downwards six cubits by artificial means, I assure your Excellency upon this most convincing ground of proof that the foot cannot possibly come out. It will, however, be quite easy for me to restore it." "Why, then," said the Duke, "did you not devise it so that the foot should come out as well as you affirm the head will?" I answered: "I must have made a much larger furnace, with a conduit as thick as my leg; and so I might have forced the molten metal by its own weight to descend so far. Now, my pipe, which runs six cubits to the statue's foot, as I have said, is not thicker than two fingers. However, it was not worth the trouble and expense to make a larger; for I shall easily be able to mend what is lacking. But when my mold is more than half full, as I expect, from this midde point upwards, the fire ascending by its natural property, then the heads of Perseus and Medusa will come out admirably; you may be quite sure of it." After I had thus expounded these convincing arguments, together with many more of the same kind, which it would be tedious to set down here, the Duke shook his head and departed without further ceremony.

XXXVIII

Abandoned thus to my own resources, I took new courage, and banished the sad thoughts which kept recurring to my mind, making me often weep bitter tears of repentance for having left France; for though I did so only to revisit Florence, my sweet birthplace, in order that I might charitably succor my six nieces, this good action, as I well perceived, had been the beginning of my great misfortune. Nevertheless, I felt convinced that when my Perseus was accomplished, all these trials would be turned to high felicity and glorious well-being.

Accordingly I strengthened my heart, and with all the forces of my body and my purse, employing what little money still remained to me, I set to work. First I provided

myself with several loads of pinewood from the forests of Serristori, in the neighborhood of Montelupo. While these were on their way, I clothed my Perseus with the clay which I had prepared many months beforehand, in order that it might be duly seasoned. After making its clay tunic (for that is the term used in this art) and properly arming it and fencing it with iron girders, I began to draw the wax out by means of a slow fire. This melted and issued through numerous air-vents I had made; for the more there are of these, the better will the mold fill. When I had finished drawing off the wax, I constructed a funnel-shaped furnace all round the model of my Perseus. It was built of bricks, so interlaced, the one above the other, that numerous apertures were left for the fire to exhale at. Then I began to lay on wood by degrees, and kept it burning two whole days and nights. At length, when all the wax was gone, and the mold was well baked, I set to work at digging the pit in which to sink it. This I performed with scrupulous regard to all the rules of art. When I had finished that part of my work, I raised the mold by windlasses and stout ropes to a perpendicular position, and suspending it with the greatest care one cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly above the middle of the pit, I next lowered it gently down into the very bottom of the furnace, and had it firmly placed with every possible precaution for its safety. When this delicate operation was accomplished, I began to bank it up with the earth I had excavated; and, ever as the earth grew higher, I introduced its proper air-vents, which were little tubes of earthenware, such as folk use for drains and such-like purposes. At length, I felt sure that it was admirably fixed, and that the filling-in of the pit and the placing of the air-vents had been properly performed. I also could see that my workpeople understood my method, which differed very considerably from that of all the other masters in the trade. Feeling confident, then, that I could rely upon them, I next turned to my furnace, which I had filled with numerous pigs of copper and other bronze stuff. The pieces were piled according to the laws of art, that is to say, so resting one upon the other that the flames could play freely through them, in order that the metal might heat and liquefy

the sooner. At last I called out heartily to set the furnace going. The logs of pine were heaped in, and, what with the unctuous resin of the wood and the good draught I had given, my furnace worked so well that I was obliged to rush from side to side to keep it going. The labor was more than I could stand; yet I forced myself to strain every nerve and muscle. To increase my anxieties, the workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon our heads; while, from the garden, such a storm of wind and rain kept blowing in, that it perceptibly cooled the furnace.

Battling thus with all these untoward circumstances for several hours, and exerting myself beyond even the measure of my powerful constitution, I could at last bear up no longer, and a sudden fever, of the utmost possible intensity, attacked me. I felt absolutely obliged to go and fling myself upon my bed. Sorely against my will having to drag myself away from the spot, I turned to my assistants, about ten or more in all, what with master-founders, hand-workers, country-fellows, and my own special journeymen, among whom was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, my apprentice through several years. To him in particular I spoke: "Look, my dear Bernardino, that you observe the rules which I have taught you; do your best with all dispatch, for the metal will soon be fused. You cannot go wrong; these honest men will get the channels ready; you will easily be able to drive back the two plugs with this pair of iron crooks; and I am sure that my mold will fill miraculously. I feel more ill than I ever did in all my life, and verily believe that it will kill me before a few hours are over." Thus, with despair at heart, I left them, and betook myself to bed.

XXXIX

No sooner had I got to bed, than I ordered my serving-maids to carry food and wine for all the men into the workshop; at the same time I cried: "I shall not be alive to-morrow." They tried to encourage me, arguing that my illness would pass over, since it came from excessive fatigue. In this way I spent two hours battling with the fever, which steadily increased, and calling out continually: "I feel that I am dying." My housekeeper, who was named Mona Fiore da

Castel del Rio, a very notable manager and no less warm-hearted, kept chiding me for my discouragement; but, on the other hand, she paid me every kind attention which was possible. However, the sight of my physical pain and moral dejection so affected her, that, in spite of that brave heart of hers, she could not refrain from shedding tears; and yet, so far as she was able, she took good care I should not see them. While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the form of a capital S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice, like one who announces their last hour to men condemned to die upon the scaffold, and spoke these words: "O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it." No sooner had I heard the shriek of that wretch than I gave a howl which might have been heard from the sphere of flame. Jumping from my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maids, and my lad, and every one who came around to help me, got kicks or blows of the fist, while I kept crying out in lamentation: "Ah! traitors! enviers! This is an act of treason, done by malice prepense! But I swear by God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel."

When I had got my clothes on, I strode with soul bent on mischief toward the workshop; there I beheld the men, whom I had left erstwhile in such high spirits, standing stupefied and downcast. I began at once and spoke: "Up with you! Attend to me! Since you have not been able or willing to obey the directions I gave you, obey me now that I am with you to conduct my work in person. Let no one contradict me, for in cases like this we need the aid of hand and hearing, not of advice." When I had uttered these words, a certain Maestro Alessandro Lastricati broke silence and said: "Look you, Benvenuto, you are going to attempt an enterprise which the laws of art do not sanction, and which cannot succeed." I turned upon him with such fury and so full of mischief, that he and all the rest of them exclaimed with one voice: "On then! Give orders! We will obey your least commands, so long as life is left in us." I believe they spoke thus feelingly because they thought I must fall shortly dead

upon the ground. I went immediately to inspect the furnace, and found that the metal was all curdled; an accident which we express by "being caked." I told two of the hands to cross the road, and fetch from the house of the butcher Capretta a load of young oak-wood, which had lain dry for above a year; this wood had been previously offered me by Madame Ginevra, wife of the said Capretta. So soon as the first armfuls arrived, I began to fill the grate beneath the furnace. Now oak-wood of that kind heats more powerfully than any other sort of tree; and for this reason, where a slow fire is wanted, as in the case of gun-foundry, alder or pine is preferred. Accordingly, when the logs took fire, oh! how the cake began to stir beneath that awful heat, to glow and sparkle in a blaze! At the same time I kept stirring up the channels, and sent men upon the roof to stop the conflagration, which had gathered force from the increased combustion in the furnace; also I caused boards, carpets, and other hangings to be set up against the garden, in order to protect us from the violence of the rain.

XL

When I had thus provided against these several disasters, I roared out first to one man and then to another: "Bring this thing here! Take that thing there!" At this crisis, when the whole gang saw the cake was on the point of melting, they did my bidding, each fellow working with the strength of three. I then ordered half a pig of pewter to be brought, which weighed about sixty pounds, and flung it into the middle of the cake inside the furnace. By this means, and by piling on wood and stirring now with pokers and now with iron rods, the curdled mass rapidly began to liquefy. Then, knowing I had brought the dead to life again, against the firm opinion of those ignoramuses, I felt such vigor fill my veins, that all those pains of fever, all those fears of death, were quite forgotten.

All of a sudden an explosion took place, attended by a tremendous flash of flame, as though a thunderbolt had formed and been discharged amongst us. Unwonted and appalling terror astonished every one, and me more even than the rest. When the din was over and the dazzling light

extinguished, we began to look each other in the face. Then I discovered that the cap of the furnace had blown up, and the bronze was bubbling over from its source beneath. So I had the mouths of my mold immediately opened, and at the same time drove in the two plugs which kept back the molten metal. But I noticed that it did not flow as rapidly as usual, the reason being probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had consumed its base alloy. Accordingly I sent for all my pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, one by one, into the channels, the rest into the furnace. This expedient succeeded, and every one could now perceive that my bronze was in most perfect liquefaction, and my mold was filling; whereupon they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: "O God! Thou that by Thy immeasurable power didst rise from the dead, and in Thy glory didst ascend to heaven!" . . . even thus in a moment my mold was filled; and seeing my work finished, I fell upon my knees, and with all my heart gave thanks to God.

After all was over, I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there, and ate with hearty appetite, and drank together with the whole crew. Afterwards I retired to bed, healthy and happy, for it was now two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as though I had never felt a touch of illness. My good housekeeper, without my giving any orders, had prepared a fat capon for my repast. So that, when I rose, about the hour for breaking fast, she presented herself with a smiling countenance, and said: "Oh! is that the man who felt that he was dying? Upon my word, I think the blows and kicks you dealt us last night, when you were so enraged, and had that demon in your body as it seemed, must have frightened away your mortal fever! The fever feared that it might catch it too, as we did!" All my poor household, relieved in like measure from anxiety and overwhelming labor, went at once to buy earthen vessels in order to replace the pewter I had cast away. Then we dined together joyfully; nay, I cannot remember a day in my whole life when I dined with greater gladness or a better appetite.

After our meal I received visits from the several men who had assisted me. They exchanged congratulations, and thanked God for our success, saying they had learned and seen things done which other masters judged impossible. I too grew somewhat glorious; and deeming I had shown myself a man of talent, indulged a boastful humor. So I thrust my hand into my purse, and paid them all to their full satisfaction.

That evil fellow, my mortal foe, Messer Pier Francesco Ricci, majordomo of the Duke, took great pains to find out how the affair had gone. In answer to his questions, the two men whom I suspected of having caked my metal for me, said I was no man, but of a certainty some powerful devil, since I had accomplished what no craft of the art could do; indeed they did not believe a mere ordinary fiend could work such miracles as I in other ways had shown. They exaggerated the whole affair so much, possibly in order to excuse their own part in it, that the majordomo wrote an account to the Duke, who was then in Pisa, far more marvelous and full of thrilling incidents than what they had narrated.

XLI

After I had let my statue cool for two whole days, I began to uncover it by slow degrees. The first thing I found was that the head of Medusa had come out most admirably, thanks to the air-vents; for, as I had told the Duke, it is the nature of fire to ascend. Upon advancing farther, I discovered that the other head, that, namely, of Perseus, had succeeded no less admirably; and this astonished me far more, because it is at a considerably lower level than that of the Medusa. Now the mouths of the mold were placed above the head of Perseus and behind his shoulders; and I found that all the bronze my furnace contained had been exhausted in the head of this figure. It was a miracle to observe that not one fragment remained in the orifice of the channel, and that nothing was wanting to the statue. In my great astonishment I seemed to see in this the hand of God arranging and controlling all.

I went on uncovering the statue with success, and ascertained that everything had come out in perfect order, until I

reached the foot of the right leg on which the statue rests. There the heel itself was formed, and going farther, I found the foot apparently complete. This gave me great joy on the one side, but was half unwelcome to me on the other, merely because I had told the Duke that it could not come out. However, when I reached the end, it appeared that the toes and a little piece above them were unfinished, so that about half the foot was wanting. Although I knew that this would add a trifle to my labor, I was very well pleased, because I could now prove to the Duke how well I understood my business. It is true that far more of the foot than I expected had been perfectly formed; the reason of this was that, from causes I have recently described, the bronze was hotter than our rules of art prescribe; also that I had been obliged to supplement the alloy with my pewter cups and platters, which no one else, I think, had ever done before.

Having now ascertained how successfully my work had been accomplished, I lost no time in hurrying to Pisa, where I found the Duke. He gave me a most gracious reception, as did also the Duchess; and although the majordomo had informed them of the whole proceedings, their Excellencies deemed my performance far more stupendous and astonishing when they heard the tale from my own mouth. When I arrived at the foot of Perseus, and said it had not come out perfect, just as I previously warned his Excellency, I saw an expression of wonder pass over his face, while he related to the Duchess how I had predicted this beforehand. Observing the princes to be so well disposed towards me, I begged leave from the Duke to go to Rome. He granted it in most obliging terms, and bade me return as soon as possible to complete his Perseus; giving me letters of recommendation meanwhile to his ambassador, Averardo Serristori. We were then in the first years of Pope Giulio de Monti.

XLII

About that time the Duke went on a journey, attended by all his court and all his sons, except the prince, who was in Spain. They traveled through the Sienese Maremma, and by this route he reached Pisa. The poison from the bad air of those marshes first attacked the Cardinal, who was

taken with a pestilential fever after a few days, and died at the end of a brief illness. He was the Duke's right eye, handsome and good, and his loss was most severely felt. I allowed several days to elapse, until I thought their tears were dried, and then I betook myself to Pisa.

END OF CELLINI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

JEROME CARDAN

JEROME CARDAN

THE NOTED ITALIAN PHYSICIAN AND PHILOSOPHER, THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC STUDENT OF HIMSELF

1501-1576

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Jerome Cardan's book "De Vita Propria" (Of His Own Life) stands deservedly in a class by itself. Other men had written of their lives before, and some at least, like St. Augustine, with profound self-inspection; but now comes one to write not as a man but as a scientist. Cardan was a leading physician of his day, summoned from Italy to Scotland and to England to save the lives of archbishops and kings. He was a writer of scientific books on mathematics and on the more subtle themes of physics and astrology. He seems indeed to have believed sincerely in the power of stars and omens to foretell the future, though when he explains how he prepared his own predictions, we find him carefully employing his own shrewd common-sense as an essential preliminary to the casting of horoscopes and other astrological procedures.

Cardan divides his book into sections intended to scrutinize in turn his parentage, his birth, his manners, his appearance, his intellectual powers, and so on. Modern science may smile at these first crude attempts at self-dissection and analysis. Cardan's long explanations of the omens which sometimes guided him, and of the spirit or dæmon which advised him, have led some critics to class him among madmen rather than among scholars. But to other times belong other manners. For the age in which he lived Cardan was indeed a scientist, more carefully observant than other men, more thoughtful, more cautiously logical in reaching his conclusions. Would you watch modern science at its very beginnings? Then read the life of Cardan, part of which is here translated into English for the first time. His "De Vita Propria" was written originally in crabbed old medieval Latin, and is one of the world's famous books which has been far more talked about than read.

DE VITA PROPRIA

Among all the aims of mankind there is no other so attractive or so important as the search for Truth. Nevertheless every act of our lives is forever being misinterpreted and misunderstood. With this in mind I began to write out the following careful study of my own life, following therein the example of the philosopher Marcus Aurelius, who has been universally recognized as a scholar and a teacher of mankind. I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that in imitating him, I am not impelled by personal pride. I have made no attempt whatever to adorn my history.

This effort at self-study was begun in conjunction with several of my pupils (chiefly Ercole Visconte, Paolo Eufomia and Rodolfo Selvatico), and the notes were gathered as opportunity offered, and sorted and arranged into chapters as the work progressed. A similar study was begun a few years ago by my friend and pupil Gaspare Cardan, but he died before having time to finish it. Other scholars have also attempted self-study, but there are peculiar risks for a layman in such a work, as I myself have found. In the course of it I have been compelled to undergo strange troubles. I must also mention the similar work of the physician Galenus, though he instead of presenting his self-study as a single book, scattered it piecemeal among all his writings. Hence his other teachings have distracted attention from the passages of personal history, and these have not drawn the attention of the learned world.

My book, far from aiming at some trick, and equally far from seeking to establish some philosophic doctrine, is a mere straightforward narrative of facts. It covers but a simple, ordinary life, and includes no great revolutions or popular tumults such as are found in the narratives of Sulla, Julius Cæsar and Augustus. These men told of their personal lives as well as of their mighty achievements; and I wish to explain that I have followed in the steps of these ancient writers, so that you will not think of my book as something wholly new, an idea wholly of my own planning.

I

MY NATIVE TOWN: MY FOREFATHERS

My native town is in the territory of Milan, situated twenty-four miles outside the city and seven miles from the town of Gallarate, the original home of the Cardani family. My father was the jurist Fazio; my forefathers were Antonio, Fazio and Aldo. The children of the earlier Fazio were John, Aldo and Antonio; and the children of Aldo were Gottardo, Paolo the jurist and bishop, Fazio my own father, and also an illegitimate son who received again the name Paolo. Of this family of my relatives about thirty are now living. And even if my descent from this family is doubted, and I were sprung, as some have suggested, from the family of Castiglioni, even this would not change my ancestry or cast doubt upon my rank among the nobility; for this latter family is also sprung from the Cardani.[1]

As far back as 1189 this city of Milan had as governor Milone Cardan. For seven years and eight months he held this post as the head of all religious as well as civic authority, and he had all the prerogatives of a prince. His rule extended over all the cities subject to Milan, including even the city of Como. It has been sometimes said that Francesco Cardan, the chief general of Prince Matteo Visconti, was of this same lineage. If you consider how closely I am also connected with the Castiglioni, a family which counts among its members the holy Pope Celestino IV, you will perchance esteem my ancestry even more highly.

II

MY BIRTH

After my mother had, as I have been informed, made some unsuccessful efforts to prevent my birth, I was born on Sep-

[1] In this involved statement Cardan comes as near as he ever does to putting down on paper what was a perfectly well-known fact, namely, that he was himself an illegitimate child. His father and mother were never married, but some peculiar tenderness for his mother's memory prevents Cardan from ever mentioning this. Her position as an unwedded consort was common in those days and carried with it no sense of shame.

tember 24, 1501. The hour was somewhat beyond two-thirds of the first hour of the night [that is, beyond twenty minutes of seven]. The principal astronomical signs at that time were as they may be observed in the eighth hieroscopic figure, a little farther beyond Ptolemy's quadrant. In casting my horoscope I have therefore to study if either of the chief planets was within the angle. [Here follows a long astrological discussion from which he draws a startling conclusion as follows.] Hence it was likely that I would be born a monster. It was almost inevitable that I would be born a cripple, and even probable that I would come forth in pieces from the womb. As a matter of fact I was born with black and curly hair, and was practically lifeless, but was revived by being immediately bathed in hot wine. This treatment would have been fatal to another child and I survived it only with great difficulty, after having caused my mother three days of an agony which must have seemed eternal.

III

OF THE CUSTOMS AND PECULIARITIES OF MY PARENTS

My father, in defiance of the fashions of our city, dressed always in scarlet robes. He made this garb even more striking by contrast; for he constantly wore with it a much beloved black under-vest.

He was a courageous man, bending forward as he walked, and his eyes sparkled in his ruddy face. He never stood too haughtily upright, as did so many of his contemporaries. As to his eyes, he could almost see in the dark and wore no spectacles until his extreme old age. A portion of his skull had been cut away because of a wound received in his youth, and he therefore kept his head always covered. He had lost every tooth in his mouth before he was fifty-five. He was a great student of books, especially of Euclid's works on geometry. He was also a religious man, frequently saying that "Every man should praise God; because He is the sole source of every virtue."

As his first-born son, I had his mouth, his eyes, his stooping shoulders and his general appearance; but I could never talk so well, perhaps through lack of his long experience.

The only friend and companion of my father in my early days was Galeazzo Rosso; but when Galeazzo died my father renewed an old friendship with the senator Angelo Selvatico, who had been his comrade in school and college.

Similarity of tastes caused my father to become the friend of Galeazzo, who was a blacksmith. This was the remarkable man who rediscovered the principle of the screw of Archimedes, before the latter's works became known to our age. This blacksmith also found a means of making a tool-edge so keen that it would cut metal as well as wood; and he invented (what in my youth surprised me most of all) an iron breastplate so strong as to resist a bullet. While still a little boy I was present at the trials of these breastplates, and I well recall how I marveled to see them resist the repeated hammering of the bullets. Even the fifth bullet left hardly any visible mark upon the plate.

My mother was, like my father, quick to disdain and quick also to piety. She had a good memory and a strong intelligence, was small of size and somewhat stout. In addition to their quick temper my parents had also in common a warm if not wholly consistent affection for me. They were both very indulgent; my father would not allow me, or at least did not wish me, to rise from bed in the mornings until after eight o'clock. I was thus given ample opportunity to preserve my strength. If it is permissible to judge between them, I would add that my father was of a better and more amiable nature than my mother.

IV

When I was seven years old my father and my mother were then living apart—my kinsfolk determined, for some reason or other, to give over beating me, though perchance a touch of the whip might then have done me no harm. But ill-fortune was ever hovering around me; she let my tribulation take a different shape, but she did not remove it. My father, having hired a house, took me and my mother and my aunt to live with him, and made me always accompany him in his rounds about the city. On this account I, being taken at this tender age with my weak body from a life of absolute rest and put to hard and constant work, was seized at the begin-

ning of my eighth year with dysentery and fever, an ailment which was at that time epidemic in our city. Moreover I had eaten by stealth a vast quantity of sour grapes. But after I had been visited by the physicians, Bernabo della Croce and Angelo Gyra, there seemed to be some hope of my recovery, albeit both my parents, and my aunt as well, had already bewept me as one dead.

At this season my father, who was at heart a man of piety, was minded to invoke the divine assistance of San Girolamo (commending me to the care of the Saint in his prayers) rather than trust to the working of that familiar spirit which, as he was wont to declare openly, was constantly in attendance upon him. The reason of this change in his treatment of me I never cared to inquire. It was during the time of my recovery from this sickness, that the French celebrated their triumph after defeating the Venetians on the banks of the Adda, which spectacle I was allowed to witness from my window.[1] After this my father freed me of the task of going with him on his rounds. But the anger of Juno was not yet exhausted; for, before I had fully recovered my health, I fell downstairs (we were then living in the Via dei Maini), with a hammer in my hand, and by this accident I hurt the left side of my forehead, injuring the bone and causing a scar which remains to this day. Before I had recovered from this mishap I was sitting on the threshold of the house when a stone, about as long and as broad as a nut, fell down from the top of a high house next door and wounded my head just where my hair grew very thickly on the left side.

At the beginning of my tenth year my father changed this house, which had proved a very unlucky one for me, for another in the same street, and there I abode for three whole years. But my ill luck still followed me, for my father once more caused me to go about with him as his *famulus,* and would never allow me on any pretext to escape this task. I should hesitate to say that he did this through cruelty; for, taking into consideration what ensued, you may perchance

[1] The illness would have occurred about October, 1508, and the victory of the Adda was on May 14, 1509. This fact fixes his birth in 1501, and shows that his illness must have lasted six or seven months.

be brought to see that this action of his came to pass rather through the will of Heaven than through any failing of his own. I must add too that my mother and my aunt were fully in agreement with him in his treatment of me. In after times, however, he dealt with me in much milder fashion, for he took to live with him two of his nephews, wherefore my own labor was lessened by the amount of service he exacted from these. Either I did not go out at all, or if we all went out together the task was less irksome.

When I had completed my sixteenth year—up to which time I served my father constantly—we once more changed our house, and dwelt with Alessandro Cardano next door to the bakery of the Bossi. My father had two other nephews, sons of a sister of his, one named Evangelista, a member of the Franciscan Order, and nearly seventy years of age, and the other Otto Cantone, a farmer of the taxes, and very rich. The last-named, before he died, wished to leave me his sole heir; but this my father forbade, saying that Otto's wealth had been ill gotten; wherefore the estate was distributed according to the directions of the surviving brother.

In the meantime my father taught me orally the Latin tongue as well as the rudiments of Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astrology. But he allowed me to sleep well into the day, and he himself would always remain abed till nine o'clock. But one habit of his appeared to me likely to lead to grave consequences, to wit the way he had of lending to others anything which belonged to him. Part of these loans, which were made to insolvents, he lost altogether; and the residue, lent to divers persons in high places, could only be recovered with much trouble and no little danger, and with loss of all interest on the same. I know not whether he acted in this wise by the advice of that familiar spirit whose services he retained for eight-and-thirty years. What afterwards came to pass showed that my father treated me, his son, rightly in all things relating to education, seeing that I had a keen intelligence. For with boys of this sort it is well to make use of the bit as though you were dealing with mules. Beyond this he was witty and diverting in his conversation, and given to the telling of stories and strange occurrences well worth notice. He told me many things about familiar spirits, but what part

of these were true I know not; but assuredly tales of this sort, wonderful in themselves and artfully put together, delighted me marvelously.

But what chiefly deserved condemnation in my father was that he brought up certain other youths with the intention of leaving to them his goods in case I should die; which thing, in sooth, meant nothing less than the exposure of myself to open danger through plots of the parents of the boys aforesaid, on account of the prize offered. Over this affair my father and my mother quarreled grievously, and finally decided to live apart. Whereupon my mother, stricken by this mental vexation, and troubled at intervals with what I deem to have been an hysterical affection, fell one day full on the back of her neck, and struck her head upon the floor, which was composed of tiles. It was two or three hours before she came round, and indeed her recovery was little short of miraculous, especially as at the end of her seizure she foamed much at the mouth.

In the meantime I altered the whole drift of this tragedy by a pretended adoption of the religious life, for I became for a time a member of the mendicant Franciscan brotherhood. But at the beginning of my twenty-first year I went to the Gymnasium at Pavia, whereupon my father, feeling my absence, was softened towards me, and a reconciliation between him and my mother took place.

Before this time I had learned music, my mother and even my father having secretly given me money for the same; my father likewise paid for my instruction in dialectics. I became so proficient in this art that I taught it to certain other youths before I went to the University. Thus he sent me there endowed with the means of winning an honest living; but he never once spake a word to me concerning this matter, bearing himself always towards me in considerate, kindly, and pious wise.

For the residue of his days (and he lived on well-nigh four more years) his life was a sad one, as if he would fain let it be known to the world how much he loved me. Moreover, when by the working of fate I returned home while he lay sick, he besought, he commanded, nay he even forced me, all unwilling, to depart thence, what though he knew his last

hour was nigh, for the reason that the plague was in the city, and he was fain that I should put myself beyond danger from the same. Even now my tears rise when I think of his goodwill towards me. But, my father, I will do all the justice I can to thy merit and to thy paternal care; and, as long as these pages may be read, so long shall thy name and thy virtues be celebrated. He was a man not to be corrupted by any offering whatsoever, and indeed a saint. But I myself was left after his death involved in many lawsuits, having nothing clearly secured except one small house.

From my father's death until I was forty-six, that is to say for a space of twenty-three years, I was almost continually involved in law-suits. First with Alessandro Castillione, surnamed Gatico, with respect to certain plantations, and afterwards with his kinsfolk. Next with the Counts of Barbiani, next with the college, next with the heirs of Dominico de Tortis, who had held me in his arms when I was baptized. Out of all these suits I came victorious. It was indeed a matter for surprise that I should have got the better of Alessandro Castillione, seeing that his uncle sat as judge. Moreover, he had already got a decision against me, a decision which, as the jurisconsults declared, helped my case as the trial went on, and I was able to force him to pay me all the money which was in dispute. A like good fortune attended me while my claims were considered by the heads of the Milanese College, and finally rejected by several votes. Then afterwards, when they had decided to admit me, and when they tried to subject me to certain rules which placed me on a footing inferior to their own, I compelled them to grant me full membership. In the case of the Barbiani, after long litigation and many angry words and much trouble, I came to terms with them; and, having received the sum of money covenanted by agreement, I was entirely freed from vexation of the law.

From my earliest youth I let every action of mine be regulated in view of the after course of my life, and I deemed that as a career medicine would serve my purpose far better than law, being more appropriate for the end I had in view, of greater interest to the world at large, and likely to last as long as time itself. At the same time I regarded it as a study

which embodied the nobler principles, and rested upon the ground of reason (that is upon the eternal laws of Nature) rather than upon the sanction of human opinion. On this account I took up medicine rather than jurisprudence, nay I almost entirely cast aside, or even fled from the company of those friends of mine who followed the law, rejecting at the same time wealth and power and honor. My father, when he heard that I had abandoned the study of law to follow philosophy, wept in my presence, and grieved amain that I would not settle down to the study of his own subject. He deemed it the more salutary discipline—proofs of which opinion he would often bring forward out of Aristotle—that it was better adapted for the acquisition of power and riches; and that it would help me more efficiently in restoring the fortunes of our house. He perceived moreover that the office of teaching in the schools of the city, together with its accompanying salary of a hundred crowns which he had enjoyed for so many years, would not be handed on to me, as he had hoped, and he saw that a stranger would succeed to the same. Nor was that commentary of his destined ever to see the light or to be illustrated by my notes. Earlier in life he had nourished a hope that his name might become illustrious as the emendator of the "Commentaries of John, Archbishop of Canterbury on Optics and Perspective."[2] Indeed the following verses were printed thereanent:

"Hoc Cardana viro gaudet domus: omnia novit
Unus: habent nullum saecula nostra parem."

These words may be taken as a sort of augury referring rather to certain other men about to set forth to do their work in the world, than to my father, who, except in the department of jurisprudence (of which indeed rumor says that he was a master), never let his mind take in aught that was new. The rudiments of mathematics were all that he possessed, and he gathered no fresh knowledge from the storehouses of Greek learning. This disposition in him was prob-

[2] John Peckham was a Franciscan friar, and was nominated to the see of Canterbury by Nicholas III. in 1279. The *Perspectiva Communis* was his principal work; it does not deal with perspective as now understood, but with elementary propositions of optics. It was first printed in Milan in or about 1482.

ably produced by the vast multitude of subjects to be mastered, and by his infirmity of purpose, rather than by any lack of natural parts, or by idleness or by defect of judgment; vices to which he was in no way addicted. But I, being firmly set upon the object of my wishes, for the reasons given above, and because I perceived that my father had achieved only moderate success—though he had encountered but few hindrances—remained unconvinced by any of his exhortations.[3]

V

I AM of middle height. My chest is somewhat narrow and my arms exceedingly thin: my right hand is the more grossly fashioned of the two, so that a chiromantist might have set me down as rude or doltish: indeed, should such an one examine my hand, he would be ashamed to say what he thought. In it the line of life is short, and that named after Saturn long and well marked. My left hand, however, is seemly, with fingers long, tapering, and well-set, and shining nails. My neck is longer and thinner than the rule, my chin is divided, my lower lip thick and pendulous, my eyes are very small, and it is my wont to keep them half-closed, peradventure lest I should discern things over clearly. My forehead is wide and bare of hair where it meets the temples. My hair and beard are both of them yellow in tint, and both as a rule kept close cut. My chin, which as I have said already is marked by a division, is covered in its lower part with a thick growth of long hair. My habit is to speak in a highly-pitched voice, so that my friends sometimes rebuke me thereanent; but, harsh and loud as is my voice, it cannot be heard at any great distance while I am lecturing. I am wont to talk too much, and in none too urbane a tone. The look of my eyes is fixed, like that of one in deep thought. My front teeth are large, and my complexion red and white: the form of my countenance being somewhat elongated, and my head is finished off in narrow wise at the back, like to a small sphere. Indeed, it was no rare thing for the painters, who came from distant countries to paint my portrait, to affirm that they

[3] A remark in *De Sapientia* suggests that Fazio began life as a physician.

could find no special characteristic which they could use for the rendering of my likeness, so that I might be known by the same.

By the command of my father I used to lie abed until nine o'clock,[1] and, if perchance I lay awake any time before the wonted hour of rising, it was my habit to spend the same by conjuring up to sight all sorts of pleasant visions, nor can I remember that I ever summoned these in vain. I used to behold figures of divers kinds like airy bodies. Meseemed they were made up of tiny rings, like those in coats of chain-armor, though at this time I had seen nought of the kind. They would rise at the bottom of the bed, from the right-hand corner; and, moving in a semi-circle, would pass slowly on and disappear in the left. Moreover I beheld the shapes of castles and houses, of horses and riders, of plants, trees, musical instruments, theaters, dresses of men of all sorts, and flute-players who seemed to be playing upon their instruments, but neither voice nor sound was heard therefrom. And besides these things I beheld soldiers, and crowds of men, and fields, and certain bodily forms, which seem hateful to me even now: groves and forests, and divers other things which I now forget. In all this I took no small delight, and with straining eyes I would gaze upon these marvels; wherefore my Aunt Margaret asked me more than once whether I saw anything. I, though I was then only a child, deliberated over this question of hers before I replied, saying to myself: "If I tell her the facts she will be wroth at the thing—whatever it may be—which is the cause of these phantasms, and will deprive me of this delight." And then I seemed to see flowers of all kinds, and four-footed beasts, and birds; but all these, though they were fashioned most beautifully, were lacking in color, for they were things of air. Therefore I, who neither as a boy nor as an old man ever learned to lie, stood silent for some time. Then my aunt said—"Boy, what makes you stare thus and stand silent?" I know not what answer I made, but I think I said nothing at all. In my dreams I frequently saw what seemed to be a cock, which I feared might speak to me in a human voice.

[1] The time covered by this experience was from his fourth to his seventh year.

This in sooth came to pass later on, and the words it spake were threatening ones, but I cannot now recall what I may have heard on these occasions.

In 1524 I went with my father's consent to Padua; but was summoned back to Milan to find him in the grip of his dying illness. Whereupon he, careful of my weal rather than his own, bade me return to Padua at once, being well pleased to hear that I had taken at the Venetian College the Baccalaureate of Arts. After my return to Padua, letters were brought to me which told me that he had died on the ninth day after he had refused nourishment. He died on the twenty-eighth of August, having last eaten on Sunday the twentieth of the month.

Towards the close of my twenty-fourth year I was chosen Rector of the Academy at Padua,[2] and at the end of the next was made Doctor of Medicine. For the first-named office I came out the victor by one vote, the suffrages having to be cast a second time; and for the Doctorate of Medicine my name had already twice come forth from the ballot with forty-seven votes cast against me (a circumstance which forbade another voting after the third), when, at the third trial, I came out the winner, with only nine votes against me (previously only this same number had been cast for me), and with forty-eight in my favor.

Though I know well enough that affairs like these must needs be of small account, I have set them down in the order in which they came to pass for no other reason than that I give pleasure to myself who write these words by so doing: and I do not write for the gratification of others. At the same time those people who read what I write—if indeed any one should ever be so minded—may learn hereby that the beginnings and the outcomes of great events may well be found difficult to trace, because in sooth it is the way of such things to come to the notice of anybody rather than of those who would rightly observe them.

In 1525, the year in which I became Rector, I narrowly escaped drowning in the Lago di Garda. I went on board the boat, unwillingly enough, which carried likewise some hired horses; and, as we sailed on, the mast and the rudder,

[2] He constantly bewails this step as the chief folly of his life.

and one of the two oars we had with us, were broken by the wind. The sails, even those on the smaller mast, were split, and the night came on. We landed at last safe and sound at Sirmio, but not before all my companions had given up hope, and I myself was beginning to despair. Indeed, had we been a minute later we must have perished, for the tempest was so violent that the iron hinges of the inn windows were bent thereby. I, though I had been sore afraid ever since the wind began to blow, fell to supper with a good heart when the host set upon the board a mighty pike, but none of the others had any stomach for food, except the one passenger who had advised us to make trial of this perilous adventure, and who had proved to be an able and courageous helper in our hour of distress.

Again, once when I was in Venice on the birthday of the Virgin, I lost some money at dicing, and on the day following all that was left me went the same way. This happened in the house of the man with whom I was gambling, and in the course of play I noticed that the cards were marked, whereupon I struck him in the face with my dagger, wounding him slightly. Two of his servants were present at the time; some spears hung all ready from the beams of the room, and besides this the house door was fastened. But when I had taken from him all the money he had about him—his own as well as that which he had won from me by cheating, and my cloak and the rings which I had lost to him the day before—I was satisfied that I had got back all my possessions. The chattels I sent home by my servant at once, but a portion of the money I tossed back to the fellow when I saw that I had drawn blood of him. Then I attacked the servants who were standing by; and, as they knew not how to use their weapons and besought my mercy, I granted this on the condition that they should unlock the door. Their master, taking account of the uproar and confusion, and mistrusting his safety in case the affair should not be settled forthwith (I suspect he was alarmed about the marked cards), commanded the servants to open the door, whereupon I went my way.

That very same evening, while I was doing my best to escape the notice of the officers of justice on account of the wound I had given to this Senator, I lost my footing and fell

into a canal, having arms under my cloak the while. In my fall I did not lose my nerve, but flinging out my right arm, I grasped the thwart of a passing boat and was rescued by those on board. When I had been hauled into the boat I discovered—wonderful to relate—that the man with whom I had lately played cards was likewise on board, with his face bandaged by reason of the wounds I had given him. Now of his own accord he brought out a suit of clothes, fitted for seafaring, and, having clad myself in them, I journeyed with him as far as Padua.

Then, my father having breathed his last and my term of office come to an end, I went, at the beginning of my twenty-sixth year, to reside at Sacco, a town distant ten miles from Padua and twenty-five from Venice. I fixed on this place by the advice of Francesco Buonafidei, a physician of Padua, who, albeit I brought no profit to him—not even being one of those who attended his public teaching—helped me and took a liking for me, being moved to this benevolence by his exceeding goodness of heart. In this place I lived while our State was being vexed by every sort of calamity. In 1524 by a raging pestilence and by a two-fold change of ruler. In 1526 and 1527 by a destructive scarcity of the fruits of the earth. It was hard to get corn in exchange for money of any kind, and over and beyond this was the intolerable weight of taxation. In 1528 the land was visited by divers diseases and by the plague as well, but these afflictions seemed the easier to bear because all other parts were likewise suffering from the same. In 1529 I ventured to return to Milan—these ill-starred troubles being in some degree abated—but I was refused membership by the College of Physicians there, I was unable to settle my lawsuit with the Barbiani, and I found my mother in a very ill humor, so I went back to my village home, having suffered greatly in health during my absence. For what with cruel vexations, and struggles, and cares which I saw impending, and a troublesome cough and pleurisy aggravated by a copious discharge of humor, I was brought into a condition such as few men exchange for aught else besides a coffin.

VI

During ten years of my life, from my twenty-first to my thirty-first year, I suffered from the loss of virile power. And I maintain that this misfortune was to me the worst of evils. Compared with it neither the harsh servitude under my father, nor unkindness, nor the troubles of litigation, nor the wrongs done me by my fellow-townsmen, nor the scorn of my fellow-physicians, nor the ill things falsely spoken against me, nor all the measureless mass of possible evil, could have brought me to such despair, and hatred of life, and distaste of all pleasure, and lasting sorrow. I bitterly wept this misery, that I must needs be a laughing-stock, that marriage must be denied me, and that I must ever live in solitude. You ask for the cause of this misfortune, a matter which I am quite unable to explain. Because of the reasons just mentioned, and because I dreaded that men should know how grave was the ill afflicting me, I shunned the society of women; and, on account of this habit, the same miserable public scandal which I desired so earnestly to avoid, arose concerning me, and brought upon me the suspicion of still more nefarious practices: in sooth it seemed that there was no further calamity left for me to endure. Nevertheless at my home in Sacco I led a joyful life, as if I were a man unvexed by misfortune (I recall this circumstance somewhat out of season, but the dream I am about to tell of seems only too appropriate to the occasion), or a mortal made free of the habitations of the blest, or rather of some region of delight. Then, on a certain night, I seemed to find myself in a pleasant garden, beautiful exceedingly, decked with flowers and filled with fruits of divers sorts, and a soft air breathed around. So lovely was it all that no painter nor our poet Pulci, nor any imagination of man could have figured the like. I was standing in the forecourt of this garden, the door whereof was open, and there was another door on the opposite side, when lo! I beheld before me a damsel clad in white. I embraced and kissed her; but before I could kiss her again, the gardener closed the door. I straightway begged him earnestly that he would open it again, but I begged in

vain; wherefore, plunged in grief and clinging to the damsel, I seemed to be shut out of the garden.

A little time after this there was a rumor in the town of a house on fire, and I was roused from sleep to hurry to the spot. Then I learned that the house belonged to one Altobello Bandarini, a captain of the Venetian levies in the district of Padua. I had no acquaintance with him, in sooth I scarcely knew him by sight. Now it chanced that after the fire he hired a house next door to my own, a step which displeased me somewhat, for such a neighbor was not to my taste; but what was I to do? After the lapse of a few days, when I was in the street, I perceived a young girl who, as to her face and her raiment, was the exact image of her whom I had beheld in my dream. But I said to myself, "What is this girl to me? If I, poor wretch that I am, take to wife a girl dowered with naught, except a crowd of brothers and sisters, it will be all over with me; forasmuch as I can hardly keep myself as it is. If I should attempt to carry her off, or to have my will of her by stealth, there will of a surety be some tale-bearers about; and her father, being a fellow-townsman and a soldier to boot, would not sit down lightly under such an injury. In this case, or in that, it is hard to say what course I should follow, for if this affair should come to the issue I most desire, I must needs fly the place." From that same hour these thoughts and others akin to them possessed my brain, which was only too ready to harbor them, and I felt it would be better to die than to live on in such perplexity. Thenceforth I was as one love-possessed, or even burnt up with passion, and I understood what meaning I might gather from the reading of my dream. Moreover I was by this time freed from the chain which had held me back from marriage. Thus I, a willing bridegroom, took Lucia Bandarini a willing bride, her kinsfolk questioning us how this thing had been brought about, and offering us any help which might be of service; which help indeed proved of very substantial benefit.

But the interpretation of my dreams did not work itself out entirely in the after life of my wife; it made itself felt likewise in the lives of my children. My wife lived with me fifteen years, and alas! this ill-advised marriage was the

cause of all the misfortunes which subsequently happened to me. These must have come about either by the working of the divine will, or as the recompense due for some ill deeds wrought by myself or by my forefathers.

In 1531 a certain dog, of gentle temper as a rule, and quiet, kept up a persistent howling for a long time; some ravens perched on the house-top and began croaking in an unusual manner; and when my servant was breaking up a faggot, some sparks of fire flew out of the same; whereupon, by an unlooked-for step I married Lucia, and from that time divers misfortunes have attended me.[1]

Thus, acting under reason of the family associations, I resolved to go to Gallarate, in order that I might have the enjoyment of four separate advantages which it offered. Firstly, that in the most healthy air of the place I might shake off entirely the distemper which I had contracted in Milan. Secondly, that I might earn something by my profession, seeing that then I should be free to practice. Thirdly, that there would be no need for me to pine away while I beheld those physicians, by whom I reckoned I had been despoiled, flourishing in wealth and in the high estimation of all men. Lastly, that by following a more frugal way of life, I might make what I possessed last the longer. For all things are cheaper in the country, since they have to be carried from the country into the town, and many necessaries may be had for the asking. Persuaded by these arguments, I went to this place, and I was not altogether deceived, seeing that I recovered my health, and the son—who was to be reft from me later on by the Senate—was born to me.

I had great fear of my son's life until the fifteenth day of June, on which day, being a Sunday, he was baptized. The sun shone brightly into the bed-chamber: it was between the hours of eleven and twelve in the forenoon; and, according to custom, we were all gathered round the mother's bed ex-

[1] Lucia, the wife of his choice, was the eldest daughter of Altobello Bandarini, who had, besides her, three daughters and four sons. Jerome, as it has been already noted, was possessed with a fear lest he should be burdened by his brothers- and sisters-in-law after his marriage; but, considering that he was a young unknown physician, without either money or patients, and that Bandarini was a man of position and repute, with some wealth and more shrewdness, the chances were that the burden would lie on the other side.

cept a young servant, the curtain was drawn away from the window and fastened to the wall, when suddenly a large wasp flew into the room, and circled round the infant. We were all greatly afeard for the child, but the wasp did him no hurt. The next moment it came against the curtain, making so great a noise that you would have said that a drum was being beaten, and all ran towards the place, but found no trace of the wasp. It could not have flown out of the room, because all eyes had been fixed upon it. Then all of us who were then present felt some foreboding of what subsequently came to pass, but did not deem that the end would be so bitter as it proved to be.

For a long time the College at Milan refused to admit me as a brother physician, and during these days I was assuredly a spendthrift and heedless. In body I was weakly, and in estate plundered by thieves on all sides, yet I never grudged money for the buying of books. My residence at Gallarate brought me no profit, for in the whole nineteen months I lived there, I did not receive more than twenty-five crowns towards the rent of the house I hired. I had such ill luck with the dice that I was forced to pawn all my wife's jewels, and our very bed. If it is a wonder that I found myself thus bereft of all my substance, it is still more wonderful that I did not take to begging on account of my poverty, and a wonder greater still that I harbored in my mind no unworthy thoughts against my forefathers, or against right living, or against those honors which I had won—honors which afterwards stood me in good stead—but bore my misfortunes with mind undisturbed.

If a man shall fail in his carriage before the world as he fails in other things, who shall correct him? Thus I myself will do duty for that one leper who alone out of the ten who were healed came back to our Lord. By reasoning of this sort, Physicians and Astrologers trace back the origin of our natural habits to our primal qualities, to the training of our will, and to our occupations and conversation. In every man all these are found in proper ratio to the time of life of each individual; nevertheless it will be easy to discern marked variations in cases otherwise similar. Therefore it behoves us to hold fast to some guiding principle chosen out

of these, and I on my part am inclined, as far as it may be allowed, to say with respect to all of them, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν.

My own nature in sooth was never a mystery to myself. I was ever hot-tempered, single-minded, and given to women. From these cardinal tendencies there proceeded truculence of temper, wrangling, obstinacy, rudeness of carriage, anger, and an inordinate desire, or rather a headstrong passion, for revenge in respect to any wrong done to me; so that this inclination, which is censured by many, became to me a delight. To put it briefly, I held *At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa.* As a general rule I went astray but seldom, though it is a common saying, *"Natura nostra prona est ad malum."* I am moreover truthful, mindful of benefits wrought to me, a lover of justice and of my own people, a despiser of money, a worshiper of that fame which defies death, prone to thrust aside what is commonplace, and still more disposed to treat mere trifles in the same way. Still, knowing well how great may be the power of little things at any moment during the course of an undertaking, I never make light of aught which may be useful.

By nature I am prone to every vice and ill-doing except ambition, and I, if no one else does, know my own imperfections. But because of my veneration for God, and because I recognize the vanity and emptiness of all things of this sort, it often happens that, of my own free will, I forego certain opportunities for taking revenge which may be offered to me. I am timid, with a cold heart and a hot brain, given to reflection and the consideration of things many and mighty, and even of things which can never come to pass. I can even let my thoughts concern themselves with two distinct subjects at the same time. Those who throw out charges of garrulity and extravagance by way of contradicting any praise accorded to me, charge me with the faults of others rather than my own. I attack no man, I only defend myself.

And what reason is there why I should spend myself in this cause since I have so often borne witness of the emptiness of this life of ours? My excuse must be that certain men have praised me, wherefore they cannot deem me altogether wicked. I have always trained myself to let my face con-

tradict my thoughts. Thus while I can simulate what is not, I cannot dissimulate what is. To accomplish this is no difficult task if a man cultivates likewise the habit of hoping for nothing. By striving for fifteen years to compass this end and by spending much trouble over the same I at last succeeded. Urged on by this humor I sometimes go forth in rags, sometimes finely dressed, sometimes silent, sometimes talkative, sometimes joyful, sometimes sad; and on this account my two-fold mood shows everything double. In my youth I rarely spent any care in keeping my hair in order, because of my inclination for other pursuits more to my taste. My gait is irregular. I move now quickly, now slowly. When I am at home I go with my legs naked as far as the ankles. I am slack in duty and reckless in speech, and specially prone to show irritation over anything which may disgust or irk me.

VII

In the year 1534, when I was as it were groping in the dark, when I had settled naught as to my future life, and when my case seemed to grow more desperate day by day, I beheld in a dream the figure of myself running towards the base of a mountain which stood upon my right hand, in company with a vast crowd of people of every station and age and sex—women, men, old men, boys, infants, poor men and rich men, clad in raiment of every sort. I inquired whither we were all running, whereupon one of the multitude answered that we were all hastening on to death. I was greatly terrified at these words, when I perceived a mountain on my left hand. Then, having turned myself round so that it stood on my right side, I grasped the vines (which, here in the midst of the mountains and as far as the place wherein I stood, were covered with dry leaves, and bare of grapes, as we commonly see them in autumn) and began to ascend. At first I found this difficult, for the reason that the mountain was very steep round the base, but having surmounted this I made my way upward easily. When I had come to the summit it seemed that I was like to pass beyond the dictates of my own will. Steep naked rocks appeared on every side, and I narrowly escaped falling down from a

great height into a gloomy chasm. So dreadful is all this that now, what though forty years have rolled away, the memory thereof still saddens and terrifies me. Then, having turned towards the right where I could see naught but a plain covered with heath, I took that path out of fear, and, as I wended thither in reckless mood, I found that I had come to the entrance of a rude hut, thatched with straw and reeds and rushes, and that I held by my right hand a boy about twelve years of age and clad in a gray garment. Then at this very moment I was aroused from sleep, and my dream vanished.

In this vision was clearly displayed the deathless name which was to be mine, my life of heavy and ceaseless work, my imprisonment, my seasons of grievous terror and sadness, and my abiding-place foreshadowed as inhospitable, by the sharp stones I beheld: barren, by the want of trees and of all serviceable plants; but destined to be, nevertheless, in the end happy, and righteous, and easy. This dream told also of my lasting fame in the future, seeing that the vine yields a harvest every year. As to the boy, if he were indeed my good spirit, the omen was lucky, for I held him very close. If he were meant to foreshadow my grandson it would be less fortunate. That cottage in the desert was my hope of rest. That overwhelming horror and the sense of falling headlong may have had reference to the ruin of my son.

My second dream occurred a short time after. It seemed to me that my soul was in the heaven of the moon, freed from the body and all alone, and when I was bewailing my fate I heard the voice of my father, saying: "God has appointed me as a guardian to you. All this region is full of spirits, but these you cannot see, and you must not speak either to me or to them. In this part of heaven you will remain for seven thousand years, and for the same time in certain other stars, until you come to the eighth. After this you shall enter the kingdom of God." I read this dream as follows: My father's soul is my tutelary spirit. What could be dearer or more delightful? The Moon signifies Grammar; Mercury Geometry and Arithmetic; Venus Music, the Art of Divination, and Poetry; the Sun the Moral, and

Jupiter the Natural, World; Mars Medicine; Saturn Agriculture, the knowledge of plants, and other minor arts. The eighth star stands for a gleaning of all mundane things, natural science, and various other studies. After dealing with these I shall at last find my rest with the Prince of Heaven.

In the year 1536 I issued my first book *De Malo Recentiorum Medicorum Medendi Usu*, it was intended to reveal the ignorance and blundering of those medical men of Milan who had affected to despise me and had barred me from their circle. My opponents, seizing the opportunity, took occasion to assail me through the reasoning of this book, and cried out: "Who can doubt that this man is mad? and that he would teach a method and a practice of medicine differing from our own, since he has so many hard things to say of our procedure." And, as Galen said, I must in truth have appeared crazy in my efforts to contradict this multitude raging against me. For, as it was absolutely certain that either I or they must be in the wrong, how could I hope to win? Who would take my word against the word of this band of doctors of approved standing, wealthy, for the most part full of years, well instructed, richly clad and cultivated in their bearing, well versed in speaking, supported by crowds of friends and kinsfolk, raised by popular approval to high position, and, what was more powerful than all else, skilled in every art of cunning and deceit?

In 1536, while I was attending professionally in the house of the Borromei, it chanced that just about dawn I had a dream in which I beheld a serpent of enormous bulk, and I was seized with fear lest I should meet my death therefrom. Shortly afterwards there came a messenger to summon me to see the son of Count Carlo Borromeo. I went to the boy, who was about seven years old, and found him suffering from a slight distemper, but on feeling his pulse I perceived that it failed at every fourth beat. His mother, the Countess Corona, asked me how he fared, and I answered that there was not much fever about him; but that, because his pulse failed at every fourth beat, I was in fear of something, but what it might be I knew not rightly (but I had not then by me Galen's books on the indications of the pulse). There-

fore, as the patient's state changed not, I determined on the third day to give him in small doses the drug called *Diarob: cum Turbit:* I had already written my prescription, and the messenger was just starting with it to the pharmacy, when I remembered my dream. "How do I know," said I to myself, "that this boy may not be about to die as prefigured by the portent above written? and in that case these other physicians who hate me so bitterly, will maintain he died through taking this drug." I called to the messenger, and said there was wanting in the prescription something which I desired to add. Then I privately tore up what I had written, and wrote out another made of pearls, of the horn of unicorn, and certain gems. The powder was given, and was followed by vomiting. The bystanders perceived that the boy was indeed sick, whereupon they called in three of the chief physicians, one of whom was in a way friendly to me. They saw the description of the medicine, and demanded what I would do now. Now although two of these men hated me, it was not God's will that I should be farther attacked, and they not only praised the medicine, but ordered that it should be repeated. This was the saving of me. When I went again in the evening I understood the case completely. The following morning I was summoned at daybreak, and found the boy battling with death, and his father lying in tears. "Behold him," he cried, "the boy whom you declared to ail nothing" (as if indeed I could have said such a thing); "at least you will remain with him as long as he lives." I promised that I would, and a little later the boy tried to rise, crying out the while. They held him down, and cast all the blame upon me. What more is there to say? If there had been found any trace of that drug *Diarob: cum Turbit:* (which in sooth was not safe) it would have been all over with me, since Borromeo all his life would either have launched against me complaints grave enough to make all men shun me, or another Canidia, more fatal than African serpents, would have breathed poison upon me.

Soon afterward I had a more fortunate affair, being called to the house of the noble gentleman Sfondrato because of his son's illness. With me were called Della Croce and Cavenago, two of my chief medical opponents. We, the physicians and

the father of the child, met about seven in the morning, and Della Croce made a few general observations on death, for he knew that Sfondrato was a sensible man, and he himself was both honored and learned. Cavenago kept silence at this stage, because the last word had been granted to him. Then I said, "Do you not see that the child is suffering from Opisthotonos?" whereupon the first physician stood as one dazed, as if I were trying to trouble his wits by my hard words. But Della Croce at once swept aside all uncertainty by saying, "He means the backward contraction of the muscles." I confirmed his words, and added, "I will show you what I mean." Whereupon I raised the boy's head, which the doctors and all the rest believed was hanging down through weakness, and by its own weight, and bade them put it into its former position. Then Sfondrato turned to me, and said, "As you have discovered what the disease is, tell us likewise what is the remedy therefor." Since no one else spoke, I turned towards him and—careful lest I should do hurt to the credit I had gained already,—I said, "You know what Hippocrates lays down in a case like this—*febrem convulsioni*"—and I recited the aphorism. Then I ordered a fomentation, and an application of lint moistened with linseed-oil and oil of lilies, and gave directions that the child should be gently handled until such time as the neck should be restored; that the nurse should eat no meat, and that the child should be nourished entirely by the milk of her breast, and not too much of that; that it should be kept in its cradle in a warm place, and rocked gently till it should fall asleep. After the other physicians had gone, I remember that the father of the child said to me, "I give you this child for your own," and that I answered, "You are doing him an ill turn, in that you are supplanting his rich father by a poor one." He answered, "I am sure that you would care for him as if he were your own, fearing naught that you might thereby give offense to these others" (meaning the physicians). I said, "It would please me well to work with them in everything, and to win their support." I thus blended my words, so that he might understand I neither despaired of the child's cure, nor was quite confident thereanent. The cure came to a favorable end; for, after the

fourteenth day of the fever—the weather being very warm—the child got well in four days' time. Now as I review the circumstances, I am of opinion that it was not because I perceived what the disease really was, for I might have done so much by reason of my special practice; nor because I healed the child, for that might have been attributed to chance; but because the child got well in four days, whereas his brother lay ill for six months, and was then left half dead, that his father was so much amazed at my skill, and afterwards preferred me to all others. That he thought well of me is certain, because Della Croce himself, during the time of his procuratorship, was full of spite and jealousy against me, and declared in the presence of Cavenago and of Sfondrato, that he would not, under compulsion, say a word in favor of a man like me, one whom the College regarded with disfavor. Whereupon Sfondrato saw that the envy and jealousy of the other physicians was what kept me out of the College, and not the circumstances of my birth. He told the whole story to the Senate, and brought such influence to bear upon the Governor of the Province and other men of worship, that at last the entrance to the College was opened to me.

In 1541 I was made Rector of the Milan College of Physicians. In the summer of the year 1543, it was my custom to go every day to the house of Antonio Vicomercato, a gentleman of the city, and to play chess with him from morning till night. As we were wont to play for one real, or even three or four, on each game, I, seeing that I was generally the winner, would as a rule carry away with me a gold piece after each day's play, sometimes more and sometimes less. In the case of Vicomercato it was a pleasure and nothing else to spend money in this wise; but in my own there was an element of conflict as well; and in this manner I lost my self-respect so completely that, for two years and more, I took no thought of practicing my art, nor considered that I was wasting all my substance—save what I made by play—that my good name and my studies as well would suffer shipwreck. But on a certain day towards the end of August, a new humor seized Vicomercato (either advisedly on account of the constant loss he suffered, or perhaps because he thought

his decision would be for my benefit), a determination from which he was to be moved neither by arguments, nor adjurations, nor abuse. He forced me to swear that I would never again visit his house for the sake of gaming, and I, on my part, swore by all the gods as he wished. That day's play was our last, and thenceforth I gave myself up entirely to my studies.

But the play with the dice, an evil far more noxious, found its way into my own house; and, after my sons had learned to play the same, my doors always stood open to dicers. I can find no excuse for this practice except the trivial one, that, what I did, I did in the hope of relieving the poverty of my children.

The following year I was offered the Chair of Medicine in the University of Pavia. There was no salary attached and I had at first no intention of accepting; but on the night before the day upon which my answer was to be sent to the Senate to say what course I was going to take, the whole of my house fell down into a heap of ruins, and no single thing was left unwrecked, save the bed in which I and my wife and my children were sleeping. Thus the step, which I should never have taken of my own free will or without some sign, I was compelled to take by the course of events. This thing caused great wonder to all those who heard of it.

In the year 1551 I left Italy on the behest of Archbishop Hamilton, the regent of the Scottish Kingdom. I tarried in Lyons forty-six days, seeing nothing of the Archbishop, nor of the physician whom I expected, nevertheless I gained more than I spent. I met there Ludovico Birago, a gentleman of Milan, and commander of the King's foot-soldiers, and with him I contracted a close friendship, so much so that, had I been minded to take service under Brissac, the King's lieutenant, I might have enjoyed a salary of one thousand crowns a year. Shortly afterwards Guglielmo Cassanate, the Archbishop's physician, arrived in Lyons and brought with him three hundred other golden crowns, which he handed to me, in order that I might make the journey with him to Scotland, offering in addition to pay the cost of travel, and promising me divers gifts in addition. Thus, making part of our journey down the Loire, I arrived at

Paris. While I was there I met Orontius; but he for some reason or other refused to visit me. Under the escort of Magnienus I inspected the treasury of the French Kings, and the Church of Saint Denis. I saw likewise something there, not so famous, but more interesting to my mind, and this was the horn of a unicorn, whole and uninjured. After this we met the King's physicians, and we all dined together, but I declined to hold forth to them during dinner, because before we sat down they were urgent that I should begin a discussion. I next set forth on my journey, my relations with Pharnelius and Silvius, and another of the King's physicians,[1] whom I left behind, being of a most friendly nature, and traveled to Boulogne in France, where, by the command of the Governor of Sarepont, an escort of fourteen armed horsemen and twenty foot-soldiers was assigned to me, and so to Calais. I saw the tower of Cæsar still standing. Then having crossed the narrow sea I went to London, and at last met the Archbishop at Edinburgh on the twenty-ninth of June. I remained there till the thirteenth of September. I received as a reward four hundred more gold crowns; a chain of gold worth a hundred and twenty crowns, a noble horse, and many other gifts, in order that no one of those who were with me should return empty-handed.

[The following years of Cardan's life are not clearly described in his book. Indeed his sufferings may well have unhinged his mind. Of his two sons the younger, Aldi, proved an utter scoundrel. The elder, Battista, was entrapped into marrying a reckless courtesan, and afterward in a fury poisoned her. For this he was executed in 1560, though his father who loved him devotedly made frantic ef-

[1] The reception given to Cardan in Paris was a very friendly one. Orontus was a mechanician and mathematician; and jealousy of Cardan's great repute may have kept him away from the dinner, but the physicians were most hospitable. Pharnelius [Fernel] was Professor of Medicine at the University, and physician to the Court. Sylvius was an old man of a jocular nature, but as an anatomist bitterly opposed to the novel methods of Vesalius, who was one of Cardan's heroes. With this possibility of quarreling over the merits of Vesalius, it speaks well for the temper of the doctors that they parted on good terms. Ranconet, another Parisian who welcomed Cardan heartily, was one of the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris. He seems to have been a man of worth and distinguished attainments, and Cardan gives an interesting account of him in *Geniturarum Exempla,* p. 423.

forts to save him. After Battista's death, the father wrote the following passage in his book De Libris Propriis.]

Certes my son is rid of this miserable life of danger and difficulty, vain, sorrowful, brief, and inconstant; these times in which the major part of the good things of the world fall to the trickster's share, and all may be enjoyed by those who are backed up by wealth or power or favor. Power is good when it is in the hands of those who use it well, but it is a great evil when murderers and poisoners are allowed to wield it. To the ill-starred, to the ungodly, and to the foolish, death is a boon, freeing them from numberless dangers, from heavy griefs, from fatal troubles, and from infamy; wherefore in such cases it ought not to be spoken of as something merely good or indifferent, but rated as the best of fortune. Shall I not declare to God (for He willed the deed), to myself, and to my surviving family, that my son's death was a thing to be desired, for God does all justly, wisely, and lovingly? He lets me stand as an example to show others that a good and unright man cannot be altogether wretched. I am poor, infirm, and old; bereaved by a cruel wrong of my best-loved son, a youth of the fairest promise, and left only with the faintest hope of any ray of future good fortune, or of seeing my race perpetuated after my death, for my daughter, who has been nine years married, is barren.

At one time I was prosperous in every relation of life: in my friendships, in my children, and in my health. In my youth I seemed to be one raised up to realize the highest hopes. I was accustomed to all the good things—nay, to all the luxuries of life. Now I am wretched, despised, with foes swarming around me; I not only count myself miserable, I feel I am far more miserable now than I was happy aforetime. Yet I neither lose my wits nor make any boast, as my actions prove. I do my work as a teacher with my mind closely set on the matter in question, and for this reason I attract a large number of hearers. I manage my affairs better than heretofore; and, if any man shall compare the book which I have lately published with those which I wrote some time ago, he will not fail to perceive how vastly my intellect has gained in richness, in vivacity, and in purity.

[We now resume the later rambling and often incoherent chapters of the autobiography.]

VIII

CERTAIN members of the Senate afterwards admitted (though I am sure they would be loth that men should hold them capable of such a wish) that they condemned my son to death in the hope that I might be killed likewise, or at least might lose my wits, and the powers above can bear witness how nearly one of these ills befell me. I would that you should know what these times were like, and what practices were in fashion. I am well assured that I never wrought offense to any of these men, even by my shadow. I took advice how I might put forward a defense of some kind on my son's behalf, but what arguments would have prevailed with minds so exasperated against me as were theirs?

And this, in sooth, was the chief, the culminating misfortune of my life: forasmuch as I could not with any show of decency be kept in my office, nor could I be dismissed without some more valid excuse, I could neither continue to reside in Milan with safety, nor could I depart therefrom. As I walked about the city men looked askance at me; and whenever I might be forced to exchange words with any one, I felt that I was a disgraced man. Thus, being conscious that my company was unacceptable, I shunned my friends. I had no notion what I should do, or whither I should go. I cannot say whether I was more wretched in myself than I was odious to my fellows.

In the month of May, in the year 1560, a time when sleep had refused to come to me because of my grief for my son's death: when I could get no relief from fasting nor from the flagellation I inflicted upon my legs when I rode abroad, nor from the game of chess which I then played with Ercole Visconti, a youth very dear to me, and like myself troubled with sleeplessness, I prayed God to have pity upon me, because I felt that I must needs die, or lose my wits, or at least give up my work as Professor, unless I got some sleep, and that soon. Were I to resign my office, I could find no other means of earning my bread: if I should go mad I must become a laughing-stock to all. I must in any case

lavish what still remained of my patrimony, for at my advanced age I could not hope to find fresh employment. Therefore I besought God that He would send me death, which is the lot of all men. I went to bed: it was already late, and, as I must needs rise at four in the morning, I should not have more than two hours' rest. Sleep, however, fell upon me at once, and meseemed that I heard a voice speaking to me out of the darkness. I could discern naught, so it was impossible to say what voice it was, or who was the speaker. It said, "What would you have?" or "What are you grieving over?" and added, "Is it that you mourn for your son's death?" I replied, "Can you doubt this?" Then the voice answered, "Take the stone which is hanging round your neck and place it to your mouth, and so long as you hold it there you will not be troubled with thoughts of your son." Here I awoke, and at once asked myself what this beryl stone could have to do with sleep, but after a little, when I found no other means of escape from my trouble, I called to mind the words spoken of a certain man: "He hoped even beyond hope, and it was accounted to him as righteousness" (spoken of Abraham), and put the stone in my mouth, whereupon a thing beyond belief came to pass. In a moment all remembrance of my son faded from my mind, and the same thing happened when I fell asleep a second time after being aroused.

During the summer of 1561 occurred the death of the lad William whom I brought home with me from England. A tailor, Daldo, who had a little farm in the country, took the youth there and let him join in the village games, and by degrees made him into a vine-dresser. But if at any time it chanced that William's services were also wanted at the tailor's shop, his master would force him to return thereto in the evening (for the farm was two miles distant), and sit sewing all the night. Besides this the boy would go dancing with the villagers, and in the course of their merry-making he fell in love with a girl. While I was living at Milan he was taken with fever, and came to me; but, for various reasons, I did not give proper attention to him, first, because he himself made light of his ailment; second, because I knew not that his sickness had been brought on by excessive toil and exposure to the sun; and third, because, when he had been

seized with a similar distemper on two or three occasions before this, he had always got well within four or five days. Besides this I was then in trouble owing to the running away of my son Aldo and one of my servants. What more is there to tell? Four days after I had ordered him to be bled, messengers came to me in the night and begged me to go and see him, for he was apparently near his end. He was seized with convulsions and lost his senses, but I battled with the disease and brought him round. I was obliged to return to Pavia to resume my teaching, and William, when he was well enough to get up, was forced to sleep in the workshop by his master, who had been bidden to a wedding. There he suffered so much from cold and bad food that, when he was setting out for Pavia to seek me, he was again taken ill. His unfeeling master caused him to be removed to the poor-house, and there he died the following morning from the violence of the distemper, from agony of mind, and from the cold he had suffered. Indeed I was so heavily stricken by mischance that meseemed I had lost another son.

IX

Now in dealing with the deadly snares woven against my life, I will tell you of something strange which befell me. During my Professorship at Pavia I was in the habit of reading in my own house. I had in my household at that time a woman to do occasional work, the youth Ercole Visconti, two boys, and another servant. Of the two boys, one was my amanuensis and well skilled in music, and the other was a lackey. It was in 1562 that I made up my mind to resign my office of teaching and quit Pavia, a resolution which the Senate took in ill part, and dealt with me as with a man transported with rage. But there were two doctors of the city who strove with all their might to drive me away: one a crafty fellow who had formerly been a pupil of mine; the other was the teacher extraordinary in Medicine, a simple-minded man, and, as I take it, not evil by nature; but covetous and ambitious men will stop at nothing, especially when the prize to be won is an office held in high esteem. Thus, when they despaired of getting rid of me through the action of the Senate—what though I was petitioning to be

relieved of my duties—they laid a plot to kill me, not by the dagger for fear of the Senate and of possible scandal, but by malignant craft. My opponent perceived that he could not be promoted to the post of principal teacher unless I should leave the place, and for this reason he and his allies spread their nets from a distance. In the first place, they caused to be written to me, in the name of my son-in-law [1] and of my daughter as well, a most vile and filthy letter telling how they were ashamed of their kinship with me; that they were ashamed likewise for the sake of the Senate, and of the College; and that the authorities ought to take cognizance of the matter and pronounce me unworthy of the office of teacher and cause me to be removed therefrom forthwith. Confounded at receiving such an impudent and audacious reproof at the hands of my own kindred, I knew not what to do or say, or what reply I should make; nor could I divine for what reason this unseemly and grievous affront had been put upon me. It afterwards came to light that the letter was written in order to serve as an occasion for fresh attacks; for, before many days had passed, another letter came to me bearing the name of one Fioravanti, written in the following strain. This man was likewise shocked for the sake of the city, the college, and the body of professors, seeing that a report had been spread abroad that I was guilty of abominable offenses which cannot be named. He would call upon a number of his friends to take steps to compel me to consider the public scandal I was causing, and would see that the houses where these offenses were committed should be pointed out. When I read this letter I was as one stupefied, nor could I believe it was the work of Fioravanti, whom I had hitherto regarded as a man of seemly carriage and a friend. But this letter and its purport remained fixed in my mind and prompted me to reply to my son-in-law; for I believed no longer that he had aught to do with the letter which professed to come from him; indeed I ought never to have harbored such a suspicion, seeing that both then and now he has always had the most kindly care for me; nor has he ever judged ill of me.

I called for my cloak at once and went to Fioravanti, whom

[1] Bartolomeo Sacco was evidently living at Pavia at this date.

I questioned about the letter. He admitted that he wrote it, whereupon I was more than ever astonished, for I was loth to suspect him of crooked dealing, much more of any premeditated treachery. I began to reason with him, and to inquire where all these wonderful plans had been concocted, and then he began to waver, and failed to find an answer. He could only put forward common report, and the utterances of the Rector of the Gymnasium, as the source of them.

The first act of the tragedy having come to an end, the second began, and this threw certain light upon the first. My foes made it their special care that I, whom they held up as a disgrace to my country, to my family, to the Senate, to the Colleges of Milan and Pavia, to the Council of Professors, and to the students, should become a member of the Accademia degli Affidati, a society in which were enrolled divers illustrious theologians, two Cardinals, and two princes, the Duke of Mantua, and the Marquis Pescara. When they perceived how loth I was to take this step they began to threaten. What was I to do, broken down by the cruel fate of my son, and suffering every possible evil? Finally I agreed, induced by the promise they made me, that, in the course of a few days, I should be relieved of my duties as Professor; but I did not then perceive the snare, or consider how it was that they should now court the fellowship of one whom, less than fifteen days ago, all ranks of the College had declared to be a monster not to be tolerated. Alas for faith in heaven, for the barbarity of men, for the hatred of false friends, for that shamelessness and cruelty more fell than serpent's bite! What more is there to tell? The first time I entered the room of the Affidati I saw that a heavy beam had been poised above in such fashion that it might easily fall and kill whatsoever person might be passing underneath. Whether this had been done by accident or design I cannot say. But hereafter I attended as rarely as possible, making excuses for my absence; and, when I did go, I went when no one looked for me, and out of season, taking good heed of this trap the while. Wherefore no evil befell me thereby, either because my foes deemed it unwise to work such wickedness in public, or because they had not finally agreed to put their scheme in operation, or because they

were plotting some fresh evil against me. Another attempt was made a few days later, when I was called to the ailing son of one Piero Trono, a surgeon; they placed high over the door a leaden weight which might easily be made to fall, pretending that it had been put there to hold up the curtain. This weight did fall; and, had it struck me, it would certainly have killed me: how near I was to death, God knows. Wherefore I began to be suspicious of something I could not define, so greatly was my mind upset. Then a third attempt was made, which was evident enough. A few days later, when they were about to sing a new Mass, the same rascally crew came to me, asking me whether I would lend them the services of my two singing boys, for my enemies knew well enough that these boys acted as my cup-bearers, and over and beyond this they made an agreement with my hired woman that she should give me poison. They first went to Ercole and tried to persuade him to go to the function; and he, suspecting nothing, at first promised his help; but when he heard that his fellow was to go likewise, he began to smell mischief and said, "Only one of us knows music." Then Fioravanti, a blunt fellow, was so wholly set on getting them out of the house that he said, "Let us have both of you, for we know that the other is also a musician; and, though he may not be one of the best, still he will serve to swell the band of choristers." Then Ercole said somewhat vaguely that he would ask his master. He came to me, having fathomed and laid bare the whole intention of the plot, so that, if I had not been stark mad and stupid, I might easily have seen through their design. Fifteen days or so had passed when the same men once more sought me out and begged me to let them have the two boys to help them in the performance of a comedy. Then Ercole came to me and said, "Now in sooth the riddle is plain to read; they are planning to get all your people away from your table, so that they may kill you with poison; nor are they satisfied with plotting your death merely by tricks of this sort; they are determined to kill you by any chance which may offer."

When I was about to be summoned to teach at Bologna, some persons of that place who were envious of my reputation sent a certain officer (a getter-up of petitions) to Pavia.

Now this fellow, who never onee entered the elass-room, nor had a word with any one of my pupils, wrote, on what authority I know not, a report in these words: "Concerning Girolamo Cardano, I am told that he taught in this place, but got no pupils, always lecturing to empty benches: that he is a man of evil life, ill regarded by all, and little less than a fool, repulsive in his manners, and entirely unskilled in medieine. After he had promulgated eertain of his opinions he found no one in the city who would employ him, nor did he praetiee his art."

These words were read to the Senate by the messenger on his return in the presence of the illustrious Borromeo, the Pope's Legate to the eity. The Senate were upon the point of breaking off all further negotiations, but while the man was reading his report, some one present heard the words in whieh he deelared that I did not practice medieine. "Hui!" he eried, "I know that is not true, for I myself have seen divers men of the highest eonsideration going to him for help, and I—though I am not to be ranked with them—have often consulted him myself." Then the Legate took up the parole and said, "I too bear witness that he eured my own mother when she was given up by every one else." Then the first speaker suggested that probably the rest of the tale was just as worthy of belief as this one statement, the Legate agreeing thereto; whereupon the messenger aforesaid held his tongue and blushed for shame. Ultimately the Senate determined to appoint me Professor for one year, "for," they said, "if he should prove to be the sort of man the officer deseribes, or if his teaching should profit us nothing, we can let him go; but if it be otherwise, the eontraet may be ratified." With regard to the salary, over which a dispute had already arisen, the Legate gave his eonsent, and the business eame to an end.

But, disregarding this settlement, my opponents urged one of their number to wait upon me as a delegate from the Senate, and this man would fain have added to the terms already sanetioned by the Senate, others whieh I could not possibly aeeept. He offered me a smaller stipend, no teaching room was assigned to me, and no allowance for traveling expenses. I refused to treat with him, whereupon he was

forced to depart, and to return to me later on with the terms of my engagement duly set forth.

Just before I resigned my Professorship at Pavia I was warned by the portentous kindling of a fire, seemingly dead, that fresh mischief was afoot, and I at once determined in my mind that foes had planned destruction against me afresh. So impressed was I at this manifestation that I swore I would not leave home on the day following. But early in the morning there came to my house four or five of my pupils bidding me to a feast, where all the chief Professors of the Gymnasium and the Academy proposed to be present. I replied that I could not come, whereupon they, knowing that it was not my wont to dine in the middle of the day, and deeming that it was on this score that I refused to join them, said, "Then for your sake we will make the feast a supper." I answered that I could not on any account make one of their party, and then they demanded to know the cause of my refusal. I replied it was because of a strange event which had befallen me, and of a vow I had made thereanent. At this they were greatly astonished, and two of them exchanged significant glances, and they urged me again and again that I should not be so firmly set upon marring so illustrious a gathering by my absence, but I gave back the same answer as before.

In July I withdrew to Milan, where I suffered much from fever and from the plots of my enemies. In this anxiety I called to mind all the books I had written, and, seeing that in them there were many obscure passages upon which an unfavorable meaning might be put by the malice of my enemies, I wrote to the Council, submitting all my writings to its judgment and will and pleasure. By this action I saved myself from grave danger and disgrace in the future.[2]

While I was awaiting tidings from Rome as to my appointment at Bologna, I wore on the index finger of my right hand a selenite stone set in a ring, and on my left a jacinth, which I never took off my finger, this stone being large and hexagonal in shape. I took the selenite from my finger and

[2] The Council to which Cardan here refers was probably the Congregation of the Index appointed by the Council at Trent for the authoritative examination of all books before allowing them to be read by the faithful.

put it beneath my pillow, for I fancied it kept off sleep, wearing still the jacinth because it appeared to have the opposite effect. I slept until midnight, when I awoke and missed the ring from my left hand. I called Jacopo Antonio, a boy of fifteen years of age who acted as my servant and slept in a truckle bed, and bade him look for my rings. He found the selenite at once where I had placed it; but though we both of us sought closely for the jacinth we could not find it. I was sorrowful to death on account of this omen, and despair seized upon my soul when I remembered the dire consequences of similar signs, all of which I had duly noted in my writings. I could scarcely believe this to be a thing happening in the order of nature. After a short delay I collected my thoughts, and told the servant to bring a light from the hearth. He replied that he would rather not do this, that he was afraid of the darkness, and that the fire was always extinguished in the evening. I bade him light a candle with the flint, when he told me that we had neither matches nor tinder nor sulphur. I persisted, and determined that a light should be got by one means or another, for I knew that, if I should go to sleep under so dire an omen, I must needs perish. So I ordered him to get a light as best he could. He went away and raked up the ashes, and found a bit of coal about the bigness of a cherry all alight, and caught hold of it with the tongs. At the same time I had little hope of getting a light, but he applied it to the wick of a lamp and blew thereon. The wick was lighted without any flame issuing from the live coal, which thing seemed to me a further marvel.

After a search with the candle the ring was found on the floor under the middle of the bed, but the marvel was not yet worked out: the ring could not possibly have got into such a place unless it had been put there by hand. It could not have rolled there, on account of its shape, nor could it have fallen from the bed, because the pillow was closely joined to the head of the bed, round which ran a raised edge with no rift therein. I know that much may be said over this matter, but nothing, forsooth, which will convince a man, ever so little inclined to superstition, that there was no boding sign manifested thereby, foretelling the ruin of my

position and good name. Then, having soothed my mind, albeit I was well-nigh hopeless, I consoled myself with the belief that God still protected me. I next put the jacinth ring on my finger and bade the boy try to pull it off, but he tried in vain, so well and closely did the ring fit the finger. From this time forth I laid aside this ring, after having worn it for many years as a safeguard against lightning, plague, wakefulness, and palpitation of the heart.

After the events aforesaid, and after I had gone to teach in Bologna, my adversaries, by a trick, managed to deprive me of the use of a class-room, that is to say they allotted to me an hour just about the time of dinner, or they gave the class-room at the very same hour, or a little earlier, to another teacher. When I perceived that the authorities were unwilling to accede to three distinct propositions which I made to them, namely, that this other teacher should begin his lecture sooner and leave off sooner: or that he should teach alternately with me: I so far got my own way at the next election that the other lecturer had to do his teaching elsewhere.

In my professorship at Bologna I was chiefly opposed by Francantiano, the Professor of the Practice of Medicine. It happened that he was giving an account of the passage of the gall into the stomach, and was speaking in Greek before the whole Academy (he was making the while an anatomical dissection), when I cried out, "There is an '*ov*' wanting in that sentence." And as he delayed making any correction of his error, and I kept on repeating my remark in a low voice, the students cried out, "Let the *Codex* be sent for." Francantiano sent for it gladly. It was brought at once, and when he came to read the passage, he found that what I had affirmed was true to a hair. He spake not another word, being overwhelmed with confusion and astonishment. Moreover the students, who had almost compelled me to come to the lecture, were even more impressed by what had happened. But from that day forth my opponent avoided all meeting with me; nay, he even gave orders to his servants that they should warn him whenever they might see me approaching, and thus he contrived that we should never foregather. One day when he was teaching Anatomy, the students brought me, by

a trick, into the room, whereupon he straightway fled, and having entangled his feet in his robe, he fell down headlong. This accident caused no little confusion, and shortly afterwards he left the place, being then a man well advanced in years.

I dwelt at this time in an apartment in the house of the Ranucci, next door to a half-ruined palace of the Ghislieri. One night I awoke from sleep, and found that the neck-band of my shirt had become entangled with the cord by which I kept a precious emerald and a written charm suspended round my neck. I tried to disentangle the knot, but in vain, so left the complication as it was, purposing to unravel it by daylight. I did not fall asleep; but, after lying quiet for a little, determined to attempt once more whether I could undo the knot, when I found that everything was clear, and the stone under my armpit. This sign showed me an unhoped-for solution of certain weighty difficulties, and at the same time proved, as I have often said elsewhere, that there must have been present something else unperceived by me. For my affairs were in this condition: my son-in-law at Milan had the administration of the scant remains of my property, and I received no rents therefrom for a whole year. My literary work was lying at the printer's, but it was not printed. Here, at Bologna, I was forced to lecture without having a fixed hour assigned to me. A crowd of enemies were intriguing against me. My son Aldo was in prison, and of little profit to me. But immediately after this portent I learned that my two chief opponents were either dying or about to retire. The question of the lecture-room was settled amicably, so that for the next year I was able to live in quiet. These two matters having come to an issue, I will next describe what came to pass with regard to the others.

During the next July (1564), through the help of Francesco Alciati,[3] the secretary of Pope Pius IV., a man to whom I am indebted for almost every benefit I have received since 1561, I began to enjoy my own again. On August 26 I received from the printer my books all printed

[3] This was the Cardinal, the nephew of Andrea the great jurist, who was also a good friend of Cardan.

with the greatest care, and by reason of the dispatch of this business my income was greatly increased. The next day my chief opponent resigned his office, and left vacant a salary of seven hundred gold crowns. The only manifestation of adverse fortune left to trouble me was the conspiracy of the doctors against me, but there were already signs that this would disappear before long, and in sooth it came to an end after the lapse of another year.

At length, however, in 1570, I was overborne by the multitude of my foes, and their cunning plots. Under the pretense that, in seeking my removal, they were really acting for my benefit, they succeeded in bringing Cardinal Morone round to their views. Nay indeed they have given me greater leisure for the codification of my books, they have lengthened my days, they have increased my fame, and, by procuring my removal from the work which was too laborious for me, they secured for me the pleasure I now enjoy in the discovery and investigation of divers of the secrets of Nature. Therefore I constantly tell myself that I do not hate these men, nor deem them blameworthy, because they wrought me an ill turn, but because of the malignancy they had in their hearts.

It chanced at this time that one of the sheets of my manuscript fell from the table down upon the floor, and then flew by itself up to the cornice of the room, where it hung, fixed to the woodwork. Greatly amazed, I called for Rodolfo, and pointed out to him this marvel. He did not indeed see it fly up, and at that time I was ignorant as to what it might foretell, for I had no foreboding of the many ills which were about to molest me. But now I see that the meaning of this portent must have been that, after the approaching shipwreck of my fortunes, my bark would be sped along with a more favoring breeze. It was during the month following, unless I am mistaken, that, when I was once more writing a letter to Cardinal Morone, I looked for a certain powder-box which had been missing for some long time, and, when I lifted up a sheet of paper in order to powder it with dust gathered up from the floor of the room, there was the powder-box, hidden beneath the sheet. How could it have come there on the level writing-desk? This sign confirmed

the hope I had already conceived of the Cardinal's wisdom and humanity; that he would plead with the Pope, the best of men, in such wise that I should find a prosperous end to my toilsome life.

X

It is an admitted truth, that attendant spirits have protected certain men, to wit, Socrates, Plotinus, Synesius, Dion, Flavius Josephus, and myself. All of these have enjoyed prosperous lives except Socrates and me, and I, as I have said before, was at one time offered many and favorable opportunities for the achievement of happiness. But C. Cæsar the dictator, Cicero, Antony, Brutus, and Cassius were also attended by mighty spirits, albeit malignant. For a long time I have been persuaded that I too had one, but by what method it gave me intelligence as to events about to happen, I could not exactly ascertain until I reached the seventy-fourth year of my age, the season when I began to write this record of my life. I now perceive that when I was in Milan in 1557, when my genius perceived what was hanging over me—how that my son on that same evening had promised to marry Brandonia Seroni, and that he would complete the nuptials the following day—it produced in me that palpitation of the heart of which I have already made mention, a weakness known to my genius alone, a manifestation which served to simulate a trembling of the bed.

Other manifestations I have also had. What man was it who sold me that copy of Apuleius when I was in my twentieth year, and forthwith went away? I indeed, at that time, had made only one essay in the literary arena, and had no knowledge of the Latin tongue; but in spite of this, and because the book had a gilded cover, I was imprudent enough to buy it. The very next day I found myself just as well versed in Latin as I am now. Moreover, almost at the same time I acquired knowledge of Greek and Spanish and French, sufficient for reading books written in these languages.

In my horoscope was a certain malefic influence which threatened that my life would be cut short before the forty-fifth year. But here I am, living at the age of seventy-five. One day recently I was writing about the fennel plant

in my treatise *De Tuenda Sanitate,* a plant which I praised highly because it pleased my palate. But shortly afterwards, when I was walking one day in the Roman vegetable market, an old man, shabbily dressed, met me and dissuaded me from the use of the plant aforesaid, saying: "In Galen's opinion you may as readily meet your death thereby as by eating hemlock." I answered that I knew well enough the difference between hemlock and fennel, but the old man said, "Take care, I know what I am saying," and went on murmuring something about Galen. Whereupon I went home and found in Galen a passage I had not hitherto noticed, and, having changed my former views, I added many fresh excerpts to my treatise.

My usual system of prophesying has been this: I used to inquire what might be the exact nature of the business in hand, and began by making myself acquainted with the character of the locality, the ways of the people, and the quality of the chief actors. I unfolded a vast number of historical instances, leading events and secret transactions as well, and then, when I had confirmed the facts set forth by my method of art, I gave my judgment thereupon.

I love solitude, for I never seem to be so entirely with those who are especially dear to me as when I am alone. I love God and the spirit of good, and when I am by myself I let my thoughts dwell on these, their immeasurable beneficence; the eternal wisdom, the source and origin of clearest light, that true joy within us which never fears that God will forsake us; that groundwork of truth; that willing love; and the Maker of us all, who is blessed in Himself, and likewise the desire and safeguard of all the blessed. Ah, what depth and what height of righteousness, mindful of the dead and not forgetting the living. He is the Spirit who protects me by His commands, my good and merciful counselor, my helper and consoler in misfortune.

THE END

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